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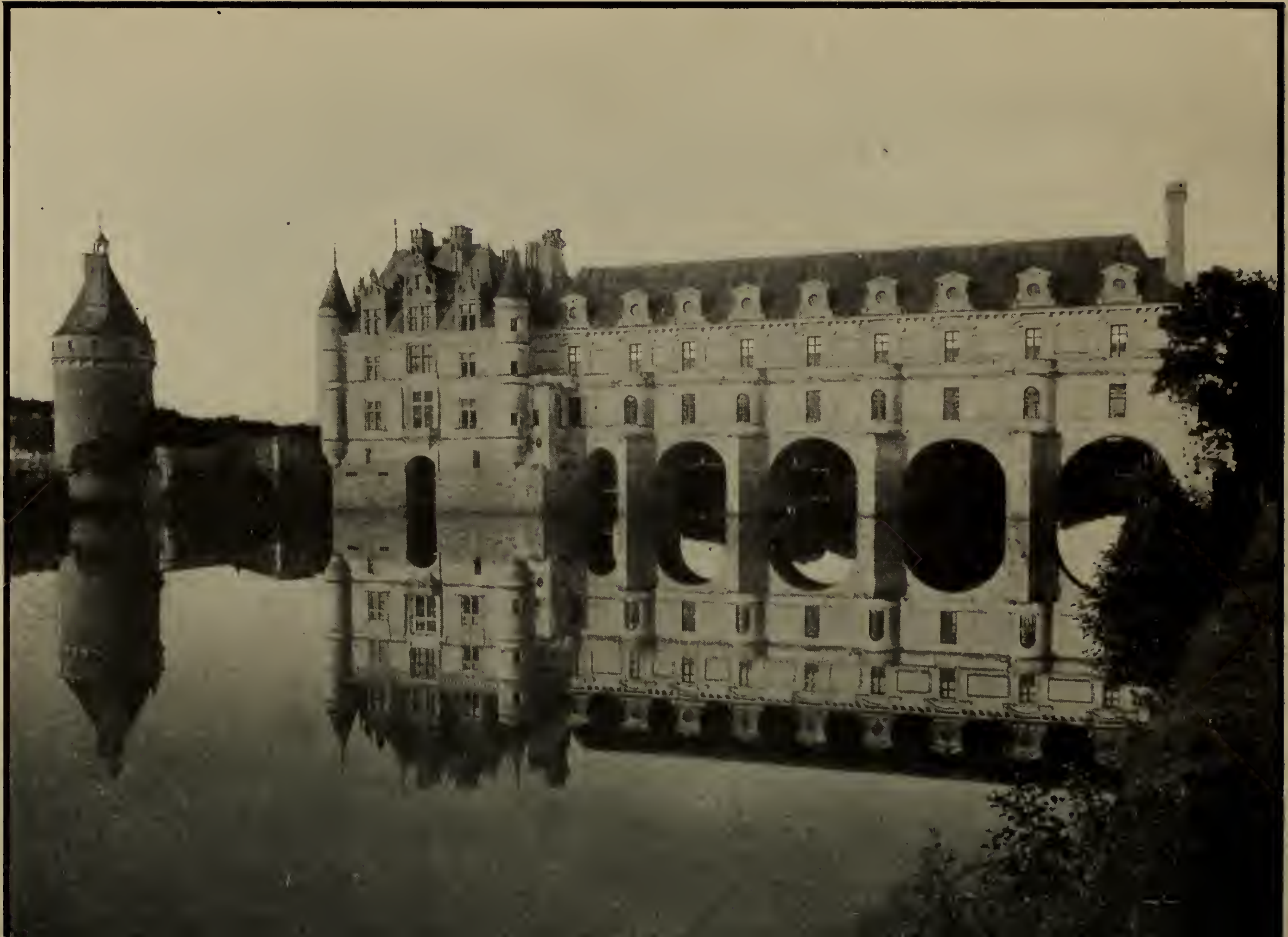
Motoring Abroad



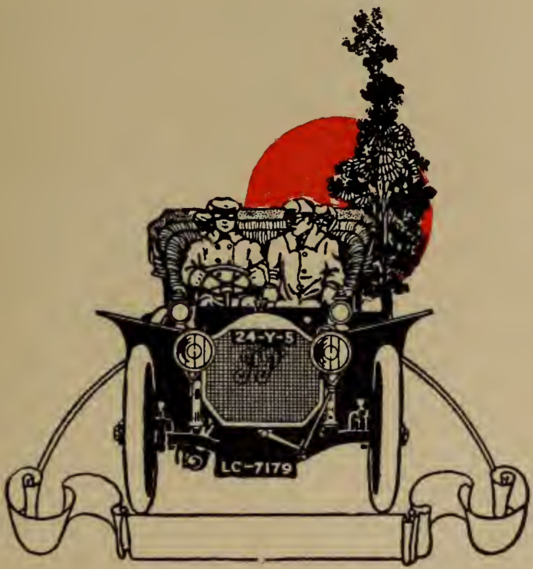
Motoring Abroad

BY

FRANK PRESBREY

Author of "Vacation Days Abroad,"
"To Far Away Vacation Lands," etc.

With Illustrations from Photographs



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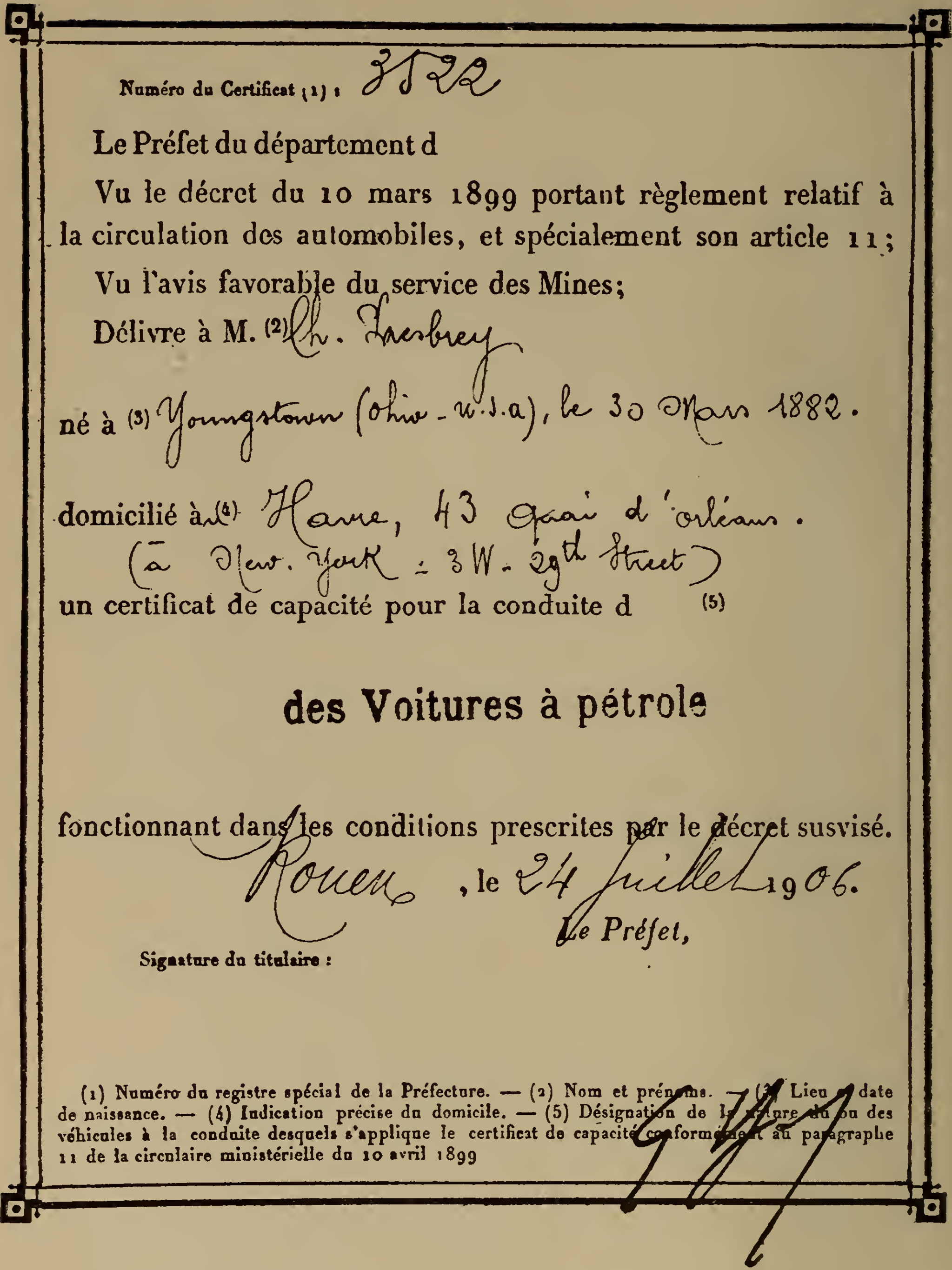
To My Wife



Numéro du Certificat (1) : 3522

Le Préfet du département d

Vu le décret du 10 mars 1899 portant règlement relatif à la circulation des automobiles, et spécialement son article 11;

Vu l'avis favorable du service des Mines;

Délivre à M. (2) Ch. Jaesbrey

né à (3) Youngstown (Ohio - U.S.A), le 30 Mars 1882.

domicilié à (4) Havre, 43 quai d'Orléans.
(à New-York : 3 W. 29th Street)

un certificat de capacité pour la conduite d (5)

des Voitures à pétrole

fonctionnant dans les conditions prescrites par le décret susvisé.

Rouen, le 24 Juillet 1906.

Le Préfet,

Signature du titulaire :

(1) Numéro du registre spécial de la Préfecture. — (2) Nom et prénoms. — (3) Lieu et date de naissance. — (4) Indication précise du domicile. — (5) Désignation de la nature du ou des véhicules à la conduite desquels s'applique le certificat de capacité conformément au paragraphe 11 de la circulaire ministérielle du 10 avril 1899

Un certificat de capacité pour la conduite des Voitures à pétrole—the French license.

CONTENTS

Introduction ix

CHAPTER PAGE

I Delightful Features of a Foreign Motor Trip 3

II The Ocean Crossing and Arrival in France 13

III Our First Run in France, from Havre to Rouen 27

IV Along the Picturesque Coast of Normandy . 37

V Mont St. Michel and the Road to St. Malo . 55

VI Characteristics of Normandy and Brittany Towns 65

VII From St. Malo South Through Romantic Brittany 75

VIII In the Heart of the Chateau Country . 87

IX From Tours to Paris 101

X Our Last Run in France from Paris to Boulogne-Sur-Mer 113

XI Something About French Roads and their Excellence 127

XII Arrival at Folkestone, England, and the Trip to London 139

XIII English Motor Clubs and Road Maps . . 151

XIV From London to Scotland over the Great North Road 159

XV Crossing the Border Line of England and Scotland 173

XVI The Run Across the Moors of Scotland . 185

Contents

CHAPTER PAGE

XVII ALONG THE CALEDONIAN CANAL EN ROUTE TO OBAN 193

XVIII ENDING THE TOUR IN SCOTLAND AND EMBARKING FOR IRELAND 209

XIX THE NORTH OF IRELAND AND THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY 229

XX THE TRIP FROM BELFAST TO DUBLIN, AND AN EXPERIENCE 241

XXI FROM DUBLIN THROUGH WALES TO ENGLAND . 255

XXII FROM CHESTER TO SOUTHAMPTON . . . 263

XXIII PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE CONTEMPLATING A FOREIGN MOTOR TRIP . . 275

INTRODUCTION

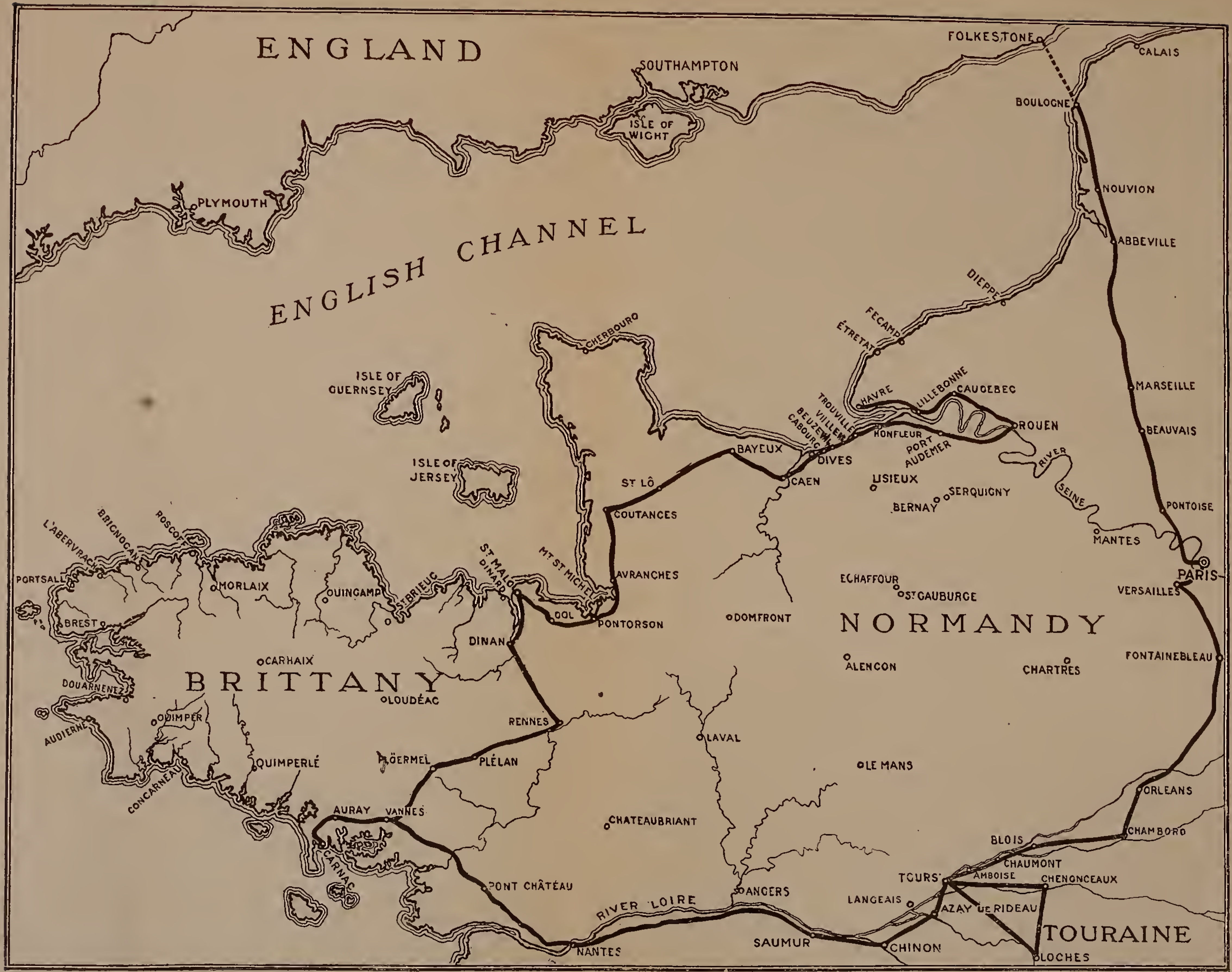
THE idea of taking our motor car to Europe and spending the summer in touring seems to have come as a simultaneous inspiration to my wife and me. Inspirations are usually infectious and are caught as one catches measles or mumps. But just how or when we were exposed neither of us has ever been able to decide. We came down with the fever, anyhow, at about the same moment, and neither knew the other had it until we began to compare symptoms and diagnose each other's feelings.

A well-developed case of real *automobilia foreignensis* shows the same characteristic symptoms in nearly every instance. The patient almost immediately after the breaking out of the disease develops a mania for foreign road maps and books of travel. He can usually be found prowling about bookstores earnestly asking for books descriptive of motoring abroad. The fever is so high that nothing quenches the desire for details. Any one who has toured abroad in an automobile becomes at once the chosen idol, and the patient hovers near him until he has extracted all the information possible.

Later the patient is torn and worried over the question whether he should take over an American car or wait until he has reached the other side and buy or rent a foreign car.

All these symptoms and doubts my wife and I had to the fullest extent. How we solved them and how we made our trip through Normandy, Brittany, the chateau country of Touraine, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales may possibly be of interest to others who either have made or contemplate making a similar tour.

Hence, without further apologies—this book.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FOLKESTONE
CALAIS
SOUTHAMPTON
ISLE OF WIGHT
BOULOGNE
PLYMOUTH
ENGLISH CHANNEL
NOUVION
ABBEVILLE
DIEPPE
FECAMP
ÉTRETAT
CHERBOURG
ISLE OF GUERNSEY
HAVRE
LILLEBONNE
CAUDEBEC
MARSEILLE
ROUEN
BEAUVAIS
TROUVILLE
VILLERS
BEUZEVAL
CABOURG
HONFLEUR
PORT AUDEMER
BAYEUX
DIVES
ISLE OF JERSEY
ST LÔ
CAEN
LISIEUX
SERQUIGNY
BERNAY
RIVER SEINE
PONTOISE
COUTANCES
MANTES
L'ABERVRACH
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ST MALO
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MORLAIX
AVRANCHES
PARIS
ECHAFFOUR
ST GAUBURGE
VERSAILLES
GUINGAMP
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PONTORSON
DOMFRONT
NORMANDY
DINAN
CARHAIX
ALENCON
CHARTRES
FONTAINEBLEAU
BRITTANY
DOUARNENEZ
LOUDÉAC
QUIMPER
AUDIERNE
RENNES
LAVAL
PLOERMEL
PLÉLAN
QUIMPERLÉ
LE MANS
CONCARNEAU
ORLEANS
AURAY
VANNES
CHATEAUBRIANT
CARNAC
BLOIS
CHAMBORD
CHAUMONT
AMBOISE
PONT CHÂTEAU
TOURS
CHENONCEAUX
ANGERS
LANGEAIS
RIVER LOIRE
AZAY LE RIDEAU
SAUMUR
CHINON
TOURAINE
NANTES
LOCHES

OUR ROUTE THROUGH NORMANDY, BRITTANY AND TOURAINE.

Chapter One

Delightful Features of a Foreign Motor Trip

MOTORING ABROAD

Chapter One

The Delightful Features of a Foreign Motor Car Trip

TO those who love outdoor life and enjoy the glories of nature for nature's sake an automobile trip always appeals with particular fascination. As has often been said, it is next to flying. But that expression need not signify that speed is the desideratum. Indeed, those who get the most out of automobiling are they who use the car as a means to an end, and who do not make everything subservient to the car and mere speed.

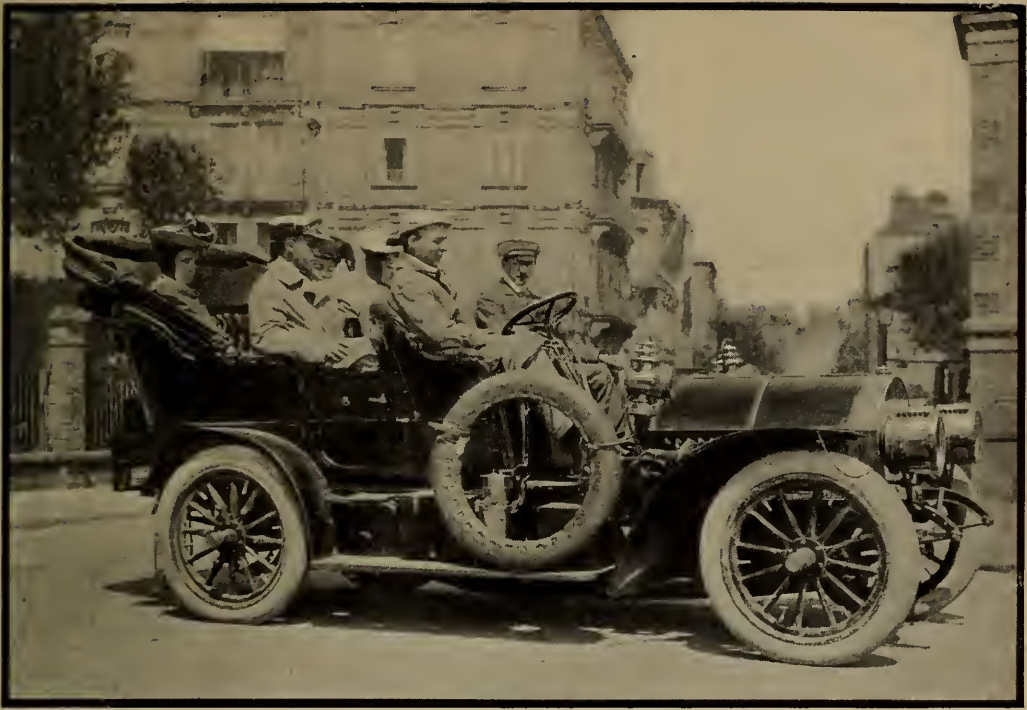
There are many features which go to make a motoring trip abroad far more enjoyable than one in America.

In the first place—aside from the exhilaration of the tour for its own sake—there is that to look upon which is novel and different from what we are accustomed to see at home. The towns and villages, the architecture, and the people themselves, whether city dwellers or peasants, are interesting and fascinating as studies.

The comforts afforded in small places abroad are incomparably better than those found in towns of equal size in America, and then the roads—where is the American who has toured in France, Germany, Italy or Great Britain, and has not returned ashamed of his own country's lack of interest in its rural thoroughfares?

It is not an adequate excuse or apology to say that our country is young. The science of modern road making is not an old one, but the disgrace is with our system which makes politics paramount to the material improvements of the country.

There is a great advantage in traveling by motor car abroad. One is not a slave to exacting time tables. There is no dyspepsia-breeding nervousness over this or that annoyance of travel by railway; there are no hurried meals, no hustling porters. The car-window views which you have of the country when riding in a train are exchanged for a wide view on all sides. And here it is worth remarking that the usual touring car with the cape top is far more satisfactory



Our start from the Hotel Frascati, Havre, was made with light hearts and keen anticipation.

for a motor car trip than a limousine. The ordinary cape top provides against rain, dust and excessive heat of the sun, and allows so much more opportunity for observation than may be had from a limousine. One gives you a picture from horizon to horizon, with the sky above; the other limits the view and shuts you in in a way which, to many, is depressing.

One of the particular delights of touring in an automobile is that one may indulge to the fullest extent in what might be termed haphazard decisions. Sudden whims to change the route or to visit this place or that may be indulged without the annoyance of exchanging or redeeming railway tickets. If you happen to be passing through some little village that strikes your fancy, or chance to come across an inn which looks particularly inviting, you do not have to ask the conductor for a stop-over check, nor hurry to the luggage van to get your luggage out. You may stop at will and start at will.

If there is anything which robs a trip of much of its pleasure it is slavery to an itinerary and a time table. To go and come at one's own sweet will is productive of far more pleasure, rest and enjoyment than to follow some one's else itinerary, whether it is the "man from Cook's," the man who makes the railway time tables, or the man who drives a stage coach.

We made our entire trip, from start to finish, without definite plans for more than a day or two in advance, and even these we frequently changed on the impulse of the moment.

An objection to motoring is that you pass along so rapidly that your study of the country is more or less superficial, and your views impressionistic rather than analytical. Trying to describe an automobile trip is a good deal like trying to describe what you had seen when looking into a kaleidoscope.

On the other hand motoring has many advantages. One may get from a motor car trip a knowledge of the real life of the people better than can be obtained in any other way. All railway travel is from point to point, and intimate knowledge of the country between the places visited is impossible. Those who travel along country roads in motor cars peep into the very doors of the farmhouses where the railway traveler looks only at the houses from a distance. Motor car travel permits one to stop to engage in conversation; to travel through the little streets in smaller towns; to watch scenes which excite interest, and to get into closer, even intimate relationship with people in a way that gives a broader and better knowledge than is possible when traveling by railway.

Then, too, travel by motor car is a physical and mental invigoration and if the day's run has been a reasonable one, both as to distance and speed, one arrives at one's destination invigorated instead of tired and worn.

We found everywhere through France and Great Britain the kindliest sentiment toward us. We had been told that the feeling against American cars was so bitter that we should likely have trouble in garages in France where the chauffeurs were mean enough to loosen a bolt, puncture a gasoline tank or play other various small and petty tricks in order to put an American car out of commission.

We not only had no trouble of this sort anywhere in France, but we found the men in charge of the garages uniformly courteous and obliging, and disposed to give us all the assistance possible. And they did this graciously. We did, however, take the precaution, and this I would advise every one to do, of having a strap with a lock on it put on over the hood of the car so that no one could open it and get at the engine without leaving tell-tale traces. Mere curiosity to see the engine of an American car might prompt people in a foreign garage to open the hood and in that way some damage might be done. But, so far as I know, we did not even have need for the strap anywhere on the trip. In fact, all the alarming reports we had heard about damage done American automobiles were about as silly and unfounded as many of the other things which were told us beforehand regarding touring abroad.

We found garage facilities in every town and at almost all the hotels. The charges were very small in independent garages—generally about three francs for storage, washing, and brassing, often not over two francs—and in the hotel garages there was seldom any charge for storing. Gasoline or *pétrol*, or *essence* as it is called in France, we found under its various names for sale everywhere, even in the smallest villages and often at farmhouses. It cost from forty to fifty cents for two-gallon cans, and in England it was as cheap as it is in the United States.

We encountered uniform courtesy, not only in the garages, but along the country roads. In fact it was so much the custom for the peasants in the fields to wave to us as we passed along the road that we soon began to look for these

Our friends from Waterbury, who accompanied us, added much to the pleasure of our tour.

pleasant little salutations, and to take the initiative ourselves, to show that we did not propose to be outdone in civility.

We had a pleasant smile from almost every peasant we passed on the road, and, in many instances, a polite bow. In all our trips we met few horses which showed the least fear of the motor, but it was amusing to see how frightened many of the old market-women would be when we came up behind them as they were jogging along in their carts. In many instances, the woman would jump out, rush to the horse's head and grab his bridle as if she expected he would turn everything upside down when we came alongside. In nine cases out of ten the horse would not pay the slightest attention to us, which would leave the old market-woman full of disappointment because she had had all her exercise for nothing.

Chapter Two

The Ocean Crossing and Arrival in France

We watched them swing the huge crate containing our motor from the pier into the hold of the ocean steamship as easily as if it had been a trunk.

Chapter Two

The Ocean Crossing and Our Arrival in France

WE sailed from New York on the magnificent steamship *Amerika* of the Hamburg-American Line, which, with her sister ship, the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, has brought ocean travel up to the acme of luxury and enjoyment. Our immediate party consisted of six—my wife, two daughters and son, and a friend of the last, who was to drive the car alternately with my son. We were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George L. White, their sister and niece, friends from Waterbury, Connecticut, whom we had persuaded to take their motor car and make the trip with us, and whose company added immeasurably to the pleasure of the tour. Our automobiles had been sent ahead direct to Havre upon one of the steamers of the French Line, which makes a specialty of transporting motor cars and does it in the most satisfactory manner.

We had not been at sea more than a day or two when we discovered that a number of our fellow passengers were bound for Europe with automobiling plans similar to our own. Before we landed there had gathered a coterie of sixteen gentlemen, all of whom were either taking their own cars over or were expecting to find cars which were to be ready upon their arrival. We passed many pleasant hours in the smoking room discussing plans and the ever-present question whether it was better to take an American car over, rent a car or buy a foreign one. I believe, although we have not met in conference since, that every one who took his own car would do it again instead of putting up with the annoyances resulting in renting over there, and the chances of securing a poor car and an indifferent chauffeur.

We left the *Amerika* at Cherbourg, the port of call for France and the Continent, and upon the arrival of the tender—which took those who were landing off the steamer—at the quay in Cherbourg, there was an eager interest shown in seven or eight automobiles standing in a line as if on exhibition opposite the landing place. Several of these were new cars belonging to our fellow voyagers which had been ordered to meet them upon arrival and it was their first view of their purchases. There was great interest in these bright and shining French beauties and the inspection, before the departure of the special train for Paris, was very general, not only by the owners but by most of their friends. Several of the cars had been sent, with their chauffeurs, from America to Havre long enough ahead of their owners to permit of their being run to Cherbourg to be ready for immediate service. Our own Locomobile and the car of our friends from Waterbury were awaiting us at Havre, so we had to go there to get them.

Before our train left the station adjoining the quay at Cherbourg, three or four of the cars had received their complement of passengers and luggage and had whirled around the corner into the little, old-fashioned street on their trip to Paris; their occupants waving a hearty "see you later" as they disappeared.

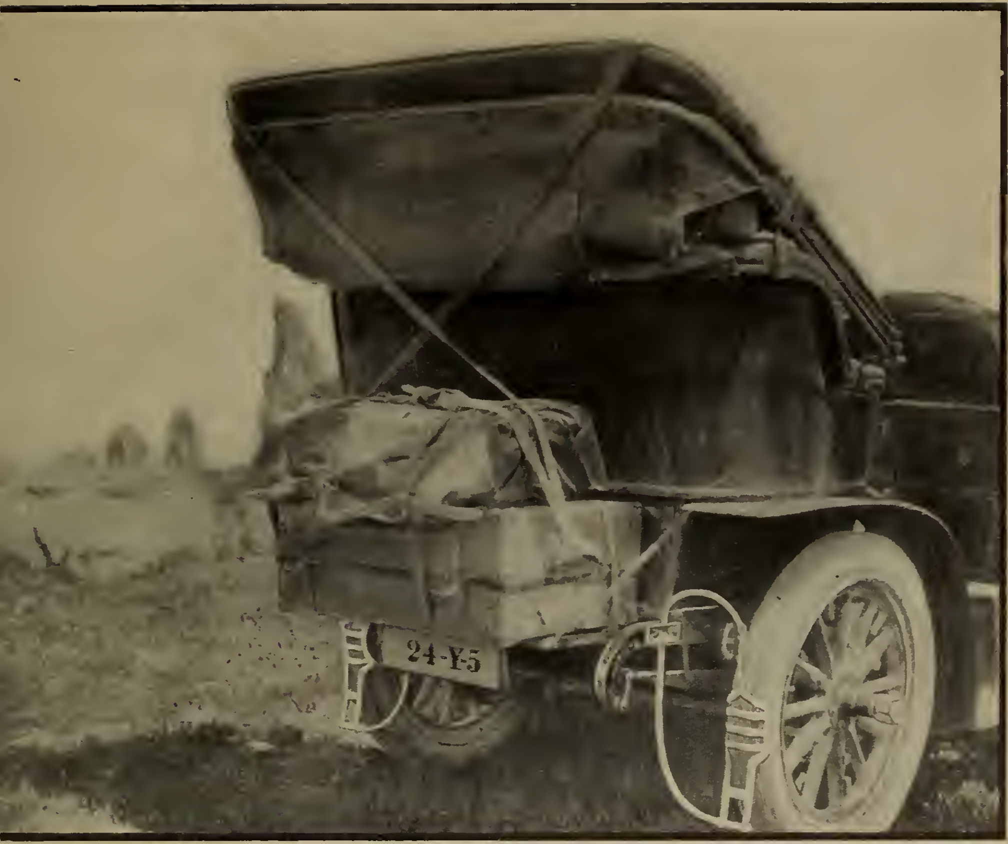
In going from Cherbourg to Havre the longest way around is the shortest way there, so we went to Paris by the regular "steamer train," and procured there our indemnity insurance policies, and purchased a number of things for our motors such as sirens, extra horns, et cetera.

As we were all anxious to get started on our tour as soon as possible, we left Paris the day following our arrival, going direct to Havre by train where we had secured rooms at the beautifully situated and admirably managed *Hôtel Frascati*, one of the justly famous hostelries of France.

For the second time upon visits to France we found ourselves the victims of their "Fourth of July" festivities and holiday which, in that country, comes July fourteenth, and is in celebration of the storming and fall of the Bastille. No laborer in France will consent to work either the day before the fourteenth, because he must have that day to prepare for his festivities, or the day after, because he must have that day to get over them.

Our car had arrived but had not been taken from the hold of the ship and because of these holidays it was absolutely impossible to have it touched for three days.

With our usual American impatience at delays we tried to bribe, then cajoled and finally threatened, but it was no use. It was a clear case of wait for three days, so wait we did with the best grace possible. Fortunately for us they were having the annual yacht races at Havre at the time and the city was gay in consequence, and we had an opportunity of witnessing the



The Michelin shields which we put on so thoroughly protected our rear tires that we did not have a single puncture in either of them during our entire trip.

races which were very exciting and unusually interesting.

During our stay we put in one evening amid the holiday festivities in the *Jardin* or Park of the *Hôtel de Ville*, or City Hall. The populace had gathered *en masse*, bent on merrymaking, yet notwithstanding the crush and crowd we never saw a better-natured lot of people together. There was no drunkenness or disorder, and whether one was able or not to elbow his or her way up near enough to the great pavilion where the band was playing to hear the music it mattered little. Merriment ruled the hour and every one was bent on taking things as they came. We saw here in this Park one of the prettiest tricks of illumination. There were myriads of little colored globes with miniature candles inside set in the closely cropped grass of the lawns in geometric and ornamental figures, and the effect was surprisingly beautiful.

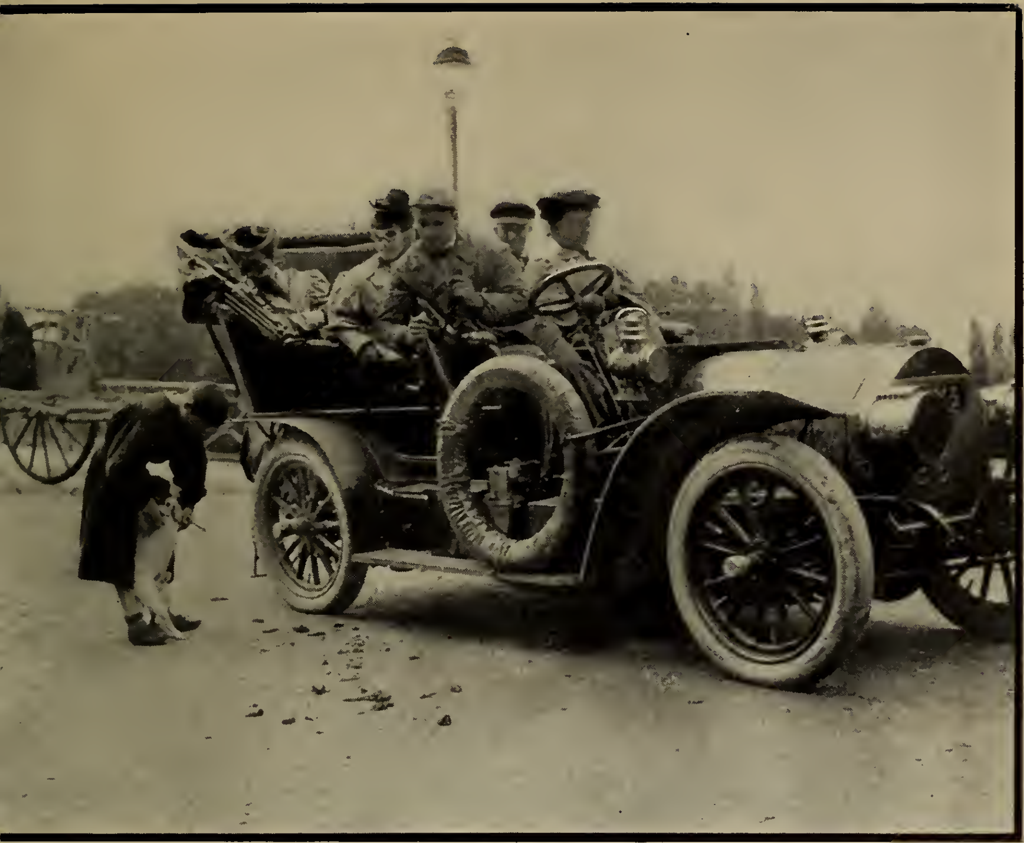
The evening following this fête there was a grand Naval Ball at our hotel which all of the officers and sailors of the yachts, which had taken part in the races, attended with their sweethearts and wives. It was a brilliant affair and we enjoyed watching the dancing and later the presentation of the prizes, which was attended with great ceremony, much speech making and enthusiasm.

Havre is a very interesting city. Its crooked streets and quaint old shops; its many bird shops filled with parrots and odd-looking tropical birds brought there by the sailors from all parts of the world; its wonderful harbor, whose narrow entrance between the ends of the two breakwaters was so close to the hotel that we could have recognized friends on decks of passing steamers, are interesting and would be far more so if we had not felt that we were being held prisoners while our motor car was peacefully reposing in the hold of a vessel lying in full sight from our hotel.

Even the *fête de la République Française*, however, like all other holidays, came to an end, and at last we saw the crate containing our motor car lifted up through the hatchway and swung by the enormous derrick over the side of the ship and lowered to the lighter to be taken to the customs house for appraisement. The enterprising agent of the concern through which I had shipped my car was on hand, and through his energy and interest we were saved a full day at least. By some subtle influence he persuaded the captain of the lighter to sail off across the basin between the quays to the customs house as soon as our motor car had been placed aboard. The man in charge of the unloading set up vociferous protests when he saw the lighter leaving with hardly half a load, but evidently our friend, the agent, had bribed the man in charge and away we went, leaving the excited Frenchman shaking his fist at us. Once at the customs house another derrick was brought into play and the crate hoisted to the quay, where, as if by magic, there appeared eight or ten lusty men who began to take the crate apart. I do not know that I can express in words the particular sense of interest and gratification that I had in seeing our familiar car gradually pushed out of the crate in which it had come across the ocean. Here it stood on the cobblestones of the quay in old France, as if to say: "Here I am, ready for the run. When are you going to start?"

The formalities in connection with the customs were soon completed because our ubiquitous friend, the shipping agent, had gone to the offices of the customs house, secured an appraiser and had brought him down in a cab to have him at hand the minute the car was out of its crate. He apparently took a great deal of interest in inspecting the auto. He had the hood opened and went over the engine very carefully, looked at the wheels and the upholstery and evidently was more interested in the inspection because it was an American car than to get at its actual, or assumed, value. I had taken the trouble, before leaving New York, to secure from the makers of my car a statement covering every feature of the car; the factory number, the number of the motor, the exact weight of the car, its dimensions in every particular, color of the body, chassis and wheels, and its chief and individual characteristics. This I had had translated into French and had it at hand to give to the customs inspector. I found that this saved considerable time as he could copy the essential features of the description at once, without having to ask questions. While the customs officer was arranging these details our friend, the agent, was having the tank filled with *essence*. As soon as the customs papers were complete I paid the duty, which was $185.00, and took the official receipt which I subsequently turned over to the customs officials at Boulogne upon leaving for England and received back the same amount, less fees amounting to about six dollars.

We had sent the car down to the packers in New York with four of the worst looking old



These little French village boys are adepts at catching a few centimes by performing tricks themselves or showing off their trained dogs.

tires that ever passed through the streets of the city. All that we cared was that they would last long enough to get the car to the packers, as it was planned to put on new tires upon arrival in France and throw the old ones away. As soon as the car was released from the customs house in Havre we drove to the Garage Burton, 7 *Rue de Beranger*, which we found thoroughly modern and equipped with every facility. Here we fitted the car with new four and one-half inch Michelins, and also Michelin shields for the rear wheels and chains for the front wheels to prevent punctures.

While the majority of the French roads have perfect surfaces, the liability to puncture is many times greater than it is in the United States because of the large, heavy-headed nails which the peasants universally wear in the soles of their *sabots* or wooden shoes. In scuffling along the road these nails come out and, the heads being heavy, are likely to rest on end, points up. This is a source of great annoyance to automobilists and leads to many punctures. A gentleman who had toured in France the year before assured me, on the way over, that I could count on a puncture or two a day unless I put shields on my rear wheels and chains on my front wheels. I owe him a debt of gratitude for this suggestion, and pass it along to those who come after. We found that the garage man knew exactly what was meant and they were attached to my car with no trouble and little expense.

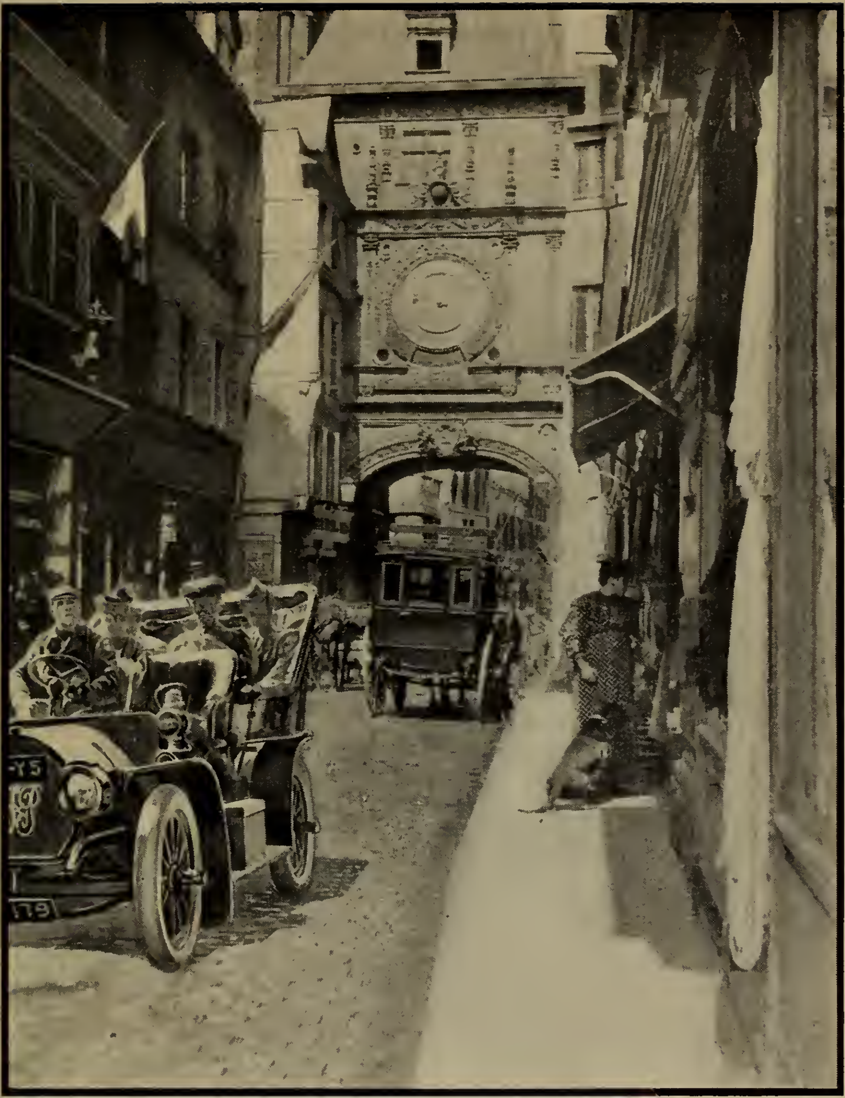
The shield is an arrangement which hugs the tire of the rear wheel, being held in place by iron braces attached to the frame of the chassis and strong rubber bands connecting the braces with the shield. This shield looks like a gridiron in that there are transverse steel bars which pick out anything which may stick in the tire as the wheel revolves. It is seldom that the first impact with a sharp substance makes a puncture, and if the thing can be immediately pulled out it will save trouble nine times out of ten. The shield's working is almost perfect as nothing can pass the several different bars without being pulled out.

The chains which dragged on our front wheels were simply light, flexible steel chains, so attached to the mud guards as to sweep all points of the surface of the tire. It may be that we were particularly fortunate, but I am inclined to think that these simple appliances attached to the car at a total expense of less than five dollars are what makes it possible to say, with absolute truth, that we did not have a single puncture during our entire trip through France. In fact, our speedometer showed 2,300 miles before we had the first one, and this was on a front wheel where the chain had worn out and we had failed to replace it.

We also had attached to the car in such a way that whoever sat at the side of the driver could operate either one of them, the large siren and extra horn I had purchased in Paris. We found this to be particularly desirable because in going through the narrow, crowded streets in many of the French towns, the driver's attention had to be concentrated upon operating the car to avoid running down people who were often aggravatingly inattentive and deliberate.

Tires and tubes cost in France just about one-half what they do in the United States. I paid for four and one-half inch tires $42.50 each, and for inner tubes about seven dollars each. I found, too, that all accessories, such as horns, sirens, etc., could be purchased at the same proportionate saving over American prices.

The matter of securing an operator's license and a license for the car in France is not only troublesome but takes much time unless your car is shipped from the United States by some concern which has "arrangements" for securing these licenses for you at once upon arrival. The law requires that you shall make formal application for such a license to the Prefect of Police on stamped paper which can be obtained at any post office. In the course of time you will receive an acknowledgment and be assigned a time, usually two or three weeks ahead, when you are to appear and give before a duly authorized official an exhibition of your ability to operate a motor car. Several concerns of shippers are now equipped with facilities at Havre by which your examination or the examination of your chauffeur will take place as soon as your car is out of its crate and you will receive a temporary permit, or "*Permis provisoire de circulation*," your permanent license being forwarded to you later. In our case we had this temporary paper in less than ten minutes after our motor car was uncrated and were saved time and annoyance, the regular license owing to the red tape and deliberate methods of the officials reaching us after our return to America. We had previously procured the little photographs (about one and one-half inches long by one inch wide) of my son and his friend who were to drive the car, as the law requires that these be pasted on the licenses.



In Rouen the Tour de la Grosse Horloge under which we passed, is one of the historical and architectural features of that interesting city.

Chapter Three

From Havre to Rouen

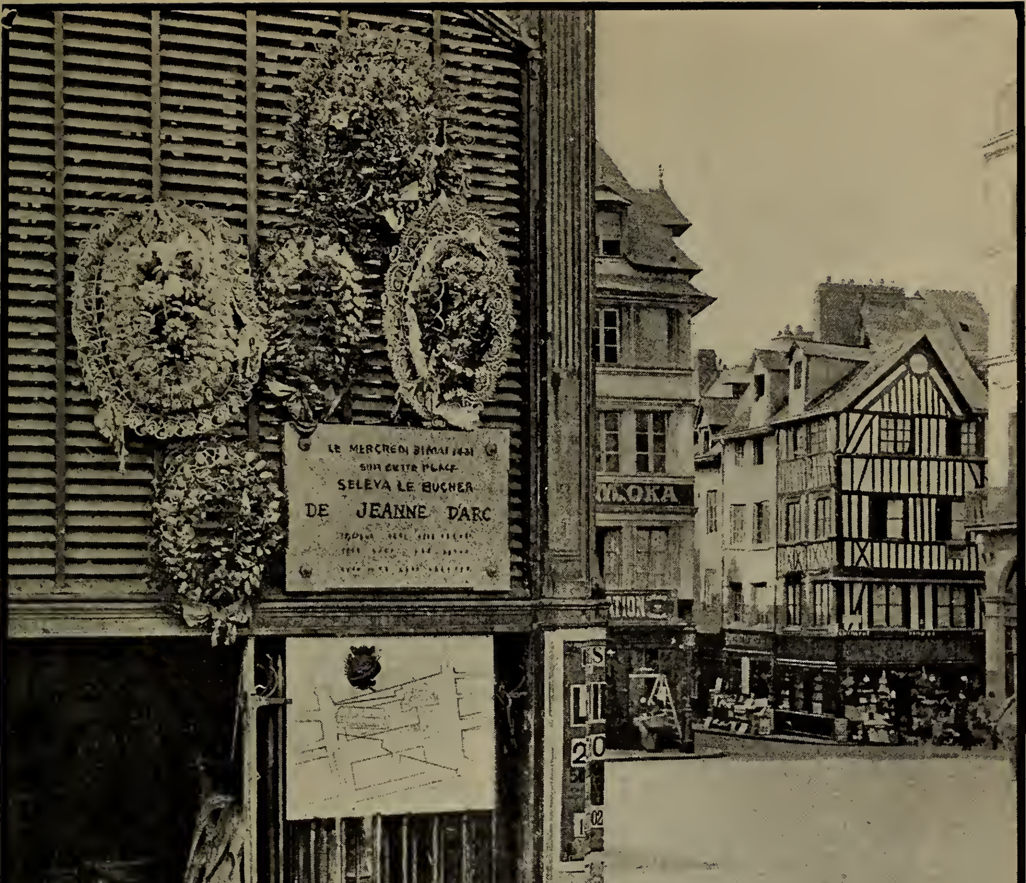
Chapter Three

Our First Run in France. From Havre to Rouen

OUR friend, the shipping agent, with his customary desire to do everything possible for our pleasure and comfort, had delegated one of the young men in his office to ride with us to the outskirts of the city of Havre and start us on the right road to Rouen. In Havre, as in all French cities, it is a troublesome thing to find one's way through the labyrinth of streets and out of the town. Very often the streets of a little place of a few thousand inhabitants will be so tortuous and so utterly without system that it is almost impossible to go into the city at one side and come out anywhere near where you wish in order to continue your trip beyond on the proper road. I recall that in one town in Normandy, of not more than two thousand inhabitants, we wandered about for half an hour, and three or four different times went out to the end of some street thinking it would lead us to the right road, only to find that we would have to turn around and go back to the center of the town and try again.

Our guide appeared at the hotel just as we were leaving, rigged out in his dust coat and goggles as if he were ready for a long tour and without ceremony climbed in at the side of the driver. He directed us through the main part of the city to the suburbs, where we supposed he would leave us, but, evidently the joys of motoring with an American party, the beauty of the day and the magnificence of the scenery were such that he felt he could sacrifice for the time being his duties in the dull routine of the shipping office. He calmly settled himself as we reached the open country and apparently was to be our companion, for how long we did not any of us know, nor could we even speculate. As it was he went all the way to Rouen with us and really added to the pleasure of the trip by his enthusiastic descriptions in broken English of the various places which we passed. We all felt that if we had offered the least encouragement he would have made the entire French tour with us.

None of us will ever forget the beauties of that first afternoon's run. It is about sixty-five miles


LE MERCREDI 31 MAI 1431
SUR CETTE PLACE
SELEVA LE BUCHER
DE JEANNE D'ARC
MOKA
JEANNE D'ARC
30 MAI
1431

The spot in Rouen where Jeanne D'Arc was burned at the stake in 1431 is designated by a marble slab and continually decorated with wreaths of everlasting flowers.

from Havre to Rouen by the *Route Nationale* and the entire route follows the valley of the Seine. If there is a more beautiful valley in the world none of our party has ever seen it. It was almost one uninterrupted stretch of fields of waving grain, great forests, superb chateaux set far back from the road and approached between avenues of trees, picturesque villages and long reaches of one of the fairest rivers in the world. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the fields, the wheat was just in head and soon to be harvested, and waving in the breezes were great patches of the bright-red poppies which are found everywhere through the fields of France.

Our route out of Havre was through the shaded boulevard to Graville-Ste-Honorine, thence by St. Romain and Lillebonne, where we had a glimpse of the ruins of the old Roman theater, to the quaint little town of Caudebec, where we made our first stop. The main street of this town, after wandering around past the old church with its classic tower, leads directly to the river bank where it intersects the boulevard running up and down the very shore of the Seine and fringed with a double row of great trees. As we were going down this little street we discovered a peasant selling fruit, we stopped and purchased, for a few coppers, a couple of quarts of the largest and most luscious cherries we had ever seen. We ran the car down to the river bank and sat there eating our fruit, much to the apparent amusement of the natives, taking in meanwhile the magnificent view of the Seine which has been pictured by many artists in oil and pastel.

The view of the Seine at Caudebec is that which has made the lower stretches of this river famous. It is a spot which artists have selected more than any other to depict the beauties of this famous stream, and it was a source of pleasure to us that in our first day's run in France we should have the opportunity of enjoying something the memory of which will never fade.

On the opposite side of the river we could see seated under bright-hued umbrellas the always present fishermen patiently waiting a bite. The French fisherman is a type. The sport seems to be a national pastime. The average Frenchman will sit listlessly on a river bank all day and if he is rewarded by a few little fish by evening time he is evidently satisfied and happy with the day's results.

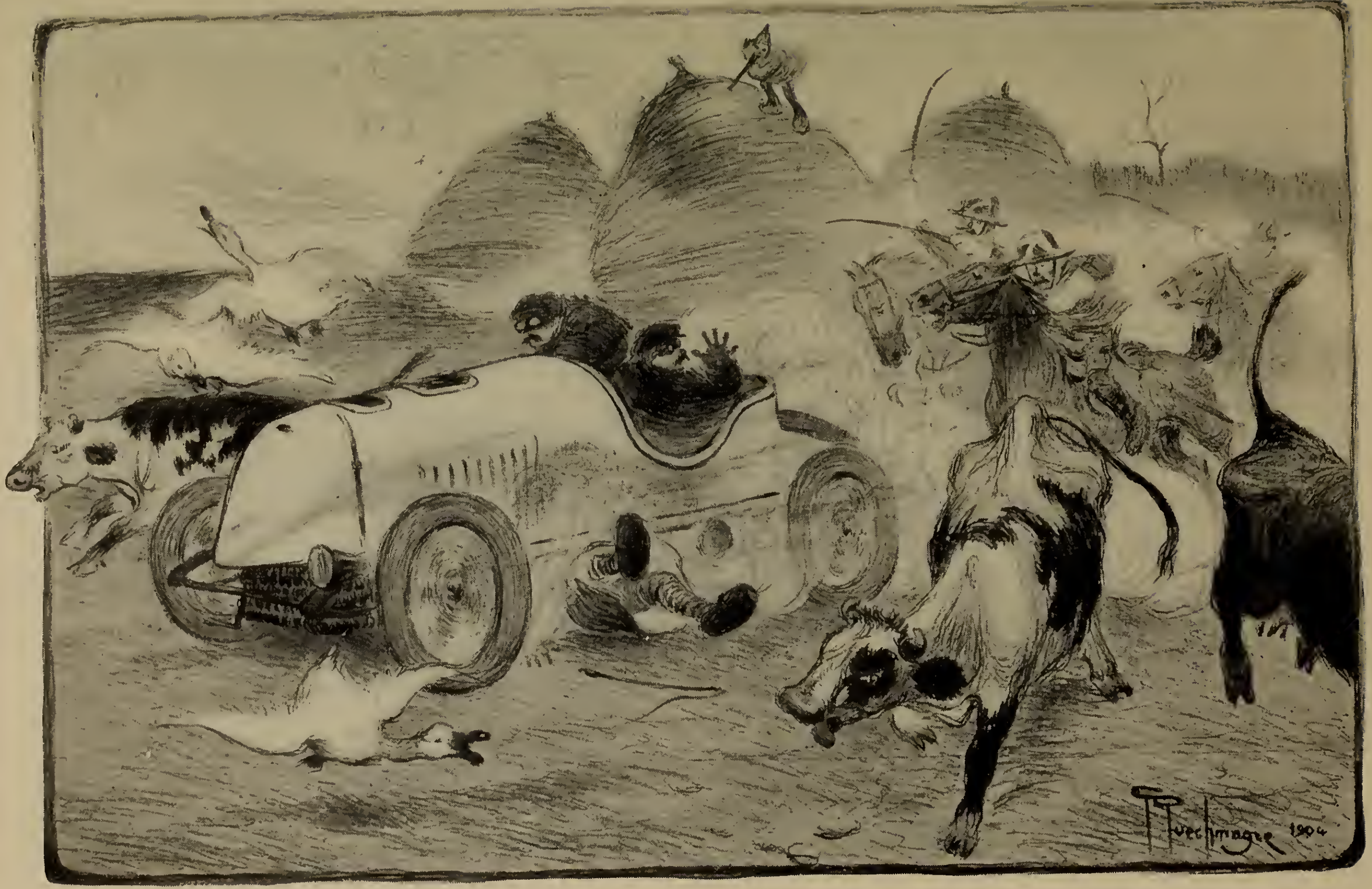
From Caudebec to Rouen the scenery began to be more varied, and the hills and grades more noticeable, probably because we were drawing farther away from the Seine.

We approached Rouen in the late afternoon through a heavily wooded, park-like country. From the edge of the uplands, over which we approached the city, the town is reached by a long, steep, tortuous descent affording glimpses here and there through the trees of the city with its many spires and the hills beyond.

Rouen, with its 120,000 inhabitants, is one of the famous cities of France and has a notable history dating back to 841. It is said to be the richest of French cities in mediæval history. The old walls of the town, which were impregnable to Henry V. of England in 1415, and Henry IV. of France in 1592, have been converted into boulevards and planted with trees. The city lies in the valley of the Seine between two great ranges of hills. The railway from Paris to Havre enters it from either direction through long tunnels so that the tourist by rail does not get at any time the panoramic picture which we had in coming over the hills and down into the valley. A recent writer has said: "What is the finest view in the world will doubtless always be a question for dispute, but those who have seen Rouen from the hills have often reversed their previous judgments. It is indescribable, unpaintable, impossible to photograph. The spectacle is so magnificent that it seems unreal and fairylike. The great city and its faubourgs with its apparently innumerable church spires, chimney stacks and red roof tops, and the broad, brilliant Seine, busy with its shipping, flowing through the midst."

This view as we had it just before the red sun sank beyond the western hills was so superb and impressive that we sat in the car and enjoyed it for a long time before winding our way down into the city.

We stopped in Rouen at the *Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre* on the *Cours Boïeldieu* facing the *quai de la Bourse* and found it very comfortable and convenient. Almost in front of us was the unique bridge, the *Pont Transbordeur*, which is a structure so lofty that the largest ships sail under it. From this high structure is suspended by long cables at the street level a platform which is run back and forth across the stream like a traveling crane, taking teams and people across the river without compelling them to climb the high ascent which would otherwise be necessary.



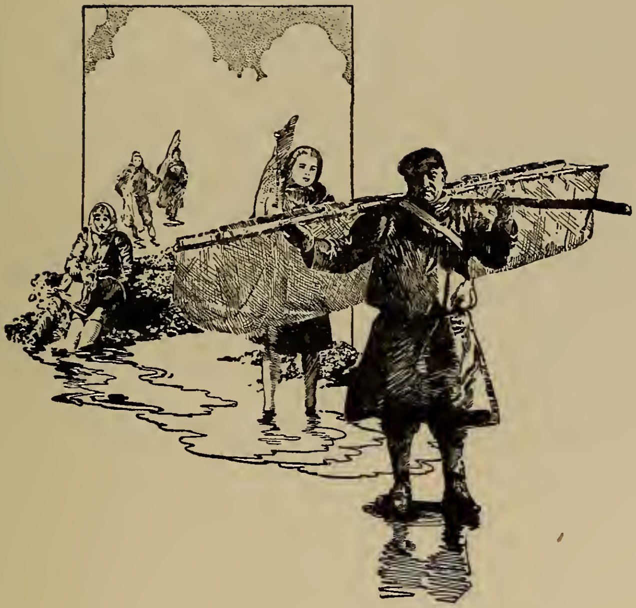
A popular Paris poster which conveys the artist's idea of the joys of motoring in rural Normandy.

You cannot get away from the history of Jeanne D'Arc anywhere in Rouen. There is a great monument to her in the suburbs, another in the market square and near it a marble slab in the sidewalk records the place where she was burned at the stake in 1431. There are souvenir spoons of her and emblems of some sort or other in every shop, and we even saw ginger cakes in a baker's window so perfect in likeness that you would recognize her, leading one of our party to comment, incidentally, on the fact that she had always understood that ginger was noticeable in Joan's characteristics.

Rouen is justly famous for her superb cathedrals. They are creations of the best expressions in architecture and no one, no matter how much he may dread seeing Europe by the so-called "Cathedral Route," can fail to be impressed with the solemnity and grandeur of St. Ouen, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in France. We were shown through it by a stately, white-bearded official who, dressed in a brilliant uniform with dangling saber at his side, would do credit to the Ambassador rôle at any court. He told us many interesting things, among others that the cathedral was over four hundred years in building and that after the crown was set on Duke William's head in England he sent for Remegius from the Abbey of Fécamp to teach his new English subjects how the minster at Lincoln should be built.

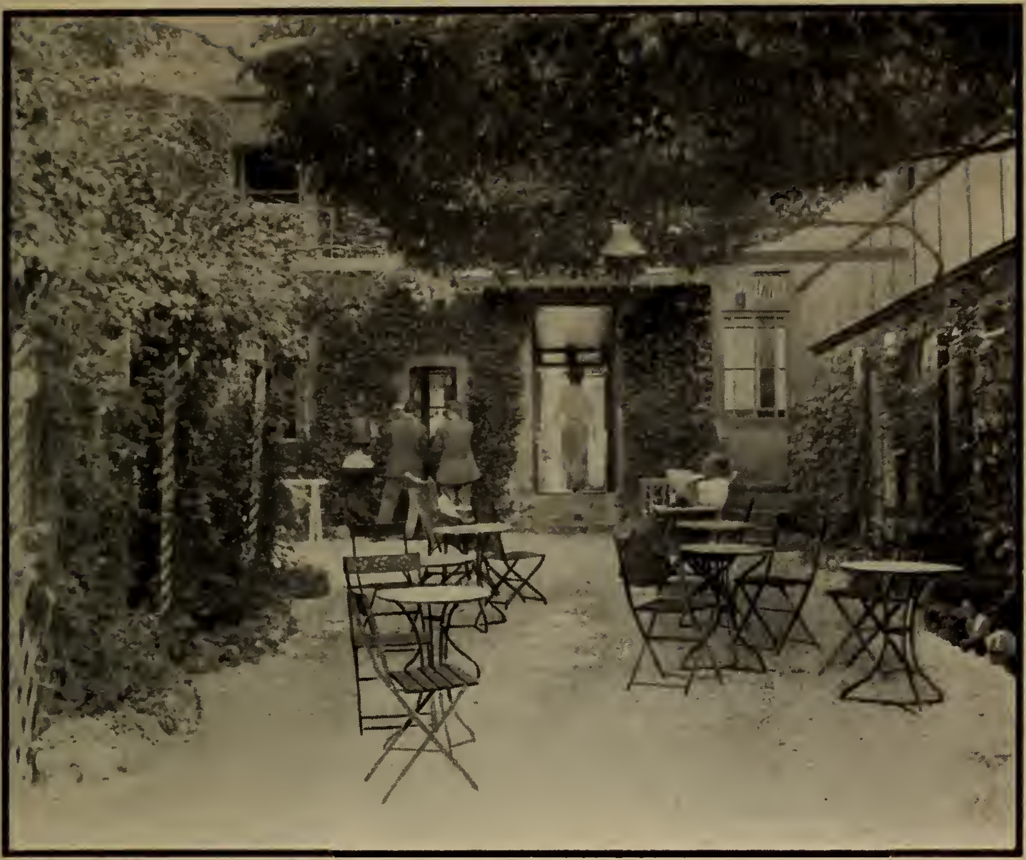
In the old church of St. Gervais is to be seen the original crypt which dates back to the fourth century. This is the earliest existing building in Rouen and in the monastery adjoining, the mighty William the Conqueror drew his last breath.

As there is no opportunity of crossing the Seine, except by ferry, between Havre and Rouen, and as Honfleur was our destination, we turned back toward the sea, crossing to the other side of the Seine at Rouen. Honfleur is about the same distance from Rouen that Havre is, yet it is only about fifteen miles across the mouth of the Seine from the latter city. The locations of the two places are like the points of a hairpin, but to motor from one to the other you have to follow the pin all around. Either place may be seen from the other and we looked out of our windows in the *Hôtel Frascati* in Havre at night at the lights of Honfleur just across the bay, and yet to reach it by motor car we had to make a trip of one hundred and thirty miles.



Chapter Four

Along the Coast of Normandy



We lunched in the vine-embowered court of the Inn de la Plage at Villerville, from which we had a glorious view of the sea.

Chapter Four

Along the Picturesque Coast of Normandy

THE road from Rouen to Honfleur is direct and too interesting to be omitted. It takes one through Port-Audemer, out past the Church of St. Germain and thence through a rich country to St. Maclou and Fiquefleur, where we caught another magnificent view of the mouth of the Seine, with Havre and its mass of spires and forest of masts set like a silhouette in the red glow of the evening sun.

Honfleur, which has a history that runs back to the time of the Conquest, was a great commercial center in the years now grown musty. But the sea was unkind and gradually filled its harbor so that only the smaller boats can reach the wharves, and its rival, Havre, seven miles across the estuary of the Seine, has stolen away its commerce, leaving it a haunt of ancient peace, glorying in a past which is dead and gone.

Like all these Normandy and Brittany towns upon the sea, Honfleur maintains its fishing industry and the return each evening of its fleet of quaint boats, each laden with its shining cargo, is a picture full of keen human interest and romance. The coming of the fleet awakens the town, which an hour before was apparently lazily idling the afternoon away, into the keenest activity. Every one seems to be alert, and the human tide sets for the beach as the boats with bright-hued sails filled, slide easily up the sloping sands. Once grounded they are surrounded by the women, young and old, rugged, strong-limbed and serious, who with their baskets quickly filled start across the wide-reaching beach for the packing houses from which the catch is shipped to the markets of Paris and London.

The most interesting architectural feature of Honfleur is the *Côte de Nôtre Dame de la Grace*, on an eminence back of the town. The chapel was built by Duke Robert the Magnificent. Near it is an excellent restaurant where the tables are set under the trees. It is a capital place for breakfast or dinner, and the view is well worth the climb.

Leaving Honfleur we followed the road by the sea through several places, each like Criquebœuf with its little ivy-covered church, having a characteristic charm, and reached Villerville in about twenty minutes. This is one of the towns so charmingly described by Anna Bowman Dodd in her delightful book, "Three Normandy Inns." We had determined to visit each of these inns and the reader can imagine the interest with which we approached Villerville and the inn where, "over an arch of roses, across a broad line of olives, hawthorns and syringas, we could look from our bedroom straight out to sea," and where we might find "a smoking pot of soup followed later by a *sole au vin blanc*, a bottle of white burgundy and a naturally ethereal *soufflé*" awaiting us.

The streets of Normandy towns, especially those along its coast, are not laid out for motor thoroughfares. Those which lead to the sea are steep and without method or width and many of them end abruptly in a series of stone steps. The lateral ones wind in every direction and we went through several in some of the small towns so narrow that the gables of the houses lean toward each other until they almost meet, while people had to step into doorways to let our motor pass.

Villerville was a hopeless tangle to us, that is, the old town where the Inn *de la Plage* which we sought was located, and we were just about to give up finding it when we discovered a lady and a gentleman sipping a liqueur in front of a little, unpretentious café. As if by instinct we felt that they could speak English and could direct us. "Oh, yes," they said, they knew where the inn was and were at that time on their way to take tea with the author of the book which had made it famous. Curious how small the world is! After a brief chat with them we left our car in charge of a diminutive girl, who climbed up into the chauffeur's seat with all the pride and confidence imaginable, and we walked down the narrow, steep street toward the sea.

Our directions had been so definite that we were soon seated in the garden of the inn enjoying the fragrance of the multitude of flowers and the picture of the sea spread like a great panorama before us. In the immediate foreground far below us at the bottom of the cliffs was the wide beach, dotted with striped, gay-colored awnings and white umbrellas under which were the artists from the *Quartier Latin* of Paris, who come in great numbers to these Normandy shores every summer to find subjects for their canvases. Beyond them were the fishing boats from which there passed a steady stream of

The Inn of William the Conqueror at Dives-Sur-Mer, Normandy, fascinated us with its quaint beauty and sweetness.

bare-legged fisherwomen bearing away the day's haul.

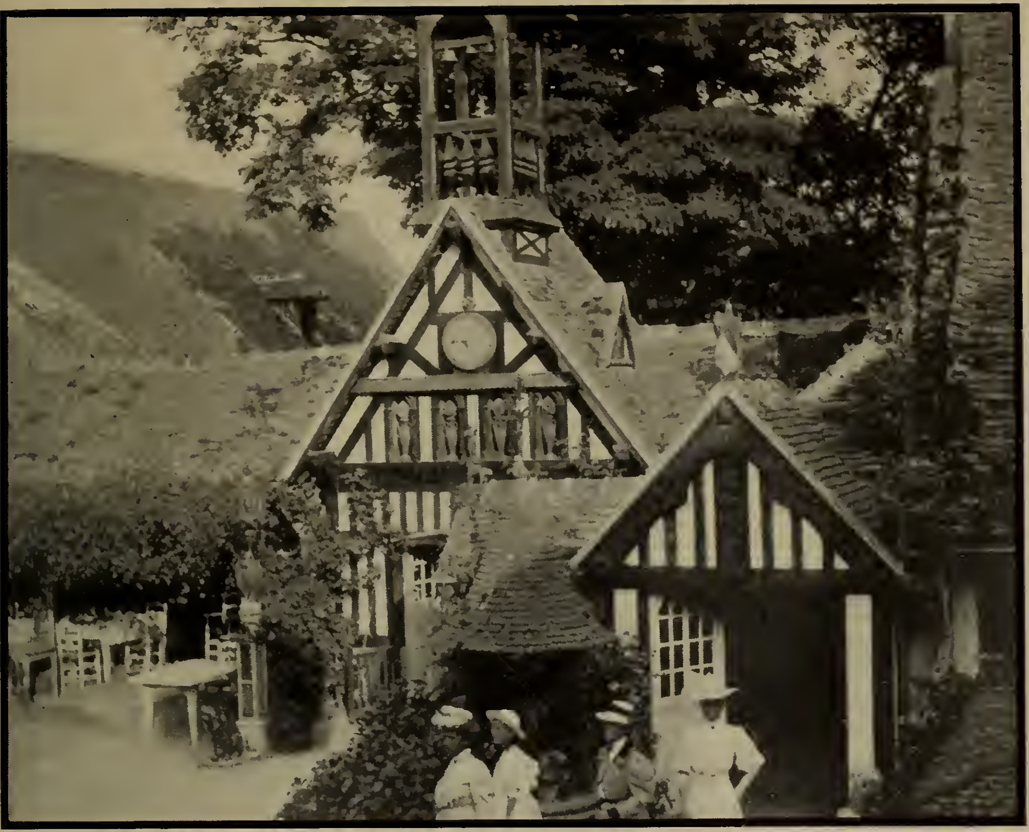
It was one of the times and places in this garden, where we did not care how many minutes *Madame la Mère* took in preparing the meal. True, the aroma which drifted over to us from the coffee which *Père* was roasting in an out-of-door oven just over the hedge of roses, invited an even greater appetite, but there was so much to admire, so much of enchantment in the exquisite setting that we hardly took thought of the hour we waited for the steaming omelette, the *poulette en crème*, the delicious peas, artichokes and the potatoes all done to a turn. We could have stayed in Villerville for a week and enjoyed every moment, but we argued that this would be true of almost every place we saw, so bidding our hosts farewell in our best French—which they were too polite to smile at—we wandered back to our car, around which was gathered a large delegation of juvenile friends of our little maid, all apparently jealous of the great privilege she had been enjoying, but too well-mannered or too timid to climb in themselves or to tamper with any part of the car.

It is but three and a half miles from Villerville to Trouville, the one spot where the boulevards and cafés of Paris are best reflected by the sea. The road is fringed with villas of the rich, but there were few of these which were sufficiently attractive in architecture or setting to merit attention. We had decided, before leaving Honfleur, to stop at Trouville only long enough to get a glimpse of it because it is distinctly a show place, resplendent in gaudy hotels and without special interest except as a type of fashionable resort. Its one great feature is its beach, said to be the finest in France, which, when we passed through, was thronged with holiday makers and bathers in gay French attire.

From Trouville we followed the ocean road which reminds one of the famous Corniche Road from Nice to Cape Martin on the Riviera, so perilously near does it follow the cliffs overlooking the sea. We passed without a stop through Deauville, Bénerville, Villers-sur-Mer, Auberville, Beuzeval, Houlgate and Cabourg in rapid succession, and reached Dives-sur-Mer in less than an hour. It is here that the Inn of *Guillaume-le-Conquérant* is located, the inn which by common accord among travelers, is one of the most attractive and interesting in the world and one of the three made famous in Miss Dodd's book. The first impression is one of disappointment, for there is nothing in the architecture of its exterior to attract one. But once within its arched portal the fascination of the place is instant and everlasting. Let me quote from Anna Bowman Dodd:

"A group of low-gabled buildings surrounded an open court. All of the buildings were timbered, the diagonal beams of oak so old they were black in the sun and the snowy whiteness of fresh plaster made them seem blacker still. The gabled roofs were of varying tones and tints; some were red, some mossy green, some as gray as the skin of a mouse; all were deeply, plentifully furrowed with the washings of countless rains, and they were bearded with moss. There were outside galleries, beginning somewhere and ending anywhere. There were open and covered outer stairways so laden with vines they could scarce totter to the low heights of the chamber doors on which they opened; and there were open sheds where huge farm wagons were rolled close to the most modern of Parisian dog-carts. That not a note of contrast might be lacking, across the courtyard in one of the windows beneath a stairway there flashed the gleam of some rich stained-glass, spots of color that were repeated, with quite a different luster, in the dappled haunches of rows of sturdy Percherons munching their meal in the adjacent stalls. Add to such an ensemble a vagrant multitude of roses, honeysuckle, clematis, and wistaria vines, all blooming in full rivalry of perfume and color; insert in some of the corners and beneath some of the older casemates archaic bits of sculpture—strange barbaric features with beards of Assyrian correctness and forms clad in the rigid draperies of the early Jumieges period of the sculptor's art; lance above the roof-ridges the quaint polychrome finials of the earlier Palissy models; and crowd the rough cobble-paved courtyard with a rare and distinguished assemblage of flamingoes, peacocks, herons, cockatoos swinging from gabled windows, and gamecocks that strut about in company with pink doves—and you have the famous Inn of *Guillaume-le-Conquérant*!"

We had a jolly dinner party at the Inn that evening, our genial friends from Waterbury and ourselves, our table being set under a rose-covered archway in the garden. *Monsieur le propriétaire* had, with the polish and diplomacy of an ambassador, suggested the various dishes and wines to us. "They would be just to our liking, he was confident, and it was so fortunate



It was with the keenest regret that we left the charming Inn of William the Conqueror, the most attractive place we found on our trip.

that we had arrived on the very day when his larder contained the most delicious sole he had had for a season, and not before this summer had he picked from his garden sweeter *petit pois*." And then the wines—"How fortunate he felt himself in having saved just one—perhaps, oh yes! possibly two bottles of that famous vintage which His Grace the Duke had pronounced the finest he had ever tasted. Surely we should have it for were we not honoring him by remaining to dine and sleep at his modest Inn." Oh, he is a master, the proprietor of the Inn of *Guillaume-le-Conquérant*, and he deserves the success and the fortune he has made.

While our dinner was being prepared we visited the great heavy-raftered kitchen hung with brightly polished Normandy brass cooking utensils, and watched the chef and his assistants, all dressed in spotless white linen, give the artist touches to the soups, the birds and the sauces. We tarried long at dinner, for it would have been little short of a crime to have hurried through such a meal, and then had our cigars and *café noir* at little tables set in the court under the overhanging, vine-covered balconies upon which the chambers opened.

The next morning we breakfasted together under the rose arbor and afterwards regretfully took our leave of our genial host, who stood waving us *adieux*, with a grace known only to a Frenchman, until we were out of sight.

From Dives we followed the sea as far as Sallenelles and then the shores of the river Orne inland to Caen, arriving there in time for luncheon at the *Hôtel Place Royale.* At Caen, which is a place with a history running back into the earlier centuries, we remained only long enough to visit the *Abbaye-aux-Dames* founded in 1066 by Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and the *Abbaye-aux-Hommes*, founded at the same time by the Conqueror, himself, as an expiation for marrying each other against the laws which prohibited the marrying of cousins. These two churches are at opposite ends of the city and aside from their historical features are not unusual. The thigh bone of the great Conqueror is supposed to rest in St. Etienne, the *Abbaye-aux-Hommes.* It is all that is left of his remains for, according to history, a Calvinistic mob broke into his tomb, stole the remains and, with the exception of a thigh bone given to a monk, lost or misplaced them later. This thigh bone, which had been bought by a speculator, was later brought back to Caen and is now all that is left of this great man, who is not only associated for all time with the history of France and England but was for a generation the central figure of the world of diplomacy and conquest. His wife Matilda was buried in La Trinité, the *Abbaye-aux-Dames*, the church she constructed, and her tomb with a part of its original inscription may be seen, although her bones have been twice stolen but each time recovered and replaced and are supposed to be at the present time within its sacred confines.

The history of William the Conqueror and Matilda is so closely interwoven with Normandy that it is impossible for even the passing motorist to escape the taking of more or less interest in them and their lives. There is scarcely an important town in which the Conqueror did not construct a convent—twenty-three are credited to him—a church, or some building which in reconstructed form still remains.

Leaving Caen we followed the *Route Nationale* to Bayeaux, a run of twenty-four kilometers (fifteen miles). We made it in about thirty minutes because the road was perfect and there was nothing of particular interest aside from the many little settlements or villages and the walled farms so frequent in this section of Normandy.

Bayeaux is a sleepy, old mediæval town celebrated the world over for its much-talked-about and badly faded tapestry. Of course, we had to see the tapestry, for nobody would think of going to Bayeaux without seeing it; thousands of tourists travel to the town every year for the purpose.

As every one knows, this tapestry, which is about eighteen inches wide and two hundred and thirty feet long, was embroidered by the faithful Queen Matilda while her husband, William the Conqueror, was engaged in his seven years' war with England during the eleventh century. We followed the history of the war, as depicted in the crude portraitures of Matilda, marveled, with the astonishment which is expected of all who see it, at her patience, and after we had tramped about halfway around it, the men of our party adjourned to the courtyard to have a cigar while the ladies, with their natural enjoyment of needlework, followed the story to its end.

Between Bayeaux and St. Lo, our next point, we traveled for many miles through a great forest absolutely devoid of human habitation

In many of the French towns we had to stop and ask directions because the streets were a hopeless enigma to us.

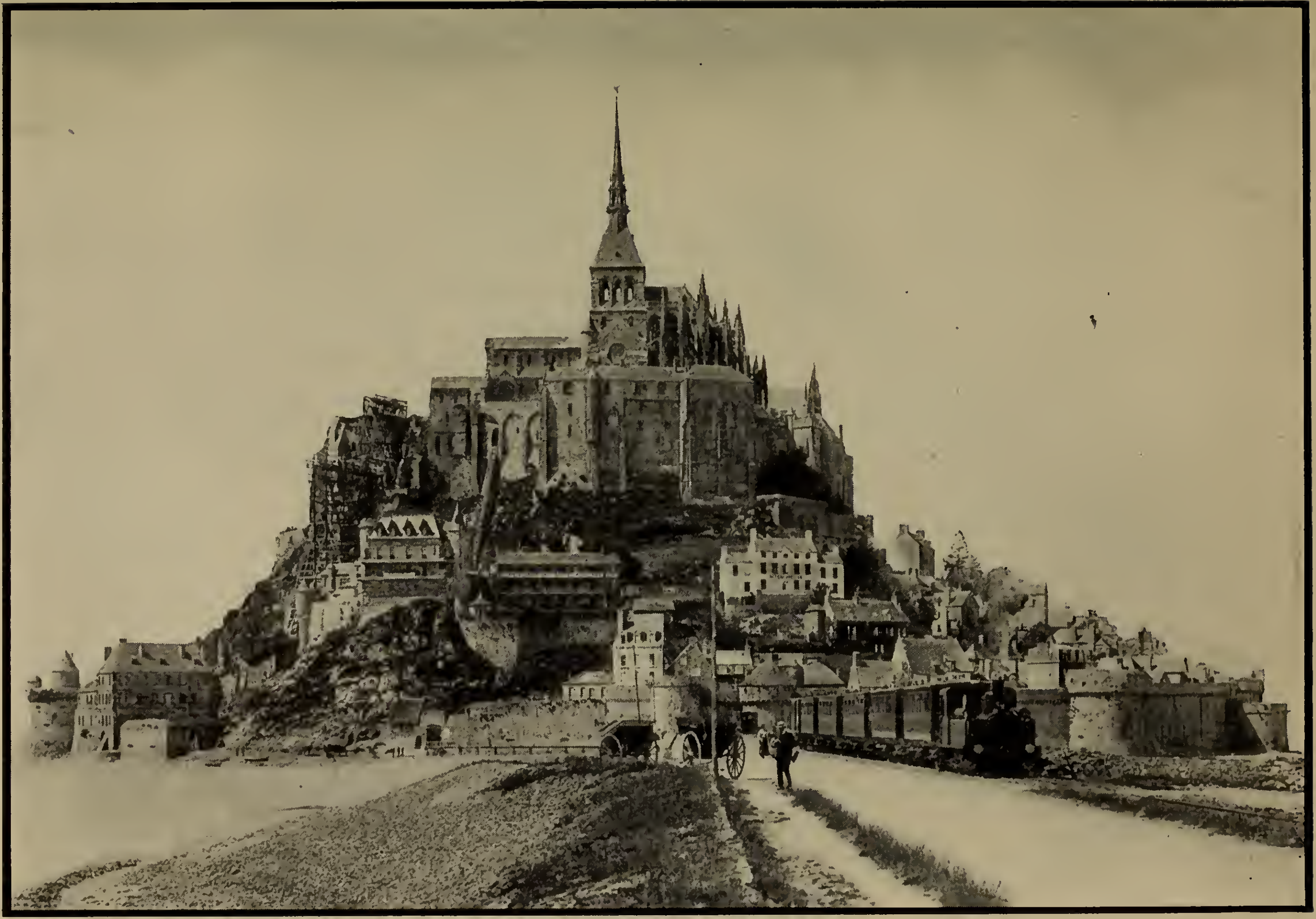
save only the little sentry boxes a mile or two apart for the use of the *gendarmes.* It would have been a dreary place for a breakdown, especially as night was approaching and the drizzle of the afternoon was settling down to a steady rain. Our motor car, however, was as usual dependable, and we pulled up without incident at the *Hôtel de l'Univers* at St. Lo, where we remained for the night. Early the next morning while walking through one of the narrow streets of the town I set out to make a photograph of the oddest traveling outfit I ever saw. A huge goat hitched with a little donkey was drawing a broken-down old gypsy wagon in which was a forlorn woman and a wild-looking man with hair and beard at least two feet long. I had just started to focus the camera when the man sprang at me with a volley of unintelligible oaths and clenched fists which made me conclude that perhaps I had better get along without that particular picture.

From St. Lo to Avranches, by way of Coutances, is a run of about thirty miles. In order to have an opportunity of studying the lesser thoroughfares of Normandy and to get farther back into the country, we followed the smallest roads, many of them actually taking us through the dooryards and barnyards of the peasants. Motor cars were evidently far more of a curiosity here than on the roads which we had previously traveled, and the tooting of our horn or wail of our huge siren generally brought everybody in the thatched-roof cottages to the doors, which we passed so close in many instances that we could have jumped into the house from the car. In every instance, however, while the motor attracted a great deal of attention, we had nothing but pleasant salutations and greetings, notwithstanding we frequently made the flocks of geese and chickens scatter to right and left, and hurried the bunches of protesting pigs out of our way.

At Avranches we overtook our friends from Waterbury, who had gone on the night before from Bayeaux through to Avranches instead of stopping, as we had, at St. Lo. We had much difficulty in finding the *Grand Hôtel de France et de Londre,* a little house with a big name, where we had agreed to meet, as it was tucked in around the corner of a narrow street and was approached through an entrance which gave no indication whatever of its being the main approach to the largest hotel of the place.

We adopted on the outskirts of Avranches our usual plan of hiring a small boy to ride with us on the car and direct us to the hotel. We found this the best way in every place where we desired to reach a particular spot, or even go through the town. There are always small boys to be found and their delight at riding in the motor is doubled by the few *centimes* which they accept with many expressions of "*Merci, Monsieur.*" In several instances, however, we found that the small boy was up to his pranks or else was trying to get a longer ride. In one town in particular a little chap whom we had employed for the purpose took us no less than four times across the town, and each time, when we got to the outskirts, would protest that he did not understand us, although from the merry twinkle in his eye once or twice discovered, I imagine that he was enjoying what he thought was a most excellent and well-executed joke, by which he had secured a long motor ride and became the envied of all of his chums.

After an hour spent in the attractive flower-filled courtyard of the hotel at Avranches we started with our Waterbury friends for Mont St. Michel.



Mont St. Michel, the abbey on the rock four miles out at sea, is the great rendezvous of all tourists to Normandy. There is no other spot on earth like it in architectural effects.

Chapter Five

Mont St. Michel and the Road to St. Malo

Chapter Five

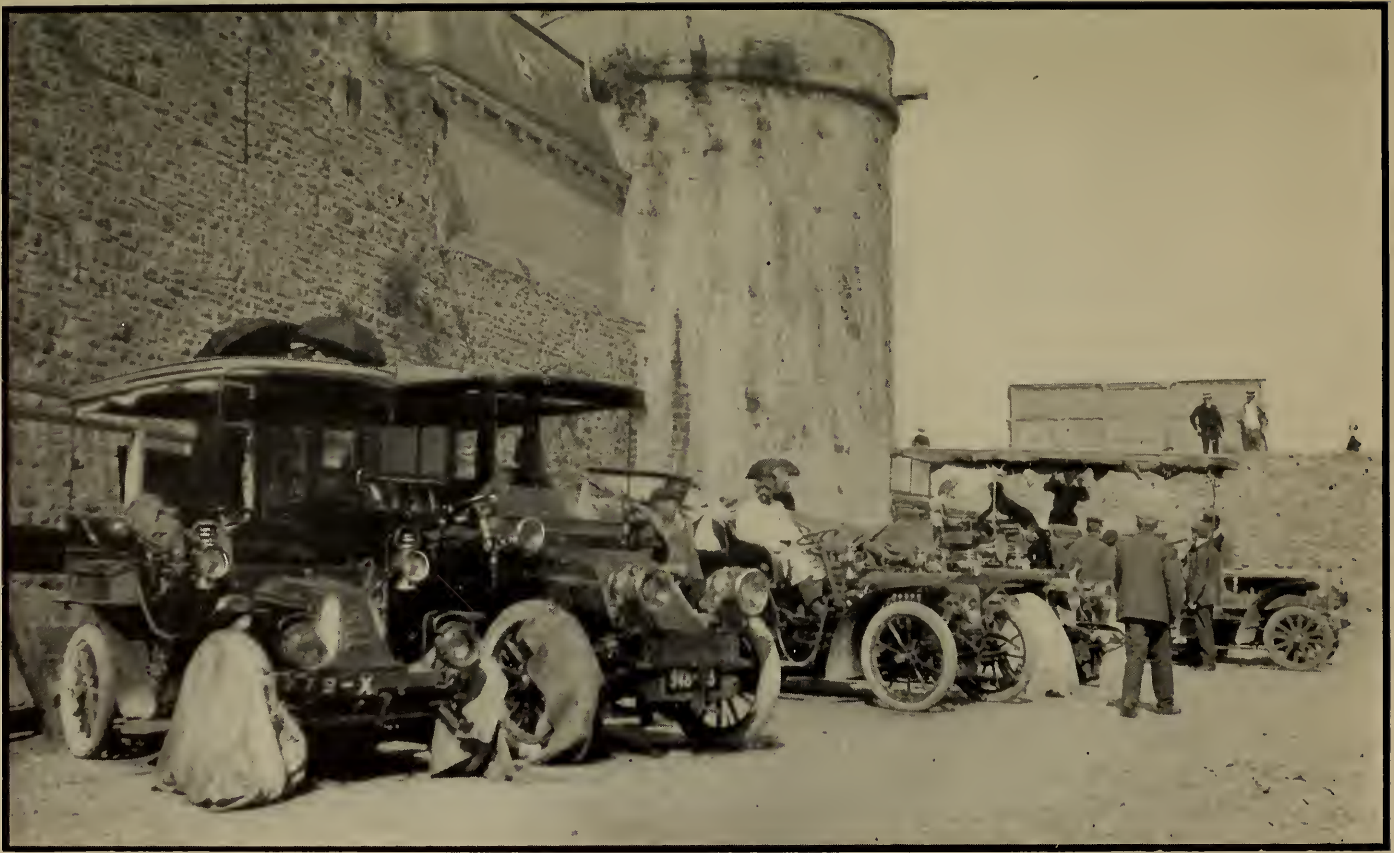
Our Visit to Mont St. Michel and the Road to St. Malo

AS all roads lead to Rome so all roads in this part of France lead to Mont St. Michel. It is the one great tourist and excursion center to-day, as it was the one great citadel of ancient times. The Mont has been so often described that almost every one is familiar with its strategic position and its particular appearance. In the early times it was approached only by boat, except at low tide, but to-day the trip is made over the superb causeway constructed across the two miles of sand bar at an enormous cost, and at low tide or high tide the Mont may be reached now with equal ease and comfort. The tide has a rise and fall here of from forty to fifty feet and the beach slopes so gradually that the water recedes from eight to twelve miles. When the tide comes in it comes with such speed that it is unsafe to venture far out upon the innocent-looking sands.

The first view of the Mont from the mainland is not impressive because of the distance from which it is seen. It looks like a huge spire out in the water, but as you get near to it and look up at it in all its majesty the impression is magnificent and indelible.

Every square foot of this mountain of rock out in the sea has apparently been built upon, and tier after tier of buildings or battlements have been constructed until the top is reached; upon which stands the beautiful Abbey crowned by a spire reaching a hundred feet above the minarets of the roof-line. As you look up at the Mont from its base you are so impressed with its enormous height and narrowness that you cannot avoid the impression that some of these houses are likely to slip off the side and go tobogganing down into the sea.

There is no other spot in the world just like Mont St. Michel. It has an individuality entirely its own, although its little terrace gardens overlooking the sea remind one of Sorrento and Capri; but its charm is largely neutralized by the fact that it is overrun by thousands of excursionists and tourists. From the moment



At Mont St. Michel the "garage" was down on the sands, under the frowning walls, and donjon of this interesting place.

you put foot inside the *Porte du Roi* until you leave you are being importuned to buy all sorts of knick-knacks and souvenirs, post cards or photographs. Its restaurants are all represented by "barkers" who stand on the outside and try to get your patronage, and even after you escape from the single street at the base of the mountain and climb far up toward its summit, where you think you are out of the atmosphere of trade and commerce, you are cajoled into a museum and not allowed to escape without being importuned to buy cheap jewelry and other novelties.

But, despite all these distractions, despite the hard climb which every one who visits the Mont must take, the view from its summit and the magnificence of its Abbey, the original of which was constructed by Bishop Aubert in 700, fully compensate for the time and labor. Underneath the Abbey we were shown the horrible dungeons with which the rock is honeycombed, and lifelike images of many of the celebrated prisoners formerly kept there, which have been placed in many of the cells to add to the grewsomeness of the place. It is a wonderful spot which no one going to Normandy should fail to see, and while the fame of the omelettes and roast chicken still prepared and served personally by the gracious *Poulard Aine* divides the fame of the place with its architecture and history, there remains so much of beauty, so much of historical lore that one could remain for several days and enjoy every hour.

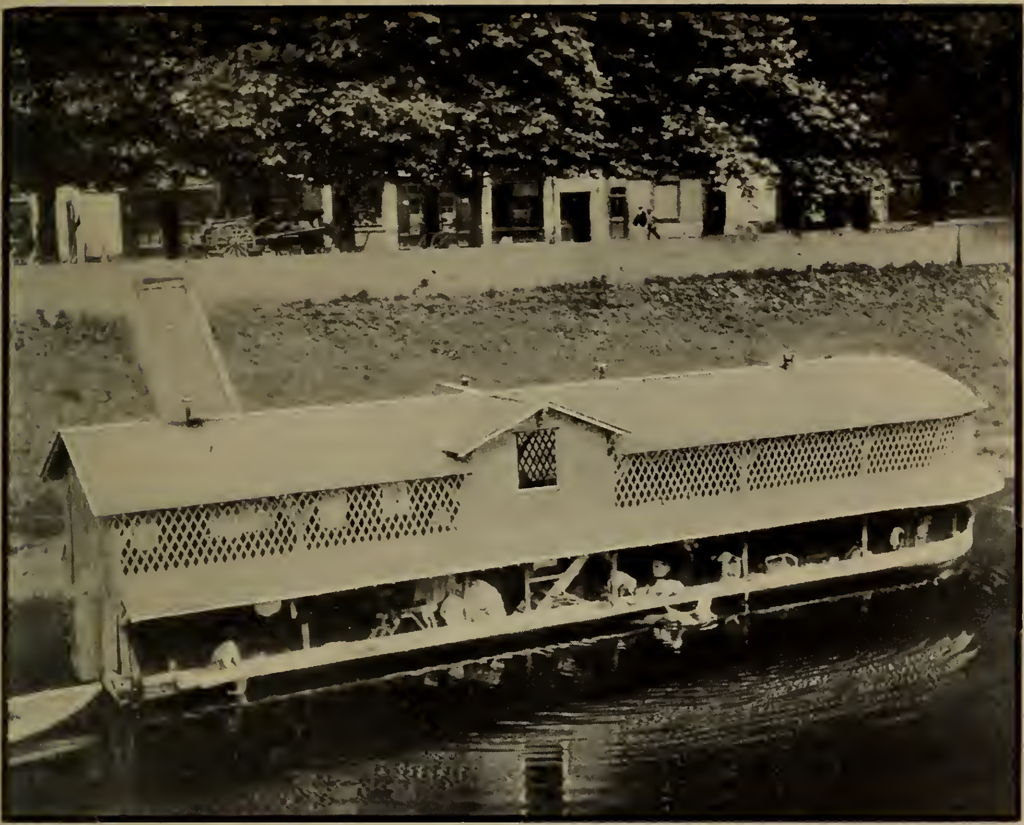
As there was so great a crowd at the Mont we decided to push on to St. Malo that night, a run of only about two hours, and so retraced our steps to the garage where we had left our motors. The garage consists of a narrow strip of beach outside of the old stone gate of the Mont. The automobiles for some reason are not allowed to remain on the causeway which ends at the Mont, but are compelled to go down and park on the sand. We did not discover why this was necessary unless it was to enable the keeper of the garage to exact from us a tip of a franc for his supposed watchfulness of our motor, lest it should sail off into the ocean while we were within the walled town.

The run from Mont St. Michel took us back over the causeway to Pontorson on the mainland, and thence through the quaint little city of Dol, the first city we entered in Brittany, for the River Couesnon, which we crossed at Pontorson, is the dividing line between the two provinces, Normandy and Brittany.

We approached St. Malo just at evening, and it made one of the most pleasant impressions upon us of any of the towns visited on our trip. The rain, which had been nothing short of a downpour during our run, had ceased and the evening sun was setting a thousand windows of the town ablaze.

St. Malo is one of the few mediæval towns of France. It is entirely surrounded by an ancient wall still maintained in a perfect state of preservation. We entered the town through the *Porte St. Vincent*, an immense archway through the ramparts guarded by soldiers, and found our hotel, the *Hôtel de France et Chateaubriand*, only a few hundred yards distant. This is one of the most delightful hotels in Normandy and we were soon comfortably located in a very attractive suite of rooms overlooking the sea. Almost under our windows were the great ramparts of the town, with a wide promenade along the top. These ramparts entirely encircle the old city and the promenade forms an interesting walk, especially when one realizes that the structure is a relic of the sixteenth century, and that countless hordes have been tramping its flagging for several centuries. From our windows we could see Grand-Bey Island, the chief feature of which is the solitary grave of the great Chateaubriand, who, with becoming pomp, was interred there because of his wish to rest near the ever-changing sea which rises and falls here thirty feet with every tide.

We found St. Malo very much to our liking. Our hotel was excellent and this always regulates to a greater or lesser extent one's impression of a place. The town is literally crowned with fortifications and still takes pride in the fact that it defied all the efforts of the English to capture it. It is limited in area to the space within its great walls, so that every available foot of ground is built upon and its houses have been built higher than in any other place in France. There is room only for a limited population in St. Malo, and, as a consequence, St. Servan across the harbor on one side, and Dinard across the River Rance on the other, have taken over and profited by the surplus population. The former place is reached by a platform bridge which moves by steam power back and forth across the harbor upon rails laid at the bottom of the bay, the passengers being forty feet above the rails and on a level with the land. It is a curious sight to see this elevated platform upon steel stilts moving through the water by a power

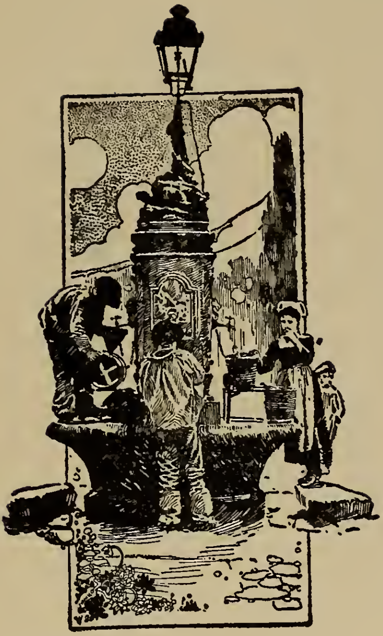


The public laundries along the river front are institutions of many French towns.

which is unseen, but is really supplied by a stationary engine on the St. Servan side. Because of the enormous tides on this part of the coast all the quays at St. Malo are built of stone and on a slope to accommodate the small steamers. Otherwise at low tide it would take an elevator to get people up on the quay from their decks.

St. Malo's shops and streets are quaint and interesting. The latter are narrow and filled with people, the walls echoing with the clatter of the *sabots* of the peasants. In the evening the park-like plaza near the *Porte St. Vincent* was gay with the music-loving populace who filled the sidewalks and a large portion of the pavement, sitting at the little round tables and listening to the female orchestras of the rival cafés. These female orchestras are an institution of France. We found them in almost every town and their playing was exceptionally good. We patronized several of the cafés and found them generally most satisfactory. Here, as in almost all provincial towns in France, the waiters serve your drinks in glasses set upon saucers upon which, burned in under the glazing, is the price you are to pay the waiter. This saves all disputes and as the price named on the saucers is charged up against the waiter when he receives them it enables the proprietor to get all that is coming to him.

Dinard, opposite St. Malo, is one of the most fashionable French resorts, largely patronized by English people and the aristocrats of France. Its hotels are flagrant in their garishness while its villas are stiff and pretentious. Dinard is ultra-fashionable, and one can find there, if looking for it, about as gay social life as anywhere in France.



Chapter Six

Normandy and Brittany Towns

The fishing fleet of the Normandy and Brittany towns makes a picturesque sight when anchored in the quiet harbors.

Chapter Six

The Characteristics of Normandy and Brittany Towns

THE sea along the northern coast of Normandy seems to smile rather than frown; to caress rather than smite; for at no place are there evidences of the fierce combat between surf and shore line which mark almost the entire coast of Brittany. It seems to be ever a land of sunshine and prosperity, the fields, reaching to the very edge of the sea, fertile and heavy laden with the luxuriance of nature. In and out among them, passing every few miles through some quaint little weather-beaten town, winds the main road. For miles it hugs the shore line and gives one such a succession of glorious views that it seems a pity to leave them with no greater appreciation than a passing exclamation.

We counted the trip along the coast from Honfleur to St. Malo alone worth the trip to Europe. Those automobilists who think they are seeing Normandy and Brittany when they rush, as many of them do, from Paris through Evreux, Lisieux and Caen to St. Malo and its sister resort, Dinard, are "doing" the country as many of our American tourists do Europe, on the hop, skip and jump; too busy and too hurried to enjoy the really delightful things which go to make the trip most enjoyable.

Normandy and Brittany towns have a quiet sweetness in which the strident call of commerce and the bustle and noise of our American towns are strangers. Wherever commercial activity comes in the charm goes out. There is little striking in the contrast between the country and the small towns. You leave the brilliant-colored poppies in the fields to meet the timid, open-eyed children in the village streets and you simply exchange the peasants working at the roadside for the white-capped women knitting in their doorways, and the men, wooden-sabotted and clad in blouses and baggy trousers, at their work. There are no striking contrasts between country and village such as we are accustomed to in this country. A Normandy or Brittany village is but a cluster of thatch-roofed cottages, picturesquely set amid the trees and fields.

The larger places of course, lose from very necessity the pastoral features of the villages, but in them you see nothing of the broken-down and often filthy outlying portions observable as you approach most American cities. If the section is one of poverty it will be picturesque—not made hideous with the dumpings of the town's refuse. Neatness and attempt at beautifying are observable everywhere.

Even in the country we found the edges of the roads and the rows of trees often trimmed with care. No family is so poor that it cannot have some bright flowers in window boxes and a greater variety in the always-present little garden. One of the most notable features of both town and country is the absolute lack of idleness. Thrift and industry are written everywhere. These are characteristic of the French people and show in their governmental balance sheet, for France has not one cent of bonded indebtedness held by any one except French people. When Bismarck levied a war indemnity on France after the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, so great that it was thought that it would take France generations to pay it, it was paid "out of the stockings" of the masses with a promptness that surprised the world.

Another charm of France is the perfection of its small hotels and inns. What is the national secret which the French people possess which enables the smallest wayside inn to set before you a dainty, well-cooked meal, well served and appetizing, and a palatable wine of the country at such a trifling cost? Some writer has referred to the "divine gift of cookery." It certainly has not been inborn with the American as it has been with the French. We found no village so small that we could not get in it at insignificant cost a well-prepared meal of appetizing, daintily served dishes.

All of the larger towns have two distinct phases—the modern and the ancient. This is illustrated in the old portion of most towns, where the houses are so old that often their tops almost lean against each other across the narrow streets. In the modern portion you will usually find handsome shops, artistic architecture and beautiful residences.

There are certain characteristics in the French cities which are alike in every town, large or small. The chief point of interest is always the cathedral. These vary in magnificence from the Nôtre Dame in Paris, the Grand Cathedral in Rheims and the St. Ouen at Rouen, to the little, quaint structures in the far-off towns of

There is everything for sale in the markets from laces to cattle, and these bazaars furnish an excellent place for countryside gossip.

Brittany. But, great or small, every city or town has a pretentious church, with its customary statues and classic architecture.

Another invariable feature of the French town, and incidentally one of its most attractive ones, is the market place, which appears to be the social as well as the commercial center for the peasants of the surrounding country. No one ever seems particularly anxious to sell in these markets. You will see the women, all wearing their white caps and wooden shoes, with umbrellas over them, sitting in their stalls knitting and gossiping, and chattering away like magpies, while blue-bloused men stand in groups discussing in an animated way, but apparently regardless of whether purchases of the sleek cattle offered for sale are made or not. There are no better places to see and study people than in these market places. You will find on sale in any of them not only vegetables and products of the dairy, but calicoes, shoes, velvets, coats, lingerie, bonnets, and confections, all in one heterogeneous combination.

The visitor lives very well in Normandy and Brittany, even at the smallest inns. Of course, the fish are as fine as can be found in the world and in great variety. In season you will get excellent oysters and you rarely find an inn so small that it does not have a dish of appetizing *crevettes*, or shrimp, among the *hors d'œuvres.* The meats are invariably good; chicken is omnipresent. One rarely gets wine on the table in this part of France, unless it is specifically ordered, as little wine is made in Normandy or Brittany; the drink of the country is the native *cidre* for which no charge is ever made at meals. To those accustomed to American cider, the French *cidre* is not particularly palatable, but it is a wholesome drink and, after one becomes accustomed to it, quite enjoyable (if you like it).

Prices are invariably low except in the larger places. One can tour Normandy, Brittany and Touraine and live delightfully at an expense of from ten to twelve francs ($2.00 to $2.40) a day; this including your bed and three meals with all the *cidre* you can drink thrown in.

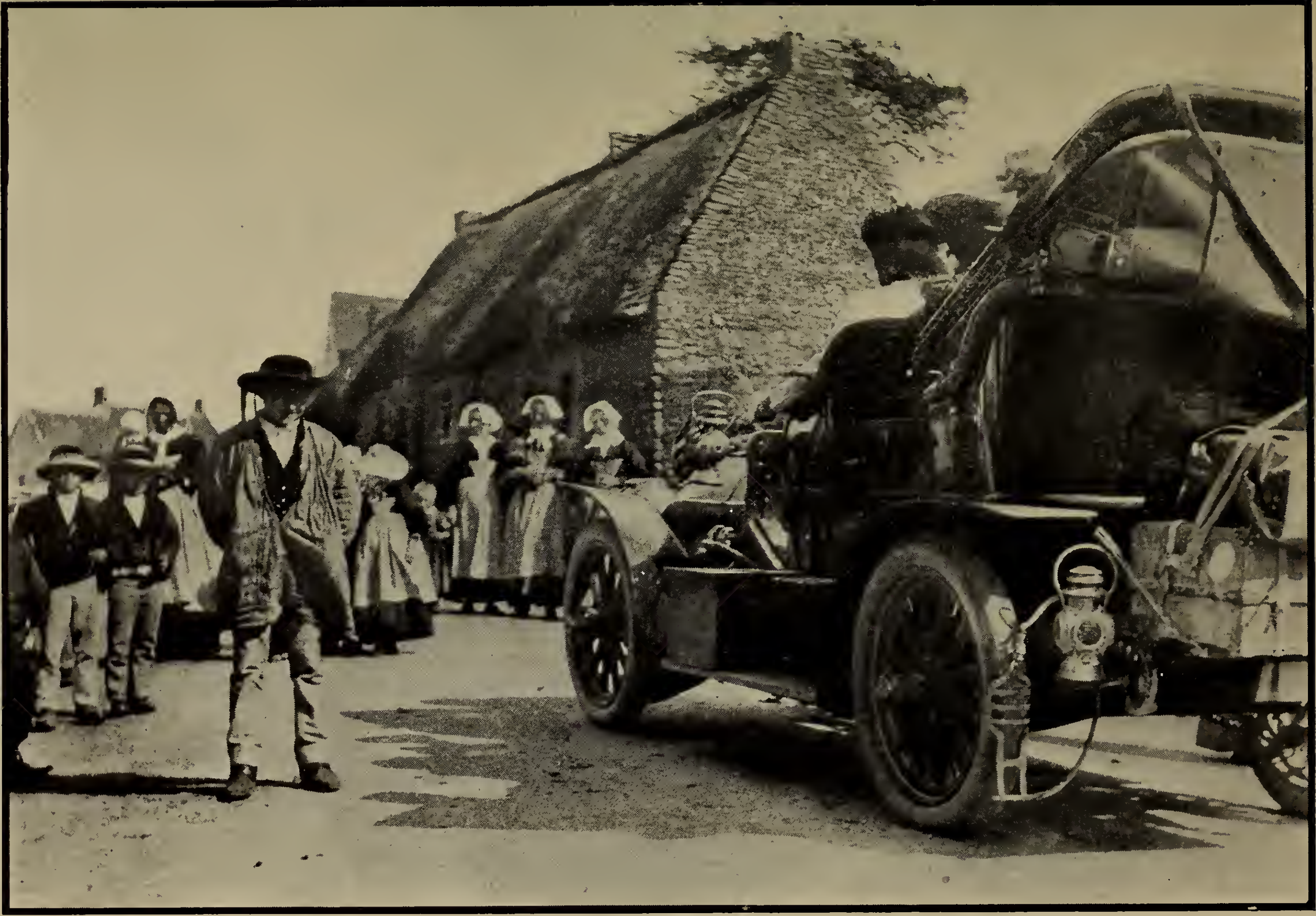
We had been cautioned before we started on our trip not to draw up at a hotel or inn in our motor as we should immediately be considered American millionaires and charged accordingly. We were told to leave the motor some little distance from the inn and have one of the party stroll up with a "don't-care-whether-I-stay-all-night-or-not" air and make terms first. We soon found that was needless, and after the first few days drove up to the hotel or inn entrance with the utmost abandon and still secured the best accommodations at reasonable prices. Especially was this true when I showed my membership card in the *Touring Club de France.* This membership, which cost me, as noted elsewhere, a mere trifle, paid for itself over and over again, as there is a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent. given at all the hotels named in the Touring Club list, which includes the best in all towns. This saving, of itself, with a party of six, amounted during our trip to a considerable sum.

Normandy and Brittany together are the land of legends and romance, but there is a noticeable difference in the people. The Breton is stalwart in stature, stern and serious in disposition. He has hewed his life out amid serious things and along the rocky roads. His bronzed face looks austere, but beneath his blue blouse beats a heart warm and true. The primitive simplicity of his life and the intenseness of his religion gives the Breton a short view of the frivolities of existence. He carries his religion into his daily life and work and along all the roads are gaudy crucifixes which the peasants never pass without kneeling and crossing themselves.

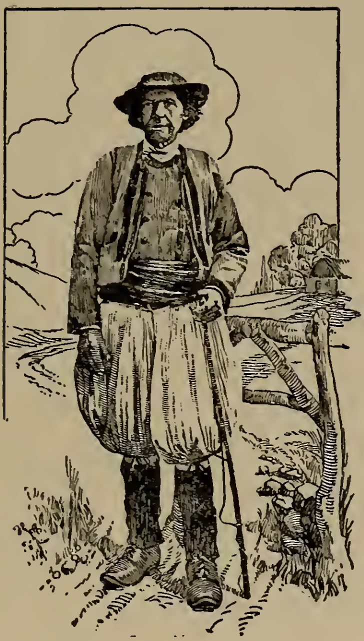
It is characteristic of all these Brittany folk that they mind their own business. I don't know what the result would be if you were to try a joke on them. I should be afraid to undertake it. Life is a serious problem to the Breton. It is homespun for him even though the rest of France may be arrayed in silks. He has worked out an existence against great odds and it has given him a character and physique which makes him notable among his fellow countrymen.

These features are also characteristics of the Normandy folk, but to a less degree. They have prospered more than their Breton brothers, their lands yield them easier and greater harvests, and they are a little closer in touch with the world outside. But, taking them both side by side, they outmeasure in every point of comparison their brothers in corresponding walks of life in the rest of France.

One no sooner crosses into Brittany than the change in the topography is noticeable. As you proceed westward toward Brest (a trip which we did not make) there are long stretches of uninteresting road, the country growing more and more rugged and barren as you approach this great shoulder of France, which braces itself against the ravages and mighty tides of the Atlantic.

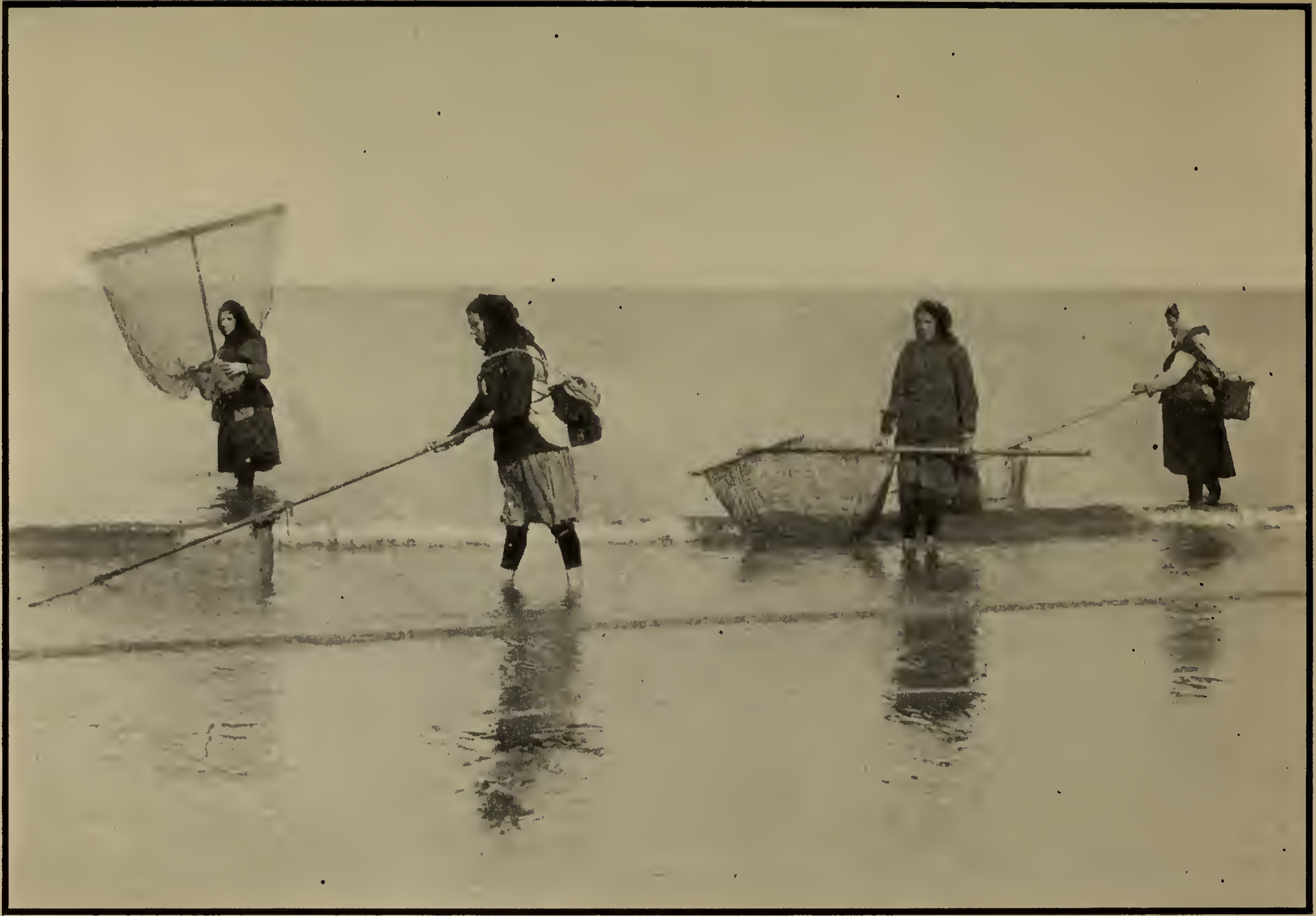


It was Sunday afternoon and all the Brittany children had on their Sunday clothes and best caps.



Chapter Seven

Through Romantic Brittany



The younger women, bronzed and stout-legged, catch at every low tide myriads of delicious shrimp, so much relished as a hors d'œuvre in France.

Chapter Seven

From St. Malo South Through Romantic Brittany

FROM St. Malo our route took us almost due south through quaint old Dinan to Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, which we reached after a delightful run of about four hours. We stopped here at the *Hôtel Moderne* facing the river Vilaine, and as it was Saturday night we put in the evening on the streets and in the various cafés where we could listen to the music and study the people. Nearly every café had its female orchestra, composed of fair French damsels dressed in white. They played near the open doorway or out on the sidewalks surrounded by the people sitting at the small tables which, usually at all these French cafés, stretch far out into the street.

Although the next day was Sunday, we got an early start and made the longest run of our entire trip, covering one hundred and seventy-three miles. Our morning run, without a stop, took us through Plélan and Ploërmel to the interesting old town of Vannes, where we had a delicious luncheon at the *Hôtel Dauphin.* We were greatly entertained here by a large wedding party which was having a jolly time, utterly unmindful of the presence of Americans, or any one but themselves.

During the day we met many families homeward bound from church in their big-wheeled carts drawn by sturdy horses. These carts, like the New York street cars, always afford room for one more, and we counted as many as eleven people in one cart, all dressed in the customary garb of Brittany; the men with their wide-brimmed straw hats, with the broad black-velvet ribbons hanging down behind, and the women with their best Sunday caps. It was noticeable that the horses did not pay the slightest attention to our motor, nor did any of the people, other than to give us a serious nod as we went spinning by them.

During the forenoon we passed through a number of little villages, all of which had their churches, toward several of which the *Pardon* parade was wending its way. The *Pardon* is characteristic of Brittany. It is a religious festival to which the people come from long dis-

When we reached the great Druidical stones at Carnac the Brittany children were anxious to show us everything of interest.

tances, and it is so closely interwoven with the history of Brittany that many volumes have been written descriptive of it. We each expressed a wish to remain long enough to attend some of these novel and interesting services, but had to satisfy ourselves with a cursory, passing glance at the processions, in which many striking banners were borne. Just what these banners typify I do not know, but they add a characteristic picturesqueness to the scene.

In front of nearly all of the little churches which we passed, and some of the more pretentious ones, there were temporary booths for the sale of all sorts of articles, including hats, socks, calicoes, and other dress goods, as well as articles for the farm. It seems to be quite the custom in Brittany to attend divine service first and then barter for such goods as might be needed, after the religious services are finished.

When we left Vannes we went by the most direct road to Auray, about a half-hour's run, and there turned southwest toward Carnac down by the coast which we reached about an hour after leaving Vannes. We were eager to see the Druidical monuments known as Menhirs and Dolmens, the great stones of mythological age. These and the Giant's Causeway, which we visited later in Ireland, are two of the most wonderful things in the world—one erected by man and the other a creation of Nature. The hotel manager at Vannes had given us a little map which enabled us to go directly to the most interesting part of these enormous fields of rock, taking in Ploërmel and Plouharnel on the way.

The story of these stones—as to what they are; what kind of people put them there; why and when they were put there—has never been told and probably never will be. They are practically as prehistoric as the formation of the world, and as we drove our motor car, a symbol of the latest creation of man, out on the moors among these tokens of the musty ages, a feeling unlike anything which we had ever felt before came over the entire party. Here was an illustration of the spanning of time. Here on the very spot where the first known labor of man is exhibited stood also his latest production—one the work of a people unknown, the other the most recent effort of the most modern nation on earth.

The pyramids of Egypt have a history which has been unraveled and written by archæologists. Pompeii is relatively modern; the statues of Rameses and the art of the Nile are as open books compared with the history of these great rocks.

The Menhirs and Dolmens are scattered all about the section south of Auray, but down near Carnac there are three groups set in lines as straight as a modern engineer could draw them and forming nine or ten avenues. There are 874 in one of the rows, 855 in another and 262 in a third; it is said there were 15,000 originally. The stones, which are equal distances apart, vary in height from three to twenty feet, the largest having an estimated weight of forty to fifty tons. No stone of the same geological formation is found nearer than three hundred miles and the mystery of their being placed here will probably never be solved. Like many other unusual prehistoric things there are many legends connected with these stones. One is that they were hurled from the moon by Beelzebub at the people living there with whom he was displeased. Another has it that St. Cornely, pursued by enemies, reached the sea and as he could go no farther, appealed to Heaven for help and was given power to turn all the soldiers chasing him to stone, and they have been there ever since.

One of the interesting features of our visit was our meeting on the road ten or a dozen little

Breton boys and girls, who made us understand that if we wanted to take the best road to the stones they would direct us. We told them to climb aboard and they swarmed in on us so that every part of the car, including both running boards, was occupied, jabbering to us in their vernacular French of which we could not understand a word. They were all neatly dressed and clean and seemed to enjoy the ride hugely, entertaining us after we reached the field by climbing up on the stones and trying to point out interesting things to us. When we started to leave and our own party had gotten into the car the children, without formal invitation, all climbed aboard again, for another ride back to the place where we picked them up. As we finally bade good-bye to our little friends we turned our "Loco" toward Nantes, about eighty miles away, where we intended to spend the night.

Our run back through Vannes and then on through Muzillac, LaRoche-Bernard, Pontchateau and Savenay to Nantes on that glorious Sunday afternoon will never be forgotten. The road was perfect and almost as straight as an arrow would fly. We reeled off mile after mile through an unending arbor of trees, the car

We ran the motor, the latest development of man's ingenuity and invention, out among the Druidical monuments, the earliest known labor of prehistoric man.

"purring", as one of my daughters expressed it, as it spun along over roads as smooth as a tiled floor. It was roller-coasting most of the way. Down a long hill where we would gain the maximum speed and then up another hill to coast down the farther side; past thatched-roof cottages and fields of wheat, heavy-headed for the harvest; through villages and forests, on we sped catching kaleidoscopic glimpses only, but enjoying to the fullest the glorious flight from the sea, which we had left at Carnac, to the beautiful valley of the Loire, the sister river of the Seine in the affections of the French people.

We had no difficulty in finding the *Hôtel de France* at Nantes, one of the best houses, by the way, we stopped at in France. Its proprietor, who has the art of being "mine host" most agreeably and acceptably, has made the hotel one of of the most perfect in every detail. It is beautifully decorated, has modern bathrooms and a cuisine which will long be remembered by any visitor. Adjoining the house, which is on the public square, is the largest café in Nantes, and it being Sunday evening, the little tables had been placed far out into the square. The orchestra was playing and altogether the scene formed one of those charming effects impossible anywhere except in France.

We spent only a night and a day in Nantes, and as we left I asked the proprietor to give us directions for following the most direct route out of the city on our way to Tours, the capital of Touraine. As illustrating the minute attention given to details for the convenience of his guests he handed me a little outline map which showed the route so plainly that we had no difficulty whatever in finding our way out of the city and on to the main road.

We had expected to reach Tours that night, but were caught soon after leaving Nantes in a blinding rain storm, which continued with such persistency that we were obliged for safety's sake to run very slowly, the rain beating so hard against the window of the apron of our hood that it was almost impossible to see through it. We took the main road on the north side of the river through Ancenis and Varades, crossing the river at Loire to Montjean to shorten the run by saving the detour made by the main thoroughfare through Angers. We found the roads excellent, notwithstanding they were not main lines of travel. In passing through one of the little villages we had our nearest approach to an

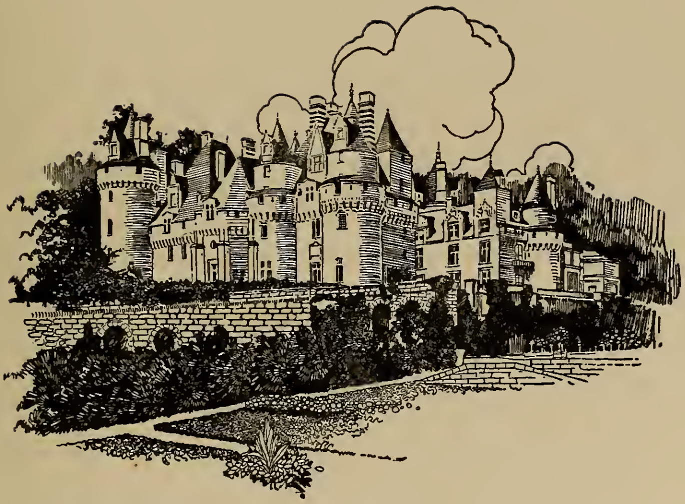
It was Sunday afternoon and the Brittany folk were gathered about the village well for friendly gossip.

accident. A demure-looking horse tied to the back of a cart whirled around just as we were passing, let fly both heels and came within a foot of hitting one of our party squarely on the head. The idea of being injured by a horse's kick while touring in a motor was so absurd that it took the edge off the seriousness of the occurrence.

It was just about dark, the storm had stopped and the sky was clearing, when we reached Saumur, and we decided that we had better remain there all night. The *Hôtel Budan*, which we had selected, had a most uninviting aspect itself, although it was directly facing the beautiful river and adjoining the bridge spanning it; but this house, like many others in France, is not to be judged by its exterior. We found the rooms most comfortable and the obliging proprietor, although we were late for the regular evening meal, prepared and served for us a delicious repast, which, after our long ride of the afternoon, we devoured like hungry wolves. We found our rooms furnished in antique furniture that would set the heart of the connoisseur palpitating. There was one piece particularly that struck our fancy, and I began a flirtation with the proprietor to know whether he would sell it. Well, yes, he might sell it, although he had never set a price upon it. An American had offered him fifteen thousand francs for it last year, but he had not cared to let it go at that price. Being in Europe with a family and an automobile on my hands, I immediately suspended negotiations.

Saumur is known for the excellence of its wines, its great Government cavalry school at which there are four hundred cadets, and the ruins of the chateau of the Queen of Sicily, built for her by King René in the fifteenth century.

Early the next morning we were off for Chinon, all eager to get our first glimpse of a real chateau, for we were now approaching the far-famed chateau section of the Loire, the locality of all others most closely associated with the kingly history of France.



Chapter Eight

In the Chateau Country

Chapter Eight

In the Heart of the Chateau Country and the Valley of the Loire

AFTER leaving Saumur we followed the wooded valley of the Loire for about fifteen miles and then motored along the attractive shores of one of its tributaries, the Vienne, to Chinon, a brisk little town about nine miles from the junction of the river with the Loire. As we crossed the old stone bridge we stopped to look down upon a small army of the village housewives doing their week's washing in the river. These public laundries, which look like houseboats, are one of the features of French towns; that at Chinon being quite a pretentious affair two stories high. The peasant women kneel at the edge of the platform, having in front of them their rubbing boards, and dip the clothes in the swift-running stream, in the meantime chattering among themselves like a flock of excited magpies, dispensing, I suppose, all the latest gossip of the town.

A tree-fringed quay runs along the river bank and, towering over the quaint old houses which almost lean against each other on each side of the narrow, crooked streets, are the ruins of the noble chateau which has made Chinon historic. The site on which it was built is such a commanding one that the Romans erected a fort upon it and strongly fortified it during the period of their occupation. The chateau was formed by what were really three distinct castles built in the eleventh century. One was occupied by Jeanne D'Arc, Here lived, too, within the now ruined walls, Louis XI, Louis XII and Charles VII, and here were enacted many social scenes in keeping with the great splendor of the times. There is little left to interest now except the ruins and the view from the ramparts, which latter is one of the finest in all France and well worth the hard climb one has to take to enjoy it.

It is about thirteen miles from Chinon to Azay-le-Rideau and the road leads for practically the entire distance through the heart of one of the many national forests of France. As there were no villages between the places and the road was broad and as smooth as newly laid asphalt, we let our motor car do its best and, almost before it had fairly settled down to its

In some of the narrow village streets of Normandy we had to drive carefully in passing other motors.

work, we flew past the scattering houses in the quiet suburbs of Azay and drew up at the *Hôtel Grand Monarque*, a diminutive house with a grandiloquent name, the only public house in the quaint little town of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. We left the motor car in front of the hotel while we were in at luncheon. As usual the little American flag which was presented to us for the purpose was fastened to one of the side lamps, and the trunks on the rack, attracted attention to us as tourists, and when we came out the car was surrounded by the ever-present gathering of gaping peasants and timid children. It did not annoy us, however, as we had become thoroughly accustomed to having "the committee of a hundred," as we termed it, supervise our arrival and departure from almost every place. Notwithstanding the apparent interest in us, nowhere on our entire trip did we meet with the first suggestion of impertinence from any one, nor was anything which we had left in the car meddled with or taken.

The Chateau of Azay-le-Rideau is one of the scenes we wish to perpetuate in memory. In architecture and in setting it is a gem. It appeals to the eye and to the senses as a thing of beauty and interest. A short walk from the hotel through an unpretentious lane brought us to the main entrance of the estate—an iron-grated gate. At its side stood the porter's lodge from which the woman attendant came in answer to our ringing the bell, and opened the gate for us with a pretty courtesy and smile of welcome. Through the vista of great trees and framed on every side by vines and hedges of jasmine, we had our first glimpse of the chateau, which, since 1520, when it was built, has stood as a model of a style of architecture that has never been surpassed for grace and simplicity. It stands almost within the bed of the river Indre, whose waters flow around the foundations, moving noiselessly over a bed woven thick with long green grasses. The mirror-like surface of the water reflected the graceful towers and spires of the chateau, which show nothing of the ravages of time, and the vine-covered bridge forms such a beautiful and fitting approach that we all stood in silent admiration of this exquisite gem of the Renaissance. Set in the center of a park of a thousand acres, far away from the strident calls of a busy world, and surrounded by that which accentuates its beauty only, it is little wonder that Azay-le-Rideau is called the jewel of Touraine, and has been the motif and inspiration of many of the finest architectural creations of modern times.

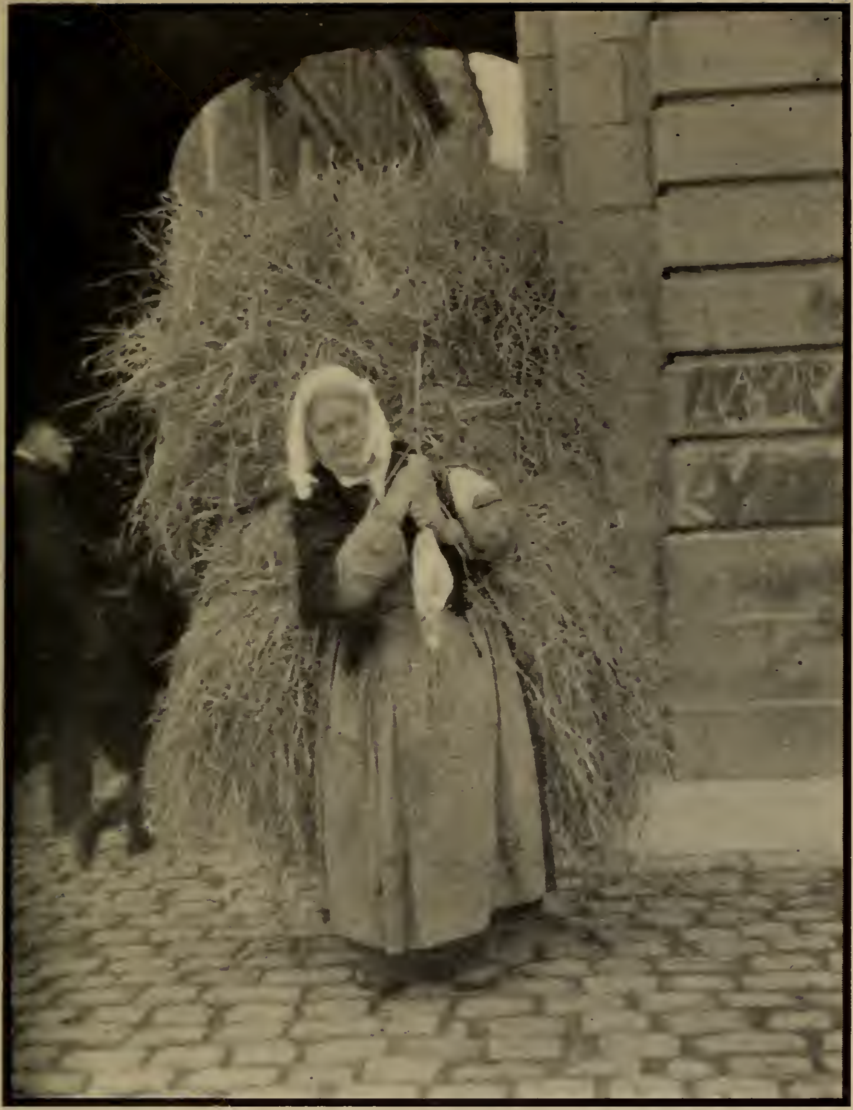
We stood for a moment as we were leaving the park to enjoy one long look at the chateau, and then regretfully retraced our steps toward the hotel, stopping for a few minutes to purchase some post cards of the attendant at the gate who has learned, as many of her country women have, the art of making politeness profitable.

Had we had more time we should have run from Azay to Langeais, only a few miles north on the other side of the Loire, to have seen its great chateau, which is considered the masterpiece of fifteenth century military architecture. So, we have no memory of it; only the regret at having passed it by. We concluded, however, to go direct to Tours that evening, a run of about sixteen miles.

We could not help noticing as we spun along through town and country, the complete change in the manner and dress of the people and the architecture of the buildings from that which we had been seeing the past week. The picturesque characteristics of the Brittany people, the severe faces of the sturdy, well-built men and the white caps of the women had given place to the typical, small-statured French peasant, devoid of individuality. The sweetness of the Normandy lasses, with the fetching little caps and lace collars, had been superseded by cheap affectations of Paris modes. The transition was too great to be overlooked, yet it was all interesting as all of France is interesting. But it was not like Normandy with which we were all in love—nor Brittany which had appealed to us with singular force.

Touraine is world-famed for its chateaux, many of them still maintained in perfect condition, and there are still to be seen in Normandy and Brittany many of these beautiful country homes of classic architecture and perfect lines. They are generally set far back from the road and are approached by a double, and sometimes as many as six rows of magnificent trees and are always surrounded by wide lawns, fringed with flowering shrubs and forest trees. We passed scores of these beautiful places of which there are more than twenty-three thousand in France, each with its own name, and wished that we might have the opportunity of enjoying the life in them as it must be lived by the aristocracy and wealth of the various communities. .

As the center of the chateau region is Tours,



These peasant women know the duties of the burden bearer, and seem to assume them as a matter of course.

so is the *Hôtel de l'Univers* the center of Tours. We telegraphed several days in advance for accommodations, but when we arrived at this beautiful house, we were assured that while our telegram had been received, it was utterly impossible to accommodate us. The clerks, all of whom were young women, as they are in most of the hotels in France, were very obliging, however, in directing us to a near-by house, where we might have been satisfied to remain had we not had a glimpse of the other.

After dining at our hotel, we strolled over to the *Hôtel de l'Univers* and spent the evening in the large out-of-door court, meeting there a number of friends and several acquaintances who had crossed with us on the *Amerika*. We all had stories to relate of our experiences and we exchanged notes and suggestions on the many interesting things to see. Several of our friends had been at Tours for a number of days and had visited the several chateaux, all within a day's trip, so that we eagerly devoured the information they gave us as to how we could make the most of our time.

Tours is the social as well as the natural center of Touraine, and any one desiring to visit the chief chateaux, can do no better than to locate there, and then take short trips each day, coming back to the hotel at night. Some idea of how many tourists are doing this may be inferred from the fact that in the garage at the hotel, which opens directly from the court through ornamental iron doorways, we counted one evening more than sixty cars, all of them owned by guests at the house.

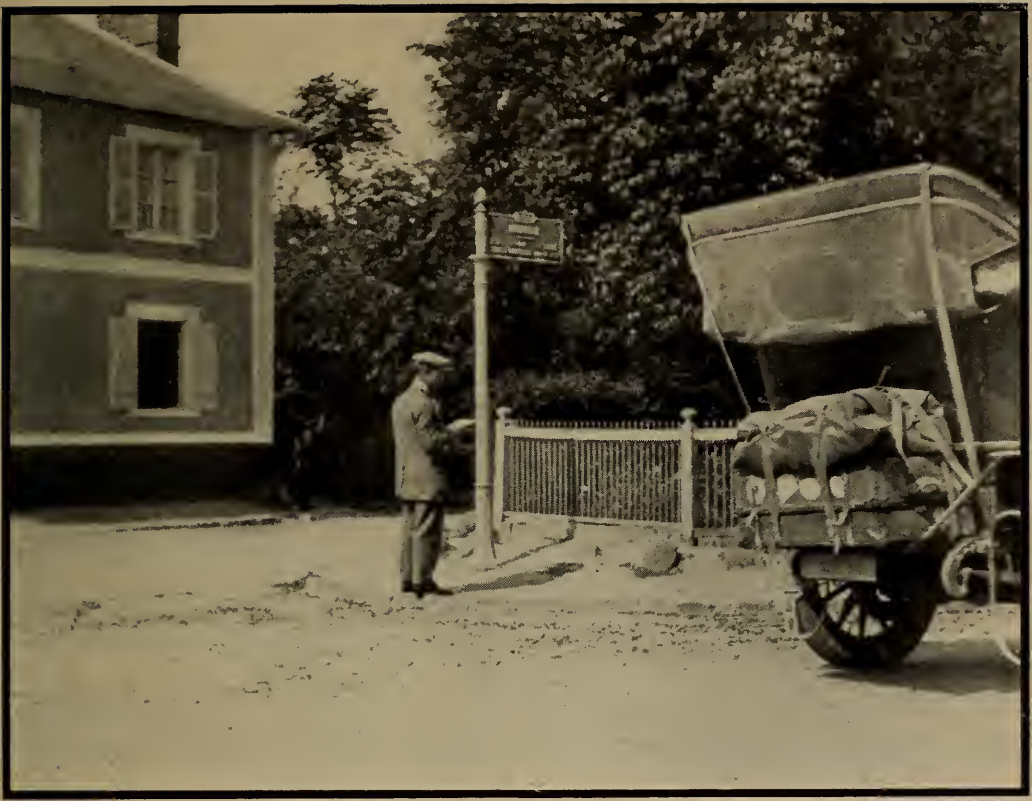
A little before noon of the day following our arrival at Tours, we set out for Chenonceaux, the most famous, perhaps, of all the chateaux. The run of twenty miles took us through a pretty country south of the Loire, and we drew up in front of the little *Hôtel du Bon Laboureur* in good season for luncheon, which was so excellent that we willingly paid the two and a half francs for each person and did not begrudge a liberal tip to the cheerful little French maid who served it. The chateau is about a mile distant and the entrance is by a long road densely shaded by immense trees forming a veritable arbor of foliage. We left the motor car at the end of this road near the great wrought-iron gates, which have been copied at one of the fine places at Newport, and walked up the broad roadway, stopping at the *donjon* for permission to enter the chateau.

The impression of this vast edifice, which has played so important a part in the history of France, is that everything has been done to make it grand and massive. As it is built on a stone bridge spanning the river Cher, you may enter it on one side of the broad stream and leave it on the other. It is now leased to a rich Cuban family named Terry, one of whom married the late American opera singer, Sybil Sanderson.

Chenonceaux is, next to Azay-le-Rideau, the most perfect of all the chateaux in Renaissance architecture, and it has been the home of Catherine de Medicis and several of the French kings. There are probably few buildings in the world which have been the scene of as many brilliant social settings as Chenonceaux, and it is thoroughly associated with the early political life of France.

We spent the hour before sunset in walking about the exquisite gardens and along the banks of the Cher, enjoying the view of the graceful and historic building from its every side. Early in the evening we returned to Tours and after a delicious dinner, sat far into the night with friends out under the palms in the open court, exchanging what I fear was in most instances newly acquired knowledge of French history and architecture.

The following day we visited Loches, and to all of us one of the most interesting of the chateaux. Unlike Azay-le-Rideau and Chenonceaux it is in ruins and all the more interesting on this account, as many of the chateaux have been modernized and rebuilt to the point where interest in them is greatly impaired. The castle of Loches is built upon an enormous hill immediately overlooking the town. You could spring from its ruined walls without touching a thing upon the roofs of the houses far below. Within the court is the famous horse chestnut tree, a species which is native to France. This tree, which is of enormous size, has often been described. Its branches measure more than one hundred feet across from tip to tip, and it is in a perfect state of preservation. The only tree of its kind which is at all its equal in size and beauty is the tree in the private grounds of Bayard Stockton, Esq., at Princeton, New Jersey, and it is said that this tree was grown from a sapling brought over from this famous tree at Loches, by General Lafayette. A sapling of this Princeton tree, presented to the author, is enjoying a flourishing growth upon his farm in



With the splendid signboards in France and the perfect road maps we had little trouble in keeping on the right road.

Connecticut, and may some day, it is hoped, reach such a dignified size that it will reflect credit on its distinguished ancestors.

Loches was greatly enjoyed by all of us. Its great square keep, built in the eleventh century with walls of great thickness, its deep, damp dungeons down which we crawled and felt our way, led by a dapper little woman whose candle insisted on going out, leaving us in pitchy darkness, were intensely interesting and novel. We were shown the supports from which was hung in the gloomy confines of a tower the great iron cage in which Louis XI confined Cardinal La Balue and several others whom he did not like, and the exquisite tomb of Agnes Sorel "*la Belle des Belles*," the mistress of Charles VII. Agnes was the lady who exerted herself so vigorously in an effort to have the English expelled from France. You would never, however, suspect her bellicose disposition from the sweet and placid expression shown on her face as she lies there, life size, in cold marble, with her hands folded peacefully over her breast, and her tiny feet resting on a pair of lambs while two angels kneel at her head.

Loches looks old from every point of view, and our guidebook told us that its history runs back to the fifth century—quite a time when counted by years. The day we spent there was among the most interesting of our entire trip, and the place should be included in every itinerary of the chateau country.

The road back to Tours might be chosen as a sample of an ideal French boulevard. The distance is just forty kilometers and our "Loco" reeled it off, without a stop, at a kilometer a minute and this without pushing the car in the least. We made the run just at the most beautiful time of the day, the early twilight, reaching our hotel in time to dress for dinner.

Chapter Nine

From Tours to Paris

The cliff houses along the Loire River add an interesting feature to the trip from Tours to Orleans.

Chapter Nine

From Tours, by Way of Fontainebleau and Versailles, to Paris

THE next day we followed the road along the edge of the Loire and had a good opportunity to study the interesting habitations of the cliff dwellers along the river. There was just room enough between the river and the cliffs for the road and the attractive little cottages and gardens, with here and there a stately villa. Immediately back of them rose the precipitous palisades which for miles are dug out in places and occupied as homes by the poor. It was very interesting to study the different architectural effects created by the windows and doors cut out of these solid rocks. Some of the people live sixty or seventy feet above the ground and approach their houses by steep flights of steps cut out of the side of the rock. Vines grow over many of the houses and in almost all of the windows were boxes of bright-colored flowers and one enterprising man has turned his cave into a resort where motor cars may stop and enjoy a good meal, selecting their own mushrooms from the beds which he is cultivating in an adjoining cave. Presumably the people living in these places have no fear of cyclones or of any one cutting off their view of the surrounding country.

For many kilometers before we reached Amboise, where we had planned to make our first stop, the road is built along the top of a dike like those one sees in Holland. On one side and close to us was the river and on the other, stretching away almost to the horizon line, were the fertile fields saved to the peasants by the building of this great dike to keep back the water. Long stretches of the ever-present poplars, tall and shapely, marked the outlines of the little farms, and, snuggling in among them were the thatched-roof cottages in which all of peasant France lives in apparent peace and comfort.

At Amboise we had an excellent luncheon at the *Hôtel Lion d'Or*, and then set out to see the chateau from whose battlements Francis II, and his bride, Mary, Queen of Scots, and Catherine de Medicis, surrounded by the princes and courtiers, looked down upon the butchery of one thousand two hundred Huguenot conspirators, who had plotted to remove the young King Francis. A grewsome story is that of Amboise, for throughout its whole early history it was associated with treachery and carnage, and in later years was used as a state prison. Viewed as we saw it in the bright sun of an August afternoon, with its gray old walls looking mellow and peaceful, there was nothing, even in its interior, which we had the privilege of inspecting, that would suggest even in the most remote way the thrilling scenes it had seen enacted.

The early afternoon saw us again in our motor headed for Chaumont, the road still clinging close to the banks of the beautiful river, and giving us, as it had from the time we left Tours, an endless panorama of picturesque farms and villages, past which we flew at a speed which would put a New York bicycle policeman into action at sight. We did not stop at Chaumont even to see the exquisite chateau which was so dear to the heart of Catherine de Medicis and which, although it is now owned and occupied by a private family, retains many of its feudal features. We felt that it would pay us better to save time at Chaumont and spend more at Blois, and in this our judgment was good.

There are two things which we shall always remember in connection with Blois. They form a sort of happy combination of the sublime and the ridiculous. The first is, of course, the magnificent chateau and the other the delicious cheese wrapped in lettuce leaves and served with a sauce of kirsch which we had with our coffee at the *Grand Hôtel de Blois*. The chateau was superb, the cheese a gastronomic inspiration, and the two will go galloping down the corridors of our memory whenever Blois is mentioned. So many descriptions by noted and able writers have been given of this most famous of all the French chateaux that I shall not attempt even to tell of our admiration of this magnificent pile which stands as an everlasting monument to its great founders and architects. Its exquisite façades, its wonderful exterior staircase, built on the principle of a seashell, its great halls and galleries, its romances and history are all blended in our minds with one enduring impression which time will not obliterate.

Leaving Blois we followed the main road, which for twenty-five miles is as straight as an engineering line could be laid, through Orleans,

We ran for miles through the magnificent forests of Fontainebleau, just as the sun was beginning to cast its longest shadows.

and reached the forest of Fontainebleau about sunset, so that we had a half-hour's ride through the labyrinth of its roads at the most delightful part of the day. This famous forest, which is the most beautiful in France, and probably the most perfect of any in Europe, has been under Government supervision and management for generations. It covers 42,500 acres, an area fifty times as great as Central Park in New York City, and crossing and recrossing in every direction are innumerable roads, varying from beautiful boulevards to the narrowest bridle paths, all kept in most perfect condition.

In the city of Fontainebleau, which is almost in the center of this vast forest, we selected the *Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre* as the best one at which to stop. This hotel is directly opposite the palace, and is one of the most attractive public houses in all of France, outside of Paris. I asked the manager to show us a suite of rooms, and he took us into what we have all agreed was the most fascinating suite we have ever seen in any public or private house. When I was told the price for our party, I could readily understand how the proprietor had been able to furnish the house throughout with the exquisite and classic furniture and rare engravings which had been bought from time to time from the palace. It would be a sweet thing to sleep in a bed which had been occupied by the great Napoleon and which is surmounted with the panoply of state; it would be a notable pleasure to bathe in a bowl and use water from a pitcher which had been used by the Empress Josephine; it would be interesting to sit in front of the window looking out on the palace in the chair often occupied by Napoleon's chief of council—but these things come too high for an American business man on an automobile trip, and I concluded that sixty dollars a night might be considered a trifle expensive for such accommodations. I, therefore, suggested to the manager, in my politest and what my wife calls my best style, that while the price was reasonable considering the historical interest of the furnishings, three plain, clean bedrooms would be sufficient to meet our desires. I think he was rather inclined to take exception to my judgment, but assured me that he could give me comfortable rooms at a less price in the annex, and we were soon settled in a delightful suite at what was reasonable for the *Hôtel de France*, but, nevertheless, was the highest price we paid in France, even including accommodations in Paris.

We were so infatuated with the hotel and its surroundings, and the delicious, perfectly served dinner which we had among the flowers in the garden, that we telegraphed our friends from Waterbury, who were to follow us the next day from Tours, telling them to be sure to stop at this hotel. They arrived just after we had left for Versailles and were shown the same suite of rooms which were shown us. My friend was so delighted that he failed to ask the price, or the price of his dinner in the garden that evening. The next morning when he paid his bill he had a cruel awakening, and when we met in Paris he had not yet reached normal temperature after having expressed his opinion to the manager of the house for his charges for a night's lodging and dinner. This house is the best one at which to stop in Fontainebleau, but unless one is a millionaire and cares nothing for expense, it is advisable to ask prices of everything in advance, especially as no prices are printed on the menu card.

The run from Fontainebleau to Versailles was quickly made, but one of the most interesting incidents of our entire trip was experienced here. We had taken the wrong road, as we were too much interested in what we were seeing to watch the signboards, and as we were passing a large limousine going in the opposite direction, we discovered in it an intimate friend whom we did not know was in France. He spied us at the same moment. Of course both cars were stopped and after being presented to his friends we had an enjoyable visit before parting company. By a curious coincidence, they had gotten off their road, as we had, and if either one of us had been on the right road, we should not have met.

We spent only an hour at Versailles, as we had previously visited its palaces and gardens, and left for Paris by the way of Sèvres and St. Cloud, passing in the suburbs of Versailles the golf club whose links are among the best in all Europe. On this road we struck the horrible pavé so universal all about Paris. It is a curious thing that while in general the roads of France are world-famous for their excellence, the approach to Paris from any direction by the main route is inexcusably bad. The pavement is old and rough with frequent deep and dangerous ruts and the streets full of the heavy trucking teams with often four horses tandem. As we came nearer to the city, we had numerous tram cars and motor 'busses to add to our discomfort.

The railway gates of the many grade crossings in France are usually in charge of women.

We came into Paris by the way of St. Cloud, and entered at the gates taking us into the *Bois de Boulogne.* Here we were stopped by the officials, who measured the gasoline in our tanks and charged us the tax which amounted to a little more than five francs, giving us a receipt for the amount paid. Everything which enters the city of Paris is taxed. All of the market women bringing in fruit and the truck gardeners bringing in their loads of vegetables have to pay the city tax, the *octroi.*

We reached the city just at the delightful time of the afternoon when the *Bois de Boulogne* and the *Champs Elysées* were crowded with fashion in all sorts of vehicles, from the beautiful limousine motor cars to the inevitable and omnipresent *fiacres.* We found our way directly, and without incident, to the *Hôtel l'Athenée,* where our friend, the manager, assured us, with the grace which only a French host possesses, that he remembered with much pleasure our previous visits and hoped that we should find ourselves comfortable and that we would make a long stay.

We sent the car around to Fournier's garage, one of the best in Paris, although the charges are rather high compared with those in provincial towns, but not with American prices. As we were staying but two days in the French capital, we decided to make use of the motor cabs for any running about that we had to do. The drivers in Paris, both of automobiles and carriages, are reckless in the extreme. The streets are so congested that there is little pleasure in driving your own car with constant risk of collision or accident. The recklessness of Paris motorists and drivers is proverbial. That there are not more accidents is a wonder. A speed of twenty to forty miles an hour seems perfectly allowable on city streets, and it is the duty of the pedestrian to get out of the way. It is said that if a person allows himself to be run over in Paris he is arrested for it. The one great crime for which instant arrest follows is to "smoke" your car, and if this prohibition was enforced in our own country it would do much to change the sentiment of the masses against motors, especially in the cities.

Chapter Ten

From Paris to Boulogne-Sur-Mer

We rode for miles over these perfect French roads, through an apparently unending arbor of double rows of trees.

Chapter Ten

Our Last Run in France from Paris to Boulogne-Sur-Mer

WE left the *Hôtel l'Athenée* in Paris just at noon on Sunday for Boulogne, from which port we intended to cross to England. We wended our way out through the almost-deserted streets (for all Paris, like London, empties itself into the country every summer Sunday), to the *Champs Elysées* and then up to the *Hôtel d'Iena* to bid our friends from Waterbury adieu as our touring together had ended at Paris. Their itinerary took them to Belgium and Germany and ours took us to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. We left them with keen regret because, from the time we had sailed from New York, we had been almost continually together. During our tour in France they sometimes preceded us to places and again we would precede them, but if we were not actually together on the road, we were at the same hotels and enjoyed their agreeable companionship to the fullest extent. When, therefore, we turned our car toward the *Arc d'Triomphe* and entered the *Avenue de la Grande Armée*, we felt a sense of loneliness, realizing that we were to make the remainder of the trip by ourselves.

The *Avenue de la Grande Armée* might now properly be called the *Avenue de la Grande Automobile*, for, from its beginning at the *Arc de Triomphe* to the Neuilly Gate, it is lined on either side with garages or supply shops. When we reached the city gates we were stopped by the officials who measured the gasoline in the tank of the car as it had been measured when we entered the city. As we had put none in while in Paris, we had several gallons less than when we paid the *octroi*, or city tax, two days before. The officials took our incoming receipt and after a little figuring, gave us back three francs (sixty cents). We said "*Merci*" and "*Au Revoir*" in our best French and took our official departure from Paris.

We had decided to leave the city by the main route through St. Germain and the St. Germain Forest and then go north through Pontoise and Beauvais. In about an hour after leaving the Neuilly Gate we crossed the Seine upon one of its many bridges and started up the long, circuitous hill leading to St. Germain, which stands as if it were on the top of the Palisades, and we had crossed the Hudson and had to go up the well-known Fort Lee hill to reach it.

From the bridge we had seen, far up on the summit overlooking the valley, a prominent sign of a hotel and concluded that this would be a good place at which to lunch, as the view of the valley of the Seine would be particularly fine from that point. As we rounded the summit after climbing the long hill, which nothing but a high-powered car could climb comfortably, we saw what we supposed was the pretentious entrance to the hotel grounds and at its side an attendant in livery.

My daughter, who spoke French, inquired of the guardian of the gate if we could procure *déjeuner* there. As he replied with the customary "*Oui, oui, entrez,*" in we went, with exhaust wide open, for the grade was rather sharp and we had not had a fair running start.

Once within the brick wall which surrounded the yard, we saw spread before us a beautiful picture. Here under the great spreading trees on the smoothly clipped lawn were placed scores of small tables around which were gathered a large number of most fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen. Our noisy entrance had evidently made a decided sensation, especially as we were at once beyond question put down as foreigners *en tour* and not natives out for a day's run. Our trunks on the back of the car, our costumes, and the little American flag flying from our right-hand lamp, all stamped our identity as tourists.

We stopped at the entrance of the hotel, alighted as if we were to the manor born, and despite the fact that we were the observed of all observers, and that everybody had stopped eating for the purpose of looking at us, made our way as indifferently as possible to a table which was unoccupied and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable.

In the meantime two of our party had gone inside to wash up and were nearly smothered with the attention of attendants. They soon joined us at the table, but prior to that a waiter who spoke English had come over and asked if we were members of the Club. "Club," I exclaimed, "is this a club?" "Yes," he replied, "this is the Country Club of the Automobile Club of Paris." In the meantime, two or three gentlemen who were evidently officers of the Club had

When we came to a particularly beautiful piece of woods, if it was about noon we would stop for a picnic lunch.

arisen from their seats and were having an animated discussion of which we were unquestionably the subject. We assured the waiter that we had made a most unfortunate mistake, owing to the statement of the attendant at the gate that we might come in and have *déjeuner*, and that we wished that he would express our regret to the gentlemen who were discussing the matter, and say that we would retire at once. He stepped over to them and while he was talking a gentleman approached us and said in French that we probably did not know that this was a Club and that none but members were admissable, but that he thought he could arrange it so that we might have our *déjeuner*, as we had made the mistake inadvertently. He went over to the officers of the Club and apparently said the same thing to them, but we saw by the shake of their heads and wild gestures that they were obdurate and that it was clearly etiquette for us to retire as gracefully and as speedily as possible.

While the discussion was going on, the ladies of our party were made the subject of the keenest observation of every woman there and it was evident were being thoroughly discussed. The situation became most embarrassing, and we should have left the club had not the gentleman who so kindly interceded for us despite our protests, insisted that we remain; we felt that we could not leave without giving offense to him. The officials were insistent, however, and our friend found himself so strongly opposed in his effort to extend to us the hospitality of the Club that he finally, with a generosity and a spirit which we will always remember with appreciation, exclaimed: "Then I make these people my personal guests and they shall remain."

He stepped over to us and told us of what he had done, and begged that we would be seated and hoped that we would enjoy our *déjeuner*. Then he brought his wife over and presented her to our party and became, in fact as well as in name, our host. We were so impressed with the entire absence of anything like courtesy on the part of the officers of the Club that we feared our protector might subsequently be made to suffer for having shown himself to be the only member with sufficient politeness to rise to the occasion and to do what every American motorist would have done under similar circumstances.

The *déjeuner* was easily one which might be accepted as an illustration of science in French culinary art. From the delicious melons to the cheese and coffee, it was perfection itself, and for all of the courtesy thus extended we were not permitted to spend a *centime*. It has since been my pleasure to continue a correspondence with Monsieur Romeo, the gracious gentleman who constituted himself our advocate and friend (who, we found, was not a Frenchman, but an Italian non-resident member of the Club) and to have sent him several souvenirs of America, for which he has expressed the highest appreciation.

After leaving the Club, we turned to the right and took the boulevard which runs for a mile or more along the brow of the cliffs fringing the Seine. To our right and far below us was a magnificent view of the stately, tortuous river with the villages dotting its farther shore. To our left and skirting the boulevard was a row of Normandy poplars, so thickly set as practically to form a hedge fifty or more feet in height. On the broad walk of turf between them and the roadway was a throng of pedestrians in their best clothes promenading much as they do on our own Riverside Drive in New York on Sunday afternoons.

At the end of the boulevard we turned into the great forest of St. Germain, winding through it to its farther end. This is one of the noble forests of France which, with others, the Government has had the good sense to preserve. Here within twenty miles of Paris is a great natural park intersected and crossed by roads and paths and yet left in a primitive wildness which is picturesque and delightful. Shortly after coming out of the forest we passed through Pontoise, and without stopping continued through Meru, Beauvais and Marseille, having along the way a continuous panorama of exquisite views.

We reached Abbeville just about dark, and driving into the court of the *Hôtel de la Gare*, were soon settled in comfortable rooms. After a very good supper we went out to see the town by night. Like all the French cities it has an interesting history and several buildings antedating the discovery of America, but we did not visit any of them, our minds being full of chateau lore, Anne of Brittany, and *François le Premier*, of which we had so much in Touraine.

We left Abbeville after breakfast for Boulogne, our last run in France. The road was one of the finest we had found anywhere in the country. It followed close to the coast line and ran for nearly the entire distance under an arch of foliage, with waving fields of grain on either

The boys drive the flock of goats from door to door and milk them in the presence of the customer.

side. It was a glorious ending of our tour in France and our motor car fairly flew over the smooth-surfaced road, through the little villages and past the thatched-roof cottages, carrying us over as beautiful a country as ever the eye of man rested upon. The day was an ideal one, the air sweet with the fragrance of the crops and the sea sparkled like molten silver and sapphire as we caught fleeting glimpses here and there.

Upon arrival at the *Hôtel Pavillon* in Boulogne we busied ourselves at once in making arrangements for taking our car across the Channel on one of the boats of the London and Southwestern Railway which sail morning and evening, between Boulogne and Folkestone.

We visited the agent of the company and booked the car for the evening boat, as we had arrived too late for the morning sailing. We were instructed to have the car over on the quay one hour before the evening sailing time, and to draw all the gasoline from the tank. We were there on the minute and found the agent's assistant, who had charge of the shipment of cars, waiting for us. We turned the receipt for the customs which we had paid at Havre over to him and it took him only a few minutes to make out our bill of lading and give us the necessary papers. The cost of taking the car across from Boulogne to Folkestone was £5. 5s ($26.25) at the company's risk. If we had sent it at our own risk the charge would have been £4 ($20.00).

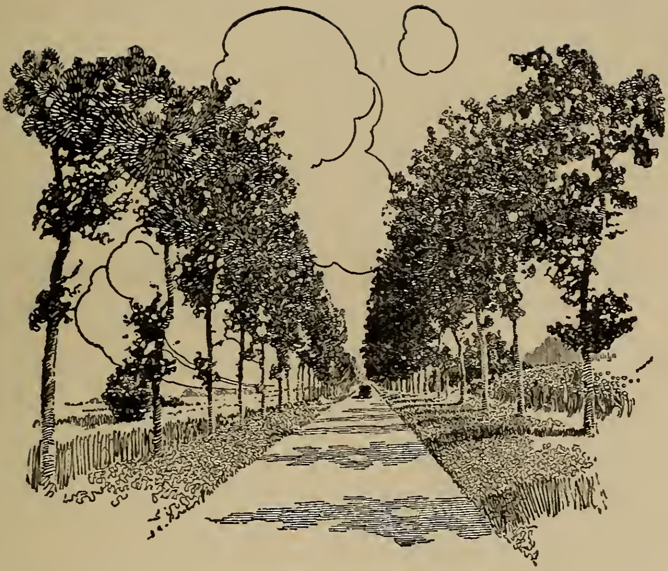
We found the arrangements for handling cars at Boulogne most complete, as many motors are taken back and forth on each trip during the summer season. Our car was pushed upon a heavy platform and a heavy bar was placed across each end, close up against the tires and fastened in place by substantial iron pins. Bars running lengthwise were also fastened in place so that the car could not move forward, backward or sideways. Four heavy cables were attached to the platform, one at each corner with a crossbar above the car to keep the cables from "pinching" it, and these were in turn fastened to the main chain of the steam derrick. This was all done in five minutes and soon our car was swung off the quay, over the side of the boat and carefully lowered to the open lower deck of the steamship. Underneath the platform of the open cradle were small iron wheels, and the deck hands, as soon as the car was lowered, rolled it back into its stall and blocked it so that there was no danger of its being damaged by any motion of the boat, which, on the Channel, is usually unsteady.

As soon as the car was landed on the English boat, the customs officers refunded the duties which I had previously paid in Havre, but they would not do so until the car had been deposited in the boat, this being evidence to them that it had officially left France and been placed under the British flag.

There was a slight charge for handling the car and I dispensed the customary number of tips to the longshoremen who worked on the job. In fact, by the number of them who gathered around me, bowing and scraping, with palms extended, I should have thought that half the population of Boulogne had taken part in the work. I discovered in the front row of the tip seekers, one old Frenchman whose share seemed to have been to stand open-mouthed as the car was lifted up into the air preparatory to being swung around into the hold of the ship. I suppose he felt that his assistance in watching the job had been very helpful. It reminded me of a little chap who pumped the wind into the church organ and used to brag after the service about "the fine music *we* made to-day."

We had passed the day at Boulogne very

delightfully. It is an interesting place and one can get there a glimpse of the attractive French seashore life as it is among the most popular resorts of France. We spent the morning in looking about the shops and put in the afternoon on the broad beach, watching the crowds of bathers in their gay and somewhat startling costumes, and the larger crowds of fashionably dressed French people grouped under the bright-colored awnings which extend for a quarter of a mile along the sands. Following the bathing hour, we adjourned as is the custom to the grounds of the beautiful casino, built at the very edge of the sea, and listened to the concert of the fine band which plays there every afternoon and evening in summer.



Chapter Eleven

French Roads and their Excellence

Chapter Eleven

Something About French Roads and their Excellence

THE roads of France, which by common consent are the best of any country in the world taken as a whole, are classified in four divisions:

First—*The Route Nationale;*

Second—*The Route Departmentale;*

Third—*The Chemin de Grande Communication;*

Fourth—*The Chemin de Moindre Importance.*

The *Routes Nationale* are the most direct avenues between the large cities. In former times they were paved with large, flat stones, but almost everywhere now, except in the towns, these stones have been taken away and the finest surfaced macadam substituted. A map of France showing the *Routes Nationale* would resemble a railroad map, with New York or Chicago as a center, in that all chief points are to be reached from a hub or center which in France is Paris. These roads are maintained by the national government and the grades upon them have been reduced to a minimum. The various departments of France build and keep these roads as ordered by the general government and so perfect is the supervision that they rarely show need of repairs. The roads are divided into very short sections, and an official is in charge of each. If any stones become detached or any ruts appear the damage is immediately fixed with the same degree of care that would be exercised in repairing tiling in your bath room floor which had become loosened.

In riding in an automobile over the roads of France, there is so little vibration that many of the notes from which this book has been written were made in the motor car while it was running at good speed. If any reader desires to know just what this means, let him try making notes while riding on an American road. There was also very little dust and in many places none, except on the lesser roads.

The *Routes Departmentale*, or second grade of roads, have no paving stones except in the towns and are, in many parts of France, in as good if not better condition, than the *Routes Nationale.*

It takes the firmest resolutions to keep from speeding on these superb French roads, better than park boulevards in America.

They are built, repaired and cleaned by the various departments of France.

The *Chemin de Grande Communication*, or third division roads, lead from commune to commune, or village to village. These roads are repaired and kept in order by the respective communes, and while they are narrower than the roads already named, are kept in nearly as good condition. The Touring Club of France has contributed large sums of money to several communes which felt that they could not afford to keep the roads in the highest state of perfection.

The *Chemin de Moindre Importance*, the fourth division roads, run from farm to farm and are paid for and kept in order by the commune or village in which they lie. They are mostly so narrow that two motors meeting have to pass very carefully, but they are always free from ruts, and in a condition which would put nine tenths of the American roads, even the most important ones, to shame. In fact, nowhere on our entire trip through France did we find a piece of road which could be called poor except in the suburbs of Paris and these were mostly miserable.

The roads of France suffer more in dry weather than in wet, and to prevent dust and to keep the surface of the road moist, there are hundreds of miles fringed by trees on either side. The planting and kind of tree is determined by the general government and severe penalties are imposed on anybody who mutilates a tree in any way.

The United States could learn a great deal from France in the matter of road making, and each State interested in good roads could spend money to no better advantage than by sending its engineers in charge of road building to France to study the system of building and maintenance. The French never permit a macadamized road to fall into bad repair. They act on the principle that a stitch in time saves nine, and that if the smooth surface of the macadam is broken in any place it is easier to fix it immediately while the damage is insignificant than to allow it to wear into a great hole which will become a nuisance, if not an actual menace. As the stone used in making the roads contains considerable natural cement, it becomes almost solid in time.

In many places each gutter is carefully paved with stones so that the water may be carried off without cutting ruts in the macadam at the edges.

There are many stretches of the chief roads in

France which run for miles in an absolutely straight line. The country is invariably rolling and it is nothing unusual to come to the summit of some hill and see the road stretching away in front as straight as a die and as far as the eye can reach.

Another feature of the French roads is the entire absence of fences. Fields come to the very edge of the grass bordering the rows of trees that line the roads, and in the northern provinces especially, almost every foot of the acreage seems to be tilled.

Motoring is ideal when it can be enjoyed under mile after mile of arched foliage, past fertile fields and picturesque, though often poverty-like, thatched cottages, with here and there attractive chateaux and villages as features of the landscape. Some one has said that motoring along one of the roads of France reminded him of winding up a great strip of white ribbon.

There is a surprising number of railway crossings at grade in France, but in every instance there are gate keepers and gates for the protection of travelers. The gates are kept closed and opened only by the keepers, most of whom are women, provided there is no train due within ten minutes to half an hour.

Another feature of the roads of France is the ever-present guidepost. Many of these are surmounted by an iron plaque, about two feet long and a foot high. Occasionally these plaques are fastened to some substantial wall. They are usually white and blue enamel and show, without any possibility of mistake, not only the commune or township in which they stand, but the next important place in either direction as well as the distances between all the chief points upon that route. Thus you will find, if you are traveling on a road which leads to Paris that the name of the metropolis will appear on the signboard, although it may be several hundred kilometers distant.

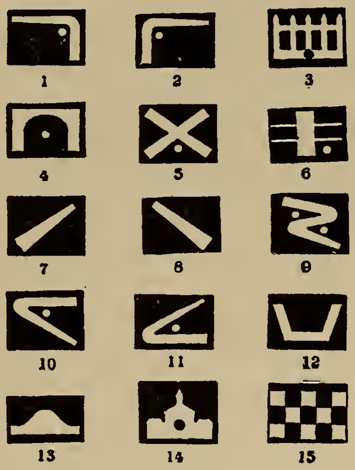
In addition to these guideposts the *Touring Club de France* and the Automobile Club, and a private automobile manufacturer have put on the chief roads a series of signs and symbols to indicate to motorists and bicyclists what sort of a road they are approaching. The sign "*ralentir*" which, translated into good United States slang, means "slow up," has caused many a motorist who was unfamiliar with the road he was traveling, to go slow and to find shortly after the sign had been passed that it was well that he paid attention to it, because of a steep grade or

In many places the broad, white road stretched away in front of us as straight as an arrow and as far as the eye could reach.

some abrupt turn. There is no excuse, in view of the symbols and signboards, for any one motoring in France to find himself on the wrong road or to get into trouble unexpectedly.

Every little way upon the chief highways of France, you pass the barracks of the *gendarmerie*, a perfectly appointed rural police force. These men, while they are of the army, are never considered in case of war. Napoleon wrote to Berthier in 1812:

> "Take not the police with you but conserve them for the watching of the country side. Two or three hundred soldiers are as nothing, but two or three hundred police will ensure the tranquility and good order of the people at large."



Examples of French Guide Boards.

1. Turn left. 2. Turn right. 3. Grade crossing. 4. Under a crossing. 5. Dangerous cross roads. 6. Raised rails. 7. Steep descent. 8. Steep ascent. 9. Winding descent with bad turn. 10. Turn with descent. 11. Turn with ascent. 12. Road depression. 13. "Thank-you-ma'am." 14. Village. 15. Bad pavement.

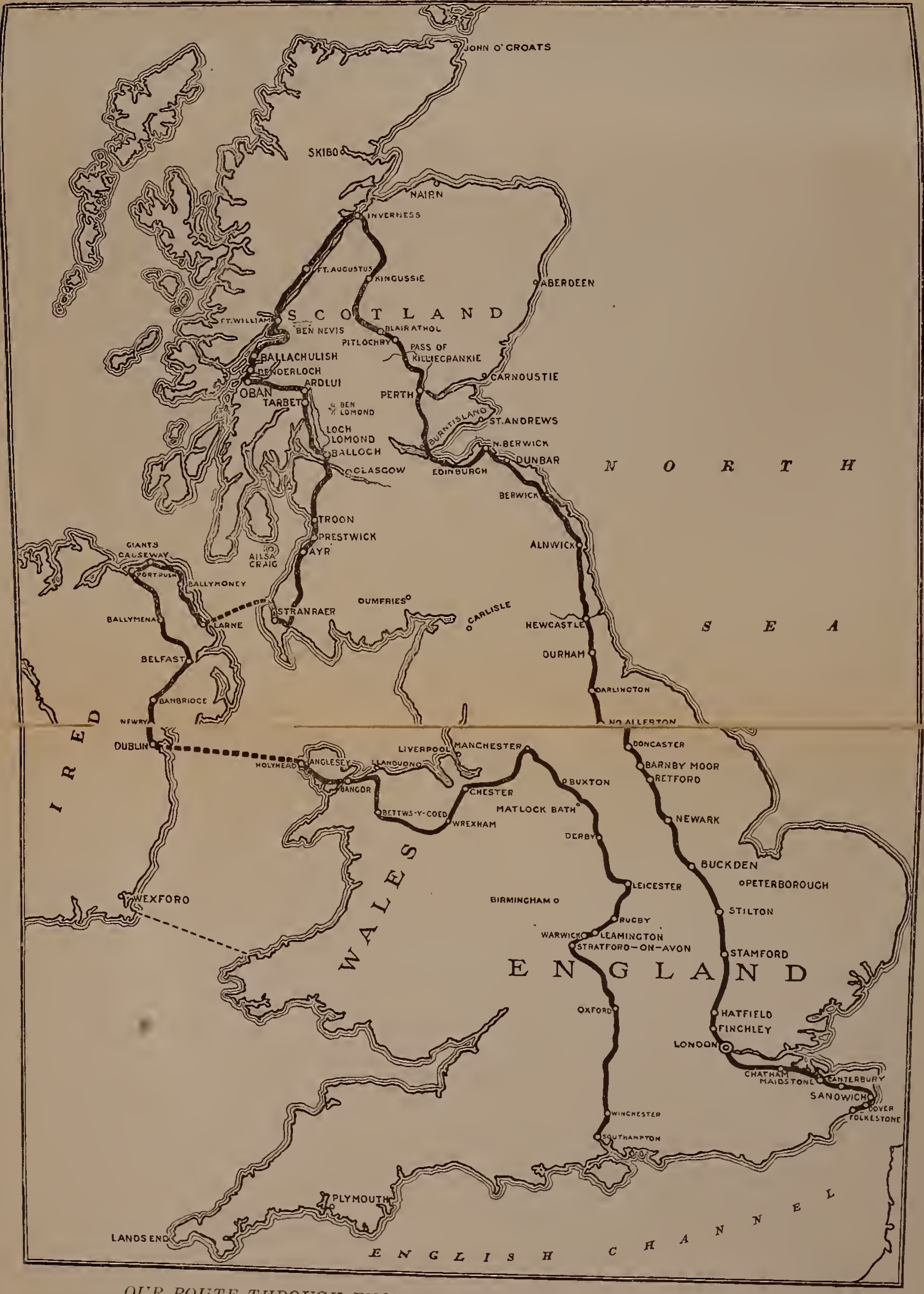
France has to-day about twenty-five thousand men engaged in this service, and a company commanded by a major is allotted to each department. Their pay is less than sixty cents a day, but as they receive their lodgings in the barracks and their uniforms, and have practically nothing to pay for in a country where a little money buys a great deal, they evidently subsist pretty well. These *gendarmes* pay no attention to motorists so long as they observe the simple rules of the road and do not cause damage. There is somewhere in the laws of France, so I have been told, a regulation limiting speed, but no one pays the least attention to it. In the country districts the speed limit is, by common consent, the limit of your car. In towns they are very much more particular but, as a matter of fact, there are few small foreign towns in which any one could run rapidly, as the streets are too narrow and too crowded.

Motorists are stopped at the city gates in all the large places and are supposed to pay the *octroi* or city tax on the gasoline in the tank, but the only place we had to pay money was on entering Paris. At all other cities we offered to show how much we had in the tank and that was sufficient.

While a great deal of stress is put upon the securing of a license and a "*Certificat de capacité pour la conduite des automobiles à pétrole*," we were not asked once during our entire trip in France to show either of the licenses which we had, or questioned regarding them, our number, 24Y5, painted on our radiator being all-sufficient. Nor were we in any way interfered with by officers of the law. Yet there is no country in which the law is more carefully enforced, nor any in which there is a government more closely allied in its various dependencies.

There is no difficulty in finding one's way about France, as the maps and the guideposts are perfect; for the purpose of direction it is not even necessary to speak the language. There is no necessity to buy any road maps of France but the *Cartes Taride*. You need not burden your head or luggage with any others. They can be purchased at any store in America dealing in foreign publications and in every city and town in France at one franc (twenty cents) for each section for the paper ones and fifty cents for those mounted on linen. They are issued in twenty-three sections and, being motor maps, students in slang can see where we get our expression "23." You can buy either a set covering all of France or just those parts which you wish to visit. They show the different types of roads perfectly and are so plainly printed and on such generous scale as to be easily read. The main roads, or what are called the *Routes Nationale*, are in heavy red lines; the next in lighter red lines; the third best in two parallel lines and the smaller roads in fine black lines. Every road is accurately shown and one can take a *Carte Taride* and, once out of the city, go straight to his destination without asking a single question.

The Michelin Tire Company and also the Continental Company issue for free distribution large guidebooks giving a vast amount of valuable information as to facilities and accommodations in towns, locations of garages, repair shops, hotels, supply houses, etc. The guides may be procured free at all agencies of the companies.


JOHN O' GROATS
SKIBO
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ABERDEEN
SCOTLAND
FT. WILLIAM
BEN NEVIS
BLAIR ATHOL
PITLOCHRY
PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE
BALLACHULISH
DENDERLOCH
CARNOUSTIE
ARDLUI
OBAN
TARBET
BEN LOMOND
PERTH
BURNTISLAND
ST. ANDREWS
LOCH LOMOND
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DUNBAR
GLASGOW
EDINBURGH
NORTH
BERWICK
TROON
PRESTWICK
AYR
GIANTS CAUSEWAY
AILSA CRAIG
ALNWICK
PORTRUSH
BALLYMONEY
DUMFRIES
CARLISLE
BALLYMENA
STRANRAER
LARNE
NEWCASTLE
SEA
BELFAST
DURHAM
DARLINGTON
BANBRIDGE
NEWRY
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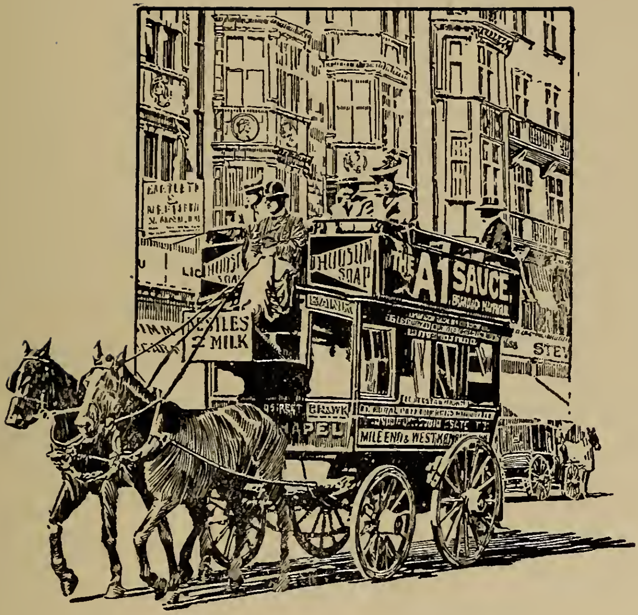
NO. ALLERTON
DUBLIN
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER
DONCASTER
HOLYHEAD
ANGLESEY
LLANDUDNO
BARNBY MOOR
BUXTON
RETFORD
BANGOR
CHESTER
MATLOCK BATH
BETTWS-Y-COED
WREXHAM
NEWARK
DERBY
BUCKDEN
PETERBOROUGH
WEXFORD
LEICESTER
WALES
BIRMINGHAM
STILTON
RUGBY
WARWICK
LEAMINGTON
STRATFORD-ON-AVON
STAMFORD
ENGLAND
OXFORD
HATFIELD
FINCHLEY
LONDON
CHATHAM
MAIDSTONE
CANTERBURY
SANDWICH
DOVER
FOLKESTONE
WINCHESTER
SOUTHAMPTON
PLYMOUTH
LANDSEND
ENGLISH CHANNEL

OUR ROUTE THROUGH ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES.

They swung our car on its platform high in the air and lowered it gently to the deck where it remained until we reached Folkestone.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Chapter Twelve

From Folkestone to London

Chapter Twelve

Arrival at Folkestone, England, and the Trip to London

OUR trip across the Channel was quite the reverse from the often-described and always-expected passage. Instead of cutting up the various kind of nautical antics for which it is famous, the Channel was particularly calm and peaceful and there was practically no motion whatever on the swift-running boat.

We watched with regret the shores of France sink out of sight. We had had a most delightful trip within her fair boundaries, and were carrying away with us memories which would never grow dim. After the last twinkling light of the shore had faded from sight we went to the dining saloon, and had hardly finished dinner when we approached the English coast. The first thing noticeable was the long line of brilliant electric lights studding the top of the cliffs, and marking the course of the beautiful promenade, or Front, as it is called, at Folkestone. The lights can be seen, like a string of pearls, from far out at sea. Later the lights of the lower town came into view, dimmed at regular intervals by the brilliant flashing of the Folkestone lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor.

Almost as soon as the steamer had been made fast to the quay and we had gone ashore, the huge steam derrick was swung around and the chain dropped into the hold of the boat and our car was swung high in the air and lowered safely on the quay. Prior to leaving New York I had written to the Secretary of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland in London and he had procured my English licenses and number plates and sent them to me at Havre. We had therefore no formalities of this sort to attend to, and before we left the quay we had affixed to our "Loco" the blue-enameled plates bearing our number, L. C. 7179 in white letters, and were fully-fledged English motorists. The agent of the company had a can of gasoline ready for us, and within fifteen minutes after the boat touched the quay, as there are no customs to be paid in England, we were in the car headed for Wampach's Hotel, situated in the most fashionable part of the cliffs.

We were not entire strangers in Folkestone, but as it is a place of considerable size and it was dark, we deemed it best to give a man on the dock a shilling to get into the car with us and direct us to the hotel.

This was distinctly English in style and so different from the inns we had stopped at in France that the contrast was most noticeable. It was, however, a most comfortable place and admirably managed.

As soon as our luggage had been brought to our rooms we started out for a stroll along the Front, which is one of the most beautiful promenades in Europe. The broad walk, brilliantly lighted, skirts the very edge of the cliffs for a long distance far above the sea. Between it and the houses facing the sea is the wide parkway, most attractive either by day or night. It was that evening really a scene of gayety, if one can say that anything is ever gay in England. Great throngs were promenading or forming part of the large crowd surrounding the bands.

Thousands of people cross yearly to and from England and the Continent by the Folkestone-Boulogne route, transferring from the train to the boat on the quay, without getting a glimpse of the delightful features of either of these places. While each place is a seashore resort they are totally different; Boulogne having all of the characteristics of Dieppe and Trouville, and Folkestone all the formality and solidity of English resorts.

The morning after our arrival we ran over to Dover and here we had the first real opportunity to test the hill-climbing abilities of our Locomobile. Any motor car which will go up Castle Hill at Dover without default will climb any hill up which a man has a right to drive a motor. It is not only precipitous, but is full of sharp turns where there is no opportunity to get a running start. This hill is on the road which takes one from the sea level, or the business section of Dover, up to the summit of the chalk cliffs which are one of the notable landmarks of the English Channel. It was a severe test, but our car was true to our ideals, and, although there were six of us in the party it took us to the summit steadily and without missing an explosion. The hill is a dangerous one to climb without the stoutest kind of brakes. If a car should start to back there are places where it would be in danger of going over the precipitous cliffs, a performance which would upset all calculations as well as the car and its occupants, with probably fatal results. It was really the first time that we had occasion to think of the extra heavy additional brakes which we had had put on the car before we left America. We found many places in Scotland later where the extra brakes were necessary, and it is a fixture which I would urge all persons who intend touring Great Britain to add to their car.

We spent a day and two nights at Folkestone and then started for London by way of Sandwich and Canterbury; the route is rather roundabout and indirect, but it was our idea to revisit Sandwich for another game of golf on its famous links on which many great matches have been decided.

Our route took us again to Dover and thence by way of Deal to Sandwich. After the game and luncheon at Sandwich we went on to Canterbury, a run of about an hour, where we had a passing glimpse of the beautiful Canterbury Cathedral which we had visited on a previous trip.

From Canterbury we turned south into the charming Kent country and after a run of fifteen miles reached the great estate and home of Lord ——— who had extended a most cordial invitation to us to spend a few days at his country-house. Those who have visited at one of these delightful country-houses, of which England has so many, need not be told of the pleasures of these three days. The English are masters in hospitality and the graciousness of the welcome with which we were received made us feel perfectly at home even before the maids had unpacked and placed in the dressers all of the belongings of the ladies of our party, and the valet had emptied my trunk, and my son's, and taken our clothes off to press them. Hot tea and crumpets were served to us as soon as we had reached our apartments and maids were assigned to each of our ladies and a valet to my son and myself.

As we sat at the windows in the early evening and looked out over the vast lawns with their huge trees and the great estate lying beyond, we could not but feel that the English of all others have learned how best to enjoy the country and to beautify it by making the most of the natural surroundings, and not destroying them with too much artificiality. Each morning we breakfasted under the wide-spreading branches of an enormous beech, I commented one day on the velvety appearance of the lawn, which was the finest I had ever seen. "They should be fairly good," replied his lordship, "for they have been

We breakfasted informally on the lawn which was as smooth as velvet.

upkept as lawns for more than two hundred and fifty years by the different families living on this estate."

Our time here was employed largely as we chose, for, according to the English custom, we did not see either our host or hostess until after luncheon. We spent the forenoons in wandering over the great estate, or in visiting nearby places of interest, for there were several motor cars in the garage and twice as many horses at the disposal of the guests. There was no formality until the dinner, which was an affair of considerable ceremony.

The end of our visit came all too soon and as we left we were loaded down with flowers while the white-haired old gardener came to us bringing a good-sized basket filled with enormous hothouse grapes which "would be quite refreshing," as he put it, on our ride into London.

In our trip to the city, we passed rapidly through Chatham and then crossed the bridge to Rochester, famous like Canterbury for its great cathedral, the original of which was consecrated in 604. In the suburbs of Rochester we stopped for a few minutes at Gad's Hill Place, famed wherever literature is known as the home in which Charles Dickens spent the last years of his life. We were shown by the present occupant of the house, a genial Londoner, the library in which Dickens wrote. His old bookshelves are still there, filled with the books of his choice, and there are many little things, as well as the furniture of the house, which were there during the famous novelist's life. Across the road from the house is the grove of great trees called the "Wilderness," where Dickens used to walk when seeking solitude and quiet. To permit him to go from his home to the woods without observation a tunnel had been constructed under the road.

The run from Rochester to Greenwich was short and here we reached the suburbs of London. The surroundings changed very rapidly and an hour before dark we found ourselves in the thickly settled section of the south side of the city. Here the vehicles, including a countless number of huge motor 'busses, were very numerous and we had to watch closely to avoid collisions because of our intuitive disposition to turn to the right instead of to the left in passing teams, although we were surprised to see how easily we had dropped into the English custom.

We came into the city over the Old Kent Road, turning later into the New Kent Road and following that to the London Road which enters the famous Blackfriars Road at its "top," as they say in London. Once on that road we had a straight stretch to the Blackfriars Bridge across the Thames. As soon as we had crossed it we recognized our surroundings and turned into the Victoria Embankment, following it down past the great clubs and public buildings to Northumberland Avenue, and the portal of the Metropole Hotel.

Chapter Thirteen

English Motor Clubs and Road Maps

Chapter Thirteen

English Motor Clubs and Road Maps

THE two days we spent in London were most agreeable ones, but here as in Paris, because of the dense traffic on the streets, we preferred to use public conveyances about the city rather than our own car.

I called upon Mr. J. W. Orde, Secretary of the Automobile Club of Great Britain, to express my thanks for the assistance he had rendered me and the courtesies he and the Club had extended.

We also visited the Touring Department which the Club maintains at 16 Downs Street for the benefit of visiting motorists and members of the Club. We found there several courteous and painstaking officials who gave us all the time necessary to discuss our proposed trip in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They also gave us a vast amount of information and valuable suggestions. They supplied us with all of the maps needed and apparently took a keen, personal interest in our trip. For all their services there was no charge whatever, except the cost of maps. This department, which is maintained at the expense of the Automobile Club of Great Britain, has done much to popularize touring and make it easy, especially for strangers. Any motorist, whether a member of the Club or not, may procure here all information desired, even as to where police traps are placed, and where it is well to be cautious. The laws regulating speed are very much more sharply enforced in England than in any other foreign country. Twenty miles an hour is the maximum speed allowed anywhere, although in most places in the open country one may, with safety, exceed it. This department keeps fully in touch with the road conditions and so perfect is its knowledge of the entire subject that the clerk marked for me one bit of road covering about ten miles on our proposed route in Scotland, which was under repair at that time, and told me just how to avoid it and just which alternate road to take, marking it out very carefully on my route map.

A word about road-maps for use in Great Britain and Ireland. The ones most universally used are Bartholomews'. These are published in sections mounted on either cloth or paper and

These beautiful towns in rural England are generally attractive to the eye both in themselves and in their surroundings.

sold at two shillings and one shilling respectively per section. They may be had on a scale of two miles or one mile to the inch. The former are much preferable as they are more easily read. There are thirty-seven sections for England and Wales; twenty-eight for Scotland and seven for Ireland. It is, of course, only necessary to purchase the sections covering the territory to be visited, but it is advisable to procure the maps direct of the publishers, John Bartholomew & Co., or from some leading bookseller in New York or London, in order to be certain of having the latest editions. Bartholomews' Map of London is indispensable and can be bought mounted on cloth for two shillings.

The maps published by Perrier, the Natural Sparkling Water Company, are most excellent and we used them almost exclusively. They are splendidly printed, mounted on linen and very clear and more easily read in a motor than any other. They can be secured of George Phillips, 32 Fleet Street, London, or Brentano, New York, and cost ten shillings for England and the same for Scotland.

In addition to these maps there are what are called strip maps of many of the chief roads in Great Britain, published by Gall & Inglis, 25

Paternoster Row, London, which are more convenient than the larger maps where they can be used. They are about five and one-half inches wide and a yard long and embrace a section of country only a few miles on each side of the road. They are so folded that the pages may be turned like a book and the map read right along from start to finish in either direction. The distances are shown on the scale of one-half inch to the mile and on the margin there is a contour line showing all the grades and elevations. These maps may be used to advantage on trips between chief cities such as London and Edinburgh, and can be purchased at any well-known bookstore in Great Britain at one shilling each.

Two very comprehensive books can be used in conjunction with any of the foregoing maps. One is the "Car Road Book" which gives a large amount of valuable data regarding towns, distances, etc. This book is published annually by "The Car Illustrated," London, and costs twelve shillings, sixpence. The other and more important book is called "The Contour Book." It is published in three volumes covering different sections, at two shillings each, or all in one volume at five shillings. It contains 1,100 routes and 1,500 maps and plans and is indispensable. These books give the grades, elevations, etc., on all the chief roads of Great Britain. They can be procured through any leading bookseller in the United States.

All motorists going to England should join the Motor Union. Membership in this Society may be secured in advance of arrival by addressing the Secretary at 1 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. The annual subscription is but one guinea ($5.25). The Union's Touring Department and the facilities membership affords in securing rebates from the hotels recommended will return the money invested many times over. The officials are very courteous and seem to take pleasure in doing everything possible to add to the comfort of visiting motorists.

Chapter Fourteen

From London to Scotland by the Great North Road

Chapter Fourteen

From London to Scotland Over the Great North Road

WE left the Metropole in London bright and early on one of those beautiful mornings so frequently enjoyed in England during the summer season. We crossed Trafalgar Square and turning into the Haymarket, passed through Piccadilly Circus and thence into Regent Street, turning to the left into Oxford Street, thence into Orchard Street, which we followed until we reached Baker Street, turning into it on the right and continuing to Park Road which encircles Regents Park. When we reached the fork of Park Road and Wellington Street we took the latter and followed it until it becomes Finchley Road at the Marlboro Road station. We were then on the straight road toward Edinburgh. I have given these directions rather minutely because London is a great city with an almost incomprehensible maze of streets, and we had considerable trouble getting a definite route out of it. This reminds me of some directions we received from one of the always polite "bobbies." We had asked him for information and he replied "Bend with the road and only turn over when you are ten or a dozen doors down"—all of which meant, we discovered, that we would come to a turn in the road and after we had passed a dozen houses we should cross over from our side—the Londoners are great sticklers for keeping on the proper side—and take the road leading off from the opposite side.

The Great North Road, over which we were to motor all the way to Edinburgh, took us through Finchley about seven miles from the center of London; and then through Chipping and Barnet to Hatfield, which is twenty miles out. Hatfield House, situated here, is the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. The original house, which was built between 1100 and 1200, is associated closely with the history of the early reigns of England. As far as Hatfield the road is compactly built up on either side; the houses being very attractive, although not pretentious. It is very different from the suburbs through which we had passed in approaching London. There are relatively few manufacturing establishments to the north,

FOREIGN
AND

As we stopped at Buckden for luncheon at noon hour the school children took great interest in our car.

and altogether a better class of suburban homes.

Before we reached Hatfield we had already been impressed with the magnificence of this Great North Road, which is said to have been built upon the order of a Mr. Caesar whose headquarters were in Rome at that time. It is the direct route from London to Edinburgh and has been traveled for so many centuries that the earliest histories of England contain accounts of the movement of troops upon it. It is a great thoroughfare for vehicles of all sorts, motorists and cyclists, and there are well-worn footpaths along either side for pedestrians, for much of its length. We passed scores of motors of all sorts and sizes and previous conditions of service, and I was creditably informed that the popularity of motoring had noticeably diminished the number of first-class travelers by rail. We found the road throughout its entire four hundred miles in perfect condition and in many portions the macadam is said to be nine feet thick. Long sections are oiled and on no part of it was there any appreciable amount of dust. There are few sharp curves and the grades are so slight that it has become a great thoroughfare for speeders, with the result that there are many police traps for which one has to keep a sharp lookout. We found that we could stop in almost any little village and get information as to just where these traps were located; as, for instance, they told us at Biggleswade—a better looking place than its name implies—to look out for traps just the other side of Buckden and again in approaching Weston.

The country through which we were traveling was one of the greatest attraction, for no region is more beautiful than rural England. The moist climate and frequent rains keep the grass, trees and hedges at the freshest shade of green. They have learned in England to get the best out of the general landscape, and the result is a more restful and pleasing ensemble than we are apt to see in America. This is perhaps largely due to the fact that many of the great estates have been kept in the same families for generations and the work of development and improvement has followed the same vein of taste, and each new owner has not torn the place to pieces with a view of gratifying his own individual whims as to landscape gardening and architecture. The lawns, the farms, the houses and the people all look well-kept and prosperous and many of the estates betokened generations of wealth and refinement.

The inns which we passed and even the wine shops, gloried in pretentious names which were generally displayed in illustrated signs hanging on brackets. We had great fun in watching for these odd signs and writing down some of the most unusual. We passed "The Red Bull," and in neighborly proximity "The Red Cow" and "The Dun Cow." "Sir John Barleycorn" was near enough to hear "The Five Bells," and just beyond this, as if not to be outdone in the bell line, the proprietor of one inn had called his place "The Ring o' Bells." Later we passed "The Easy Chair" and "Wait for the Wagon," "The Nag's Head," "The Spread Eagle," and down near the end of the list we recorded "The Black Boy" and "The Head, Hand and Stomach."

Luncheon time found us at the quaint little town of Buckden, sixty-two miles from London. We drew up in front of the Lion Inn, which looked particularly inviting with its windows filled with bright flowers, and the young wife of the proprietor cooked for us a delicious luncheon, preparing it after we arrived. It was so enjoyable and everything was so particularly good that after the bill had been paid I slipped back to find the cook, and to compliment her on the luncheon. Handing her a two-shilling piece I remarked that she had given us the most delicious luncheon we had had in England. With a smile which illuminated her rosy face she looked up at me and said: "Well, if the Gov'ner weren't about I'd kiss ye for that." I simply mention this incident to show that little acts of kindness and little deeds well done often produce astonishing results.

The proprietor of the Lion Inn told us that he had served his time in the Royal Navy and had now retired to the country to spend his days in peace. I presume that he has a very good business in furnishing meals to motorists. Certainly the excellence of his unpretentious house warrants it. He was particularly anxious that none of the constables should catch us speeding and cautioned us particularly about a trap just beyond Buckden. He told us that if we would look into the bushes on the left at a particular spot we should see the constables, and sure enough we discovered them crouching partly hidden behind the foliage, first one and about three hundred yards beyond another, with a third even farther up the road ready to step out and stop us in case he had been signaled to do so by the other two. A word to the wise, how-

There is a restful quietude and a substantial air to these little English towns which gives them a dignity quite unlike that of most American villages.

ever, had been sufficient and we passed the trap at such a snail's pace that even the constables themselves were forced to return our sarcastic smiles.

When we had gone a few miles farther, a good Samaritan, whom we passed on the road, told us to be very careful not only in approaching Stilton but in passing through the town itself and not to undertake to make any speed whatever until we had passed the Norman Cross Inn about two miles north of Stilton. Stilton has for many years been famous for its cheeses, and has now in these later days become famous for the enterprise of its constables in holding up motorists.

The run from Buckden to Retford, a hundred and forty-seven miles from London, gave us a continuous succession of delightful panoramic views. We were in the heart of old England where apparently every one was thrifty and prosperous, and we frequently commented on the great number of bicyclists we passed. Bicycling is not only still a fad but the bicycle is used over all of Great Britain as a mode of conveyance for people in moderate circumstances. I doubt if there was a day during our return trip in Great Britain that we did not pass on the road a hundred well-dressed ladies and gentlemen on wheels, usually in groups or couples; it seemed to be one of the most popular methods of spending a vacation outing.

About a mile beyond Retford we passed "Ye Olde Bell," a hotel which had all the outward signs of being a delightful place. We intended to reach Doncaster or Durham for the night, but after we had passed this house about a quarter of a mile we saw a constable patrolling the road and drawing up alongside of him I asked if it would be a nice place to stop all night. "Huh!" he replied, with apparent disgust at our ignorance, "hit's one of the finest 'ouses in hall Hingland, Sir." This was enough for us; we turned around and returned to the inn.

The constable's estimate was entirely correct. It is certainly one of the finest inns in all England and it is well worth a long detour on a motoring trip to spend a night at this fascinating house. We learned the history of the place while we were sitting on the lawn of the beautiful, wall-enclosed gardens back of the house in the long evening twilight after dinner. It is owned by the Road Club, an organization of which Lord Montague is the head. This club, since the beginning of motoring, has purchased or leased a number of old houses which were famous during coaching days, and has refitted and furnished them throughout with beautiful antique furniture, and plate and china to match. They have been made to duplicate as nearly as possible, the old-style houses in the great days when lords and ladies used to coach through the country. The service, the bedrooms and everything about Ye Olde Bell was ideal, and to add to the enjoyment there was the large, purely English enclosed garden where one could wander amid flowers and under the shade of great trees and enjoy to the fullest degree the privacy of English garden life. The illustrated, painted oak sign of this house, which had hung for many years in front of the inn, was found after the place had been renovated, in a neighboring house where it was doing service as a table top with the painted side down. It was rescued from its commonplace use, the painting touched up and it is again, after a lapse of forty years, doing business at the old stand.

It was with genuine regret that we left this fascinating place the next forenoon. The manager was most gracious in his attentions and gave us letters of introduction to other houses of the Road Club farther north. While all of these houses are open to motorists not members of the

Club, the members have their own particular rooms from which the general public is courteously excluded.

The Road Club is a most successful institution and should be duplicated in this country. I am sure it would appeal particularly to motorists in the United States if an organization could be formed to take over some of the famous old houses in the East and operate them under the management of an organization of similar scope and plan.

We learned at Ye Olde Bell that there was a long police trap just beyond Bawtry and this advance information probably saved us trouble as the road was so perfect and so straight that the temptation to let our "Loco" out was almost irresistible. We held it down, however, to about fifteen miles an hour until we were safely beyond the trouble; from there into Doncaster, a distance of about twenty miles, we made good time as there were no steep hills and no traps.

As we passed through Doncaster, we had an opportunity of seeing the celebrated race course, in the center of a great park, where the famous St. Leger was to be run about two weeks later. This race was established in 1778 and has been run annually since. Many of the finest horses

Ye Olde Bell on the Great North Road is one of the famous inns in England, and is often the meeting place of the hunt.

in England were in training there and scores of them were out on the track for a practice gallop when we passed. While we did not know any of the names of the sleek-limbed beauties we had the satisfaction of feeling that we had seen the best horses in England, even if we were not able to identify them.

Chapter Fifteen

Crossing the Border Line into Scotland

It was a glorious morning when we left Alnwick and crossed the bridge in full view of the Duke of Northumberland's castle.

Chapter Fifteen

Crossing the Border Line of England and Scotland

AT Doncaster the Great North Road divides into two roads running almost parallel and only a few miles apart; the eastern road leading through Selby direct to York and the western one running through Wetherby and Boroughbridge to the west of the city. These roads meet again at North Allerton, and the only choice between them is that one takes the motorist into the city of York and the other takes him around it. If one is in a hurry the latter is preferable, but York is one of the most interesting cities of England.

Its history runs back to the second century when it was for a period the residence of emperors long forgotten. Constantine the Great was proclaimed here in 306 A.D. amid high doings. William the Conqueror, whom we couldn't lose in France, built two castles here, and the Romans had previously built a great wall around the town, two and three-quarter miles in length, to keep out the heathen warriors. Parts of the old walls are still standing. The popular promenade is around the top of the new wall, so called, although it was built before Columbus discovered America and before our own *New* York was thought of.

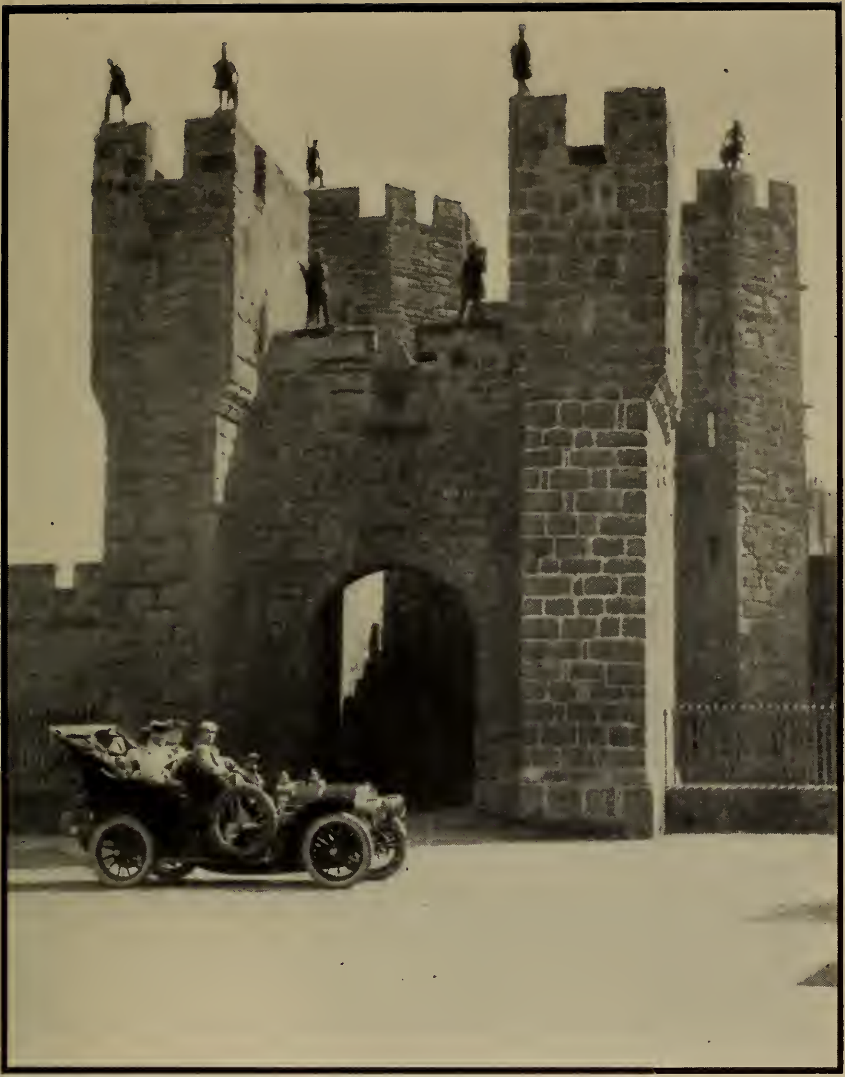
The York Minster, or Cathedral, is one of the finest and most famous of all those of which England is justly proud. As an architectural creation it is an ideal which modern designers have not equaled. In process of building for over three hundred years, it was consecrated in 1472. As we stood before its wonderful altar, in the subdued light of early evening, we could not help thinking of the countless throngs who had knelt here in the past centuries and who had passed out even of remembrance. A vesper song service was being held while we were there, and the mellow tones of the great organ and the chanting of the choir were wafted in sweet harmony through the transepts and nave to the farthest corners of the great interior, there to be lost in faint echoes.

It is but a short run from York to Scarborough and Bridlington, popular seashore resorts largely patronized, but as Scotland was beckoning us we decided to omit the side-trip and to push on north.

We stopped at North Allerton for luncheon, and reached the picturesque town of Durham about four o'clock in the afternoon, crossing the river Weir near the great cathedral, whose classic lines and exquisite surroundings are familiar wherever architecture is known. An hour later we passed through Newcastle and crossed the Tyne by the wonderful "high-level" bridge designed by Robert Stephenson. This is 112 feet above the water; the railroad crosses on the upper part and vehicles upon the lower roadway, which is suspended from the upper platform. As we had brought no coals to Newcastle, and as it is a most uninteresting town, being the great coal center of England, we pushed on over the splendid road through Morpeth, passing through the old Roman archway over the main street at the entrance to Alnwick just as twilight had begun to merge into night.

This town is the seat of the Duke of Northumberland whose castle is one of the finest feudal piles in England. It is one of the favorite visiting places of King Edward and the town is often *en fête* because of the presence of the King and royalty. The castle, which has been thoroughly restored, is said to contain a most-interesting collection of antiquities and many rare paintings. The Norman gateway of the castle, built in the twelfth century, is one of the most noted single architectural features of England. We had hoped to enter it, but evidently we were not expected, so the best that we could do was to take a photograph of ourselves in the car directly in front of it. We felt that this would, at least, show our intentions if not our accomplishments.

We spent the night at Alnwick at the White Swan. We would like to forget the hotel, but we will never forget the obsequious waiter who, no matter what we asked him, bowed gravely and answered: "Yes, sur'um." For the sake of making conversation and being agreeable, I incidentally remarked that the boiled potatoes were very good. "Yes, sur'um," he replied, and immediately put two more on my plate. To keep the joke going, different members of the party united in complimenting the potatoes and the result was that our plates were all loaded, and in the morning at breakfast we found little else on the table but potatoes. He was evidently a susceptible old waiter and is doubtless talking



We stopped in front of the feudal entrance to the Duke of Northumberland's Castle, but no one invited us to enter.

to this day about the party of voracious potato-eating Americans which visited his house.

From Alnwick north through Belford to Berwick-on-Tweed was a run of about thirty miles, quickly made, and just beyond the city we crossed the river which marks the dividing line between England and Scotland. The road here bends nearer the coast and for the next ten miles we were within sight of the North Sea. We passed through Berwick and pushed on through Cockburnspath where we again picked up the view of the sea, which we had continuously from there on to Dunbar.

At Dunbar we stopped for luncheon at the Bellevue, another of the houses of the Road Club. The hotel is ideally located on a high cliff overlooking the ocean, less than a stone's throw away. It is an exceedingly sightly place for a public house, as the curve of the shore line makes the coast visible for miles in either direction and affords a view which is surprisingly beautiful.

Dunbar is a popular resort largely frequented in summer. It has an excellent golf course, besides the ruins of an old castle, both of which practically every town in Scotland of any age must have to maintain its standing and dignity.

We had from Dunbar our first view of the great Bass Rock which rises abruptly out of the sea about a mile off shore near North Berwick, and also of the "Law," which is the name given to a high and symmetrical mountain back of the town. Seeing these two familiar landmarks brought back a flood of pleasant memories of the fortnight which we had spent so delightfully at North Berwick two years previously, and made us eager to push on. If we had not known the charms of North Berwick we could have remained very contentedly at Dunbar. But we knew North Berwick to be one of the most charming seashore places in Scotland, and its hotel, the Marine, to be an ideal home. So, early in the afternoon, we swung around on the shore road, passed Tantallon Castle, a grim old ruin standing out boldly on the cliffs above the sea, and soon were welcomed at the Marine Hotel by our friends who had been our hosts on our previous visit.

We had covered the distance of four hundred miles from London over the Great North Road in three days. This had enabled us to make the trip leisurely and to enjoy not only the charming scenery through which we were continually passing, but to stop in any little town which met our fancy and visit the places of interest.

The run is usually made by motorists in two days, but any one who makes it in this short time loses much of the charm of the trip. The Marine Hotel is a great rendezvous of golfers from over all the world who come to North Berwick to play on its links which, counted among the finest in the world, are among the oldest in Scotland. Golf is so much of a feature here that the old town reservoir, now abandoned, has been filled and leveled off and turned into a perfectly kept grass putting green.

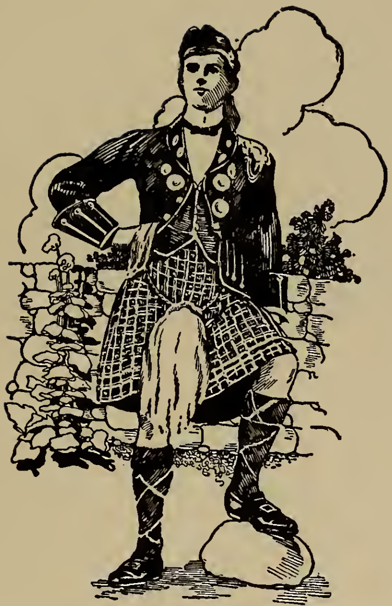
The Golf Clubhouse and links are built on the commons between the town and the sea. The links are free and from morning until night there is a steady stream of players leaving the first tee. In summer time the twilight is so long that golf is played there, as in all other places in Scotland, up to half-past nine and sometimes a quarter to ten o'clock.

North Berwick is one of the places which one may visit and revisit and never tire of. Americans have dubbed it "The Newport of Scotland." It is only nineteen miles from Edinburgh and many of the richest families have erected beautiful homes there. It might well be taken for the original of "Spotless Town," because its streets and dooryards are kept so scrupulously clean. Its extensive lawns and flower gardens are a delight to the eye. The profuse cultivation of flowers everywhere was, in fact, one of the most frequently commented features of our entire trip. In rural England and Scotland particularly we were seldom out of sight of them, and it mattered not whether it was the estate of wealth or the thatched-roof home of poverty there was certain to be a profusion of bright-hued flowers and attractively arranged shrubbery.

We spent several days at North Berwick, dividing our time between golf and side trips to interesting points. One of the features of greatest interest near North Berwick is Bass Rock, already referred to. It is reached by a steam ferry of such diminutive size that only those who have no fear of seasickness dare make the trip, which is generally a rough one. This enormous rock which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 350 feet, is the haunt of myriads of solan geese and sea birds. These are so numerous that their white plumage gives the entire south side of the rock, from a distance, the appearance of having been whitewashed. Those who visit the rock, if they are adepts at mountain scaling, may climb in among the birds, who pay little attention to human visitors.

The English cattle, like the American, show an utter indifference to the rules of the road.

The run from North Berwick into Edinburgh is uninteresting, especially the latter portion as we approached the suburbs, through Musselburgh and Portobella. As we had previously visited Edinburgh with its Holyrood castle and many other places of historic interest, we did not remain there all night, but only long enough to dine at the Caledonian Hotel and permit the ladies of the party to visit some of the shops on Princes Street, often referred to as the handsomest street in the world.



Chapter Sixteen

The Run Across the Moors of Scotland

The glorious views as we went over the heather-covered moors and through the Highlands of Scotland will always be remembered.

Chapter Sixteen

The Run Across the Moors of Scotland

AS we were bound for the north of Scotland, and no vehicles can go over the great bridge across the Firth of Forth, we took the ferry from Granton, almost within the city limits of Edinburgh, across the Firth to Burntisland, a distance of five miles. We had considerable fun over the pronunciation of this name, for we pronounced it as it is spelled, Burntis-land. No one understood what we meant until we discovered that the natives pronounced it as two words—Burnt island. We had no difficulty in running our motor on the ferryboat at Granton and the charge for taking it across was insignificant, as it went as cargo along with cows and horses and vehicles of various sorts.

On a pleasant day this ferry trip gives one a fine view of the great Firth of Forth bridge, the most remarkable and stupendous structure of its kind in the world. But the day we crossed there was a Scotch mist, and when a full-fledged

Scotch mist settles down to business there is no use in talking about views; so we saw nothing whatever of the bridge, much to our regret. Our friend, Mr. Edward Murray, whom we had met at North Berwick, and who added much to the pleasure of our short stay there and at Edinburgh, accompanied us across the ferry and started us on the right road to Perth.

There is little of interest along the way between Burntisland (Burnt island, please, not Burntis-land) and Perth. The "Scotch mist" was coming down in torrents and about the only incident of the trip was our picking up, about fourteen miles from Perth, a water-soaked and almost water-logged man walking toward the city through the drenching rain. He could not possibly have been wetter than he was and a more forlorn object we had seldom seen. We stopped and asked him if he was going far and as he said he was going to Perth, we told him we could give him a ride if he would sit on the floor of the car between the dash and the front seat with his feet on the running board. We found him a well-educated, intelligent man who had just come out of a hospital, and, penniless and without having had anything to eat that day, was trudging it to Perth to see if he could get work at his trade, which was that of a journeyman tailor. Fortunately we had a good lunch with us which he accepted with many thanks and hastily devoured. We also provided him with means to get a good night's lodging and take care of himself a few days until he could get work.

We left Perth the morning after our arrival and almost immediately turned into the highlands of the mountain section of Scotland. From here to Inverness the entire trip is one of the rarest beauty. The scenery is wild and attractive every mile of the way, and we began to realize the oft-told beauties of the Scottish moors. The road, which was excellent, was of the roller-coaster style, but the grades were severe in many places. We were taking the only route that a motor can follow in going to Inverness from Perth without making the wide detour around by Aberdeen, and this is by way of the Pass of Killiecrankie. The motor road follows the line of the railroad for the entire distance and the two are within sight of each most of the way. At the time we made the trip both the purple and the white heather were in full bloom and we had stretched out before us on either side a color scheme of Nature which could be likened best to a great Persian carpet, vivid in coloring and majestic in proportions. There is practically no timber but there are solid banks of rhododendrons on the banks of the streams. The hills and mountains would be bare and forlorn except for these and the heather. The exquisite little "Bluebells of Scotland" peeped up everywhere through the heather as the brilliant red poppies did in the waving grainfields of France. Every little while we passed shooting-lodges, and we saw several parties beating the moors for pheasants with their dogs and drivers, as the season had opened just prior to our visit. Some of the hunting lodges were magnificent affairs, and they were generally erected on a hillside overlooking the beautiful valley which we were following. I was told that the prices charged for the leases of these shooting preserves had reached absurd and fabulous figures on account of the demand for them by millionaire Americans. The Pass of Killiecrankie through which we passed is where the Duke, whom John Drew made famous in America through one of his plays, is supposed to have lived. It is a gem of nature, resembling some of the well-known notches in the White Mountains.

At noon we reached Pitlochry, a favorite sum-

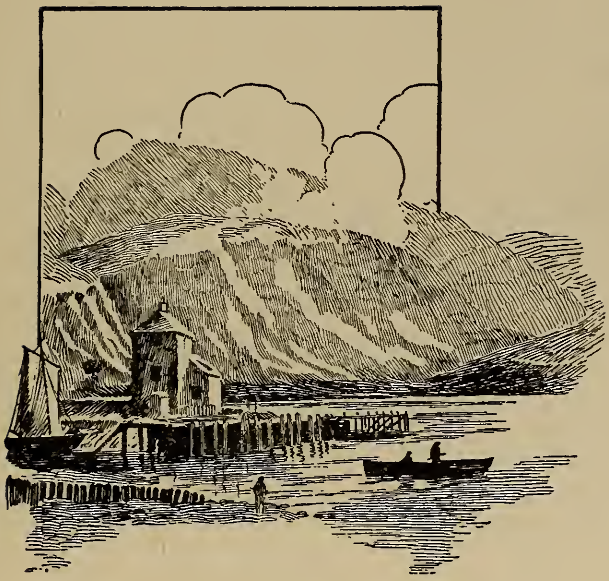
The motorist through the Highlands of Scotland often has to stop to let a flock of sheep pass the car.

mer resort where there are a large number of sanitariums, and stopped at Fisher's Hotel for luncheon. We had intended to spend the afternoon there visiting the near-by places of interest, but it was raining so hard that we concluded there was little to do in the way of sightseeing with comfort, and that we might as well push on to Inverness.

We met at Pitlochry Major Walter Fry, a retired English army officer who was spending the summer there in photographing, between spells of Scotch mist, the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood and in fishing in the near-by salmon streams. He gave me many valuable suggestions as to what to see farther north in Scotland and since our return has sent me several photographs of this region, a few of which are reproduced in this volume.

We stopped an hour at Pullar's Hotel, Kingussie, about thirty miles north of Pitlochry, for tea, and then pushed on forty-six miles further to Inverness, arriving at the Alexandra Hotel, to which we had telegraphed ahead for rooms, just about dark.

The run from Perth, a distance of one hundred and eighteen miles, which we made easily in one day, is one of the most beautiful motor trips that any one can imagine. There are few towns, but the scenery is wild and unique. In all Europe or America there is no trip just like it, and when one has been over it it is easy to understand the fascination always attached to the moors of Scotland. August is, however, a bad time to make the trip because of the frequent rains. The knowing ones told us that June and July were always better for motoring, and after the experience we had on this trip we should, if we make the trip again, tour Great Britain in July and France in August.



Chapter Seventeen

Along the Caledonian Canal

In going toward Edinburgh, we passed many rows of typical Scotch cottages, but outside the cities there was little sign of abject poverty.

Chapter Seventeen

Along the Caledonian Canal en route to Oban

INVERNESS, often referred to as the "Capital of the Highlands," is the great center of all tourist travel in the north of Scotland. It is pleasantly situated at a point where the Ness River enters the Beauly Firth. This river, which has a tremendous tidal current, flows directly through the town and is almost at the front door of the Alexandra Hotel, where we were pleasantly housed during our stay. We were told that within a few miles of the town the salmon fishing in the river was excellent. Speaking of salmon suggests at least one item which we had on every bill of fare in Scotland and which was a feature of every *table d'hôte.* Salmon, especially when it is fresh, is a delicious fish, but salmon even under the best of conditions and served in a variety of ways becomes uninviting as a steady diet about the end of the third week.

Of course Inverness, like all other Scotch towns, has its castle with a history running back for centuries. We found the shops, however, rather more interesting. They were particularly well-stocked with the goods characteristic of Scotland, including Scotch tartans of every clan and quantities of jewelry and knickknacks in which the cairngorm, a yellowish stone found in many parts of Scotland, played a prominent part. There must be an immense amount of money left in Inverness and the other Scotch towns, by tourists through the purchase of these novelties, which are made up into most inviting and unique shapes and forms, from hat and scarf pins and shoe buckles to diadems and sabre handles.

We remained two days at the Alexandra Hotel and on one of these days made the run to Nairn, about twenty miles from Inverness along the north coast. This town is one of the cleanest and neatest in Scotland, and reminds the visitor of North Berwick. It is built directly on an elevation upon the seashore and is a popular resort for the summer season. Its beautiful golf course, laid out along the grass-covered sand dunes of the coast, brings many people there for the summer. The links are among the best and most interesting in Scotland and so popular is the course that there are two clubhouses, one for the exclusive use of ladies and the other for gentlemen.

There is little about Inverness that would commend it for a sojourn of any length. One of the things that we remember in connection with it is the great number of drunken men we saw on the streets, but then this is unfortunately true about every large town in Scotland, where intemperance seems to be a curse in the lower walks of life. We found the Alexandra Hotel, however, a most agreeable place and it is recommended as being the best in Inverness.

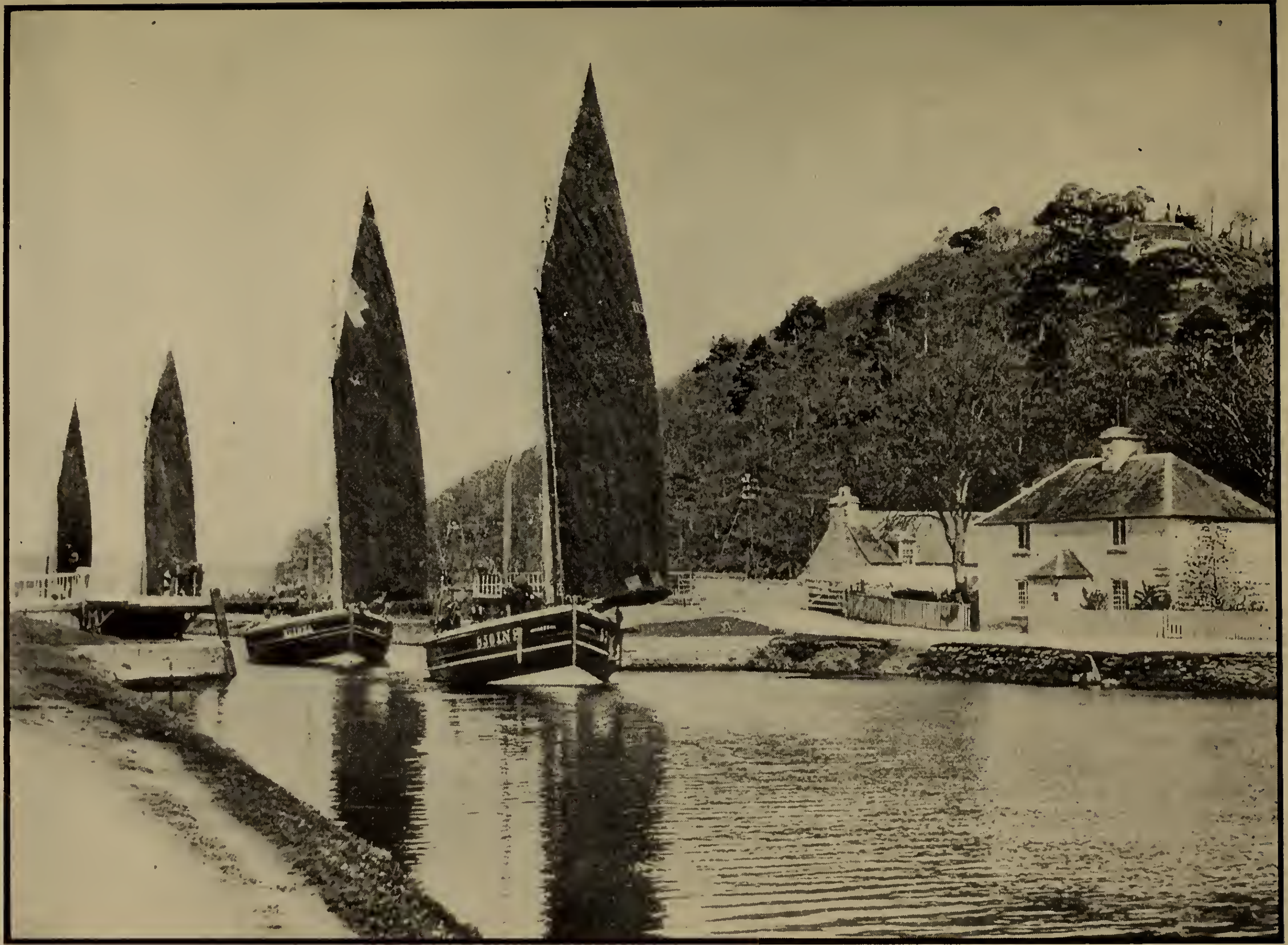
The magnificent home of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Skibo Castle, is but a few hours' run by motor north of Inverness in the very heart of the most rugged section of the Scottish highlands. During the summer season, while Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie are there, there are usually twenty to thirty guests. We chanced to meet at Inverness a gentleman who had been a guest for a week and he gave us a most interesting account of the daily life at Skibo.

At exactly 7:45 each morning a lusty bagpiper marches around the castle and plays inspiring Scotch melodies under all the windows. This is continued for half an hour, the piper being very punctilious in starting exactly on the moment.

Before breakfast the men adjourn to the huge swimming tank which is erected near the castle. It is one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide and from three to eight feet deep and is covered with a roof which, in pleasant weather, folds down on either side by simply pressing a button, making it an open-air bath. The salt water with which it is filled is pumped from the near-by sea.

From 8:15 until 8:45 the great pipe organ in the castle, presided over by a cultured musician, peals forth a selection of splendid old hymns, always including "Eine Feste Burg," a favorite of Mr. Carnegie. Shortly after this, breakfast is had in the large breakfast room. But no servants are present. Each guest helps himself or herself from the sideboard as is the custom everywhere in England and Scotland, and takes a seat at the table next to whoever was last seated.

The morning hours are passed in the various pleasures of the region; tramping, shooting in season, golf on the private links of the castle, and riding and driving. Luncheon is always an informal affair, but dinner in the evening at eight o'clock is the social function of the day. The



Heavy boats of unique construction follow each other in single formation through the many locks along the Caledonian Canal.

piper who played around the castle walls in the morning comes into the reception room and precedes all the guests, marching around the great dining-room twice and then passing out of the same door by which he entered. The guests follow and take unassigned seats, although the host and hostess generally suggest to certain guests that they will find such or such a person an agreeable dinner companion.

On Sunday no sports are ever indulged in, and every one at the castle is expected to attend service at the kirk, five miles away. In the afternoon the guests all join in a walk with Mr. Carnegie over the estate, visiting all the stables, barns, sheepfolds, chicken houses and other interesting points. When he starts out for this walk, Mr. Carnegie fills his pockets with old-fashioned peppermints and the little children of the place, in whom he takes the greatest interest and most of whom he knows by name, gather about him and help themselves to the peppermints in his pockets just as squirrels might.

On Sunday evening every one on the estate, old and young, from the owner to the humblest sheep-herder, gathers in the great hall of the castle and with the fine organ as an accompaniment joins in singing the favorite hymns of the host and hostess. Mr. Carnegie is known personally to almost every resident in that part of Scotland, and is beloved by all with whom he comes in contact.

Before we reached Inverness we had decided that we would go down the west coast of Scotland instead of retracing our route over the moors. The former route would take us along the course of the famous Caledonian Canal which, formed by locks connecting a number of long, narrow lakes, cuts Scotland in two, making the northern portion an island. We found no difficulty in getting information regarding the route as far as Fort William. Every one told us that for that distance it was a level road, following the course of the Canal, and exceedingly picturesque. We could get, however, no information as to what sort of road we should find from Fort William to Oban. Even the accommodating proprietor of the Alexandra Hotel at Inverness could give us no definite information, nor could we find at any garage in Inverness any one who could outline our route. It seemed from all we heard that there were several fiords, or lochs (lakes) running from the sea far up between the mountains which were difficult to cross because of lack of ferry facilities, and that the trip around them was circuitous, long, and with many steep grades and poor roads.

We concluded, however, to go ahead, believing that if we could not get through from Fort William to Oban we could retrace our way to Inverness and that the trip down the shores of the Caledonian Canal and back would, in itself, be an enjoyable one.

We started from Inverness on a bright sunny morning, one of the few days in our entire sojourn in Scotland when it did not rain or "mist." We never knew how much sunshine added to a day until we took this trip in Scotland, for we had experienced almost continually from the time we entered Scotland the "Scotch mist," some of it so thick you could lean against it. In other instances it was a polite and romantic name for a good, old-fashioned rain. We had become convinced that there was some truth in the cynic's remark that all children in the north of Scotland were born web-footed and with a mackintosh on. The expression, "What a beautiful country this would be if the sun would only shine," became so threadbare from over-use that we agreed by common consent to give it a rest. And, yet, with all the rain we look back on this part of our trip with keenest pleasure. Like the natives we simply agreed to let it rain if it wanted to, and went about our business and our sight-seeing as if each day was the fairest we had ever seen. But what a beautiful country it would be if the sun would only shine!

Several friends, young ladies, who were "accompanying us by train" left Inverness two hours ahead of us on one of the steamers which makes the trip daily to Oban through the Canal. We were on the lookout for the steamer and in a short time we caught our first glimpse of it pushing its watery way down through a magnificent mountain gorge, leaving a long trail of smoke as a telltale of its passage.

In the course of a half-hour we had come abreast of it and noticed that it had changed its course to come across the loch, which at this point was about a mile wide, and was heading for a landing which we saw ahead of us. The steamer and our car reached there at the same time and we ran our motor down onto the quay to chat with our friends, a trick which seemed to greatly interest the other passengers on the boat, who were largely Scotch and English.

Within a mile from the landing, the road we were following became so tortuous and the

The groups of Highland cattle which we frequently saw on the hillsides gave a touch of life to the rugged country.

mountains so numerous that we lost track of the steamer and we did not see our friends again until the next morning at Oban. This trip along the Caledonian Canal gave us an unending succession of exquisite views of mountain, moor and lake. The scenery was rugged and picturesque by turns with here and there a quaint little hamlet generally at the canal locks, through which sailboats of unique form were continuously passing.

On reaching Fort William we decided that we would stop for luncheon at the Alexandra Hotel, as it was on the main street, and not undertake to reach the Station Hotel some distance above the town on the hillside. We made a mistake, however, in not going to the hotel managed by the railway company. In almost every town in Scotland these are far superior to others and should be patronized in preference. The Alexandra Hotel at Fort William will go down in memory as one of the horrors of our Scottish tour.

Before luncheon I went out to interview various people in the town to see what the chances were of our getting through to Oban. I found the most dense ignorance on this subject. A man who kept a bicycle shop could tell me nothing except that he believed two or three motors had succeeded in getting through. The hotel proprietor's mind was a blank on this subject. In desperation I went to the office of the steamboat company. There the agent, who was exceedingly courteous, assured me that there was little chance of our being able to get through in our car and advised putting it on his boat and sending it to Oban in this way. Since we were not on a boating but on a motor car trip, I decided to adhere to our original determination to go through by motor car if it were in any way possible.

Finally, at the post office, I found an official who told me that he thought we could get through; that the roads were fine but that there were two great obstacles: one Loch Leven, a fiord at Ballachulish and the other the Loch Etive, a fiord at Benderloch. He said he understood that a new ferry had just been built at Ballachulish to take motor cars across, but that there was no ferry at Benderloch and we should have to telegraph to the station master of the Caledonian Railway at Oban and have him send a flat car to Benderloch to take us and the motor across the railroad bridge.

That the reader may understand this west coast of Scotland and its difficulties for motoring, as well as its magnificent beauties, it may be well to say that a wilder country within the civilized portion of the globe does not exist. The ranges of the highest mountains in Scotland are all on its west coast. Ben Nevis, covered with snow even in August when we saw it, and a dozen other great mountains, all frown down upon the ocean that beats against what is literally a rock-bound coast. This is broken by many arms of the sea which, like the fiords of Norway, run far into the interior.

The country is sparsely settled and one viewing it may easily see that the ruggedness of the Scotch race is native. But the views of mountain and sea, which are majestic beyond description, more than compensate for the trip. The road for miles follows the contour of the shore-line high up along the brow of the cliffs overlooking the sea, and winding in and out close to the edge of the gorges, where in many instances the sea hurls itself in between the narrow chasms of rocks with a booming like distant cannonading.

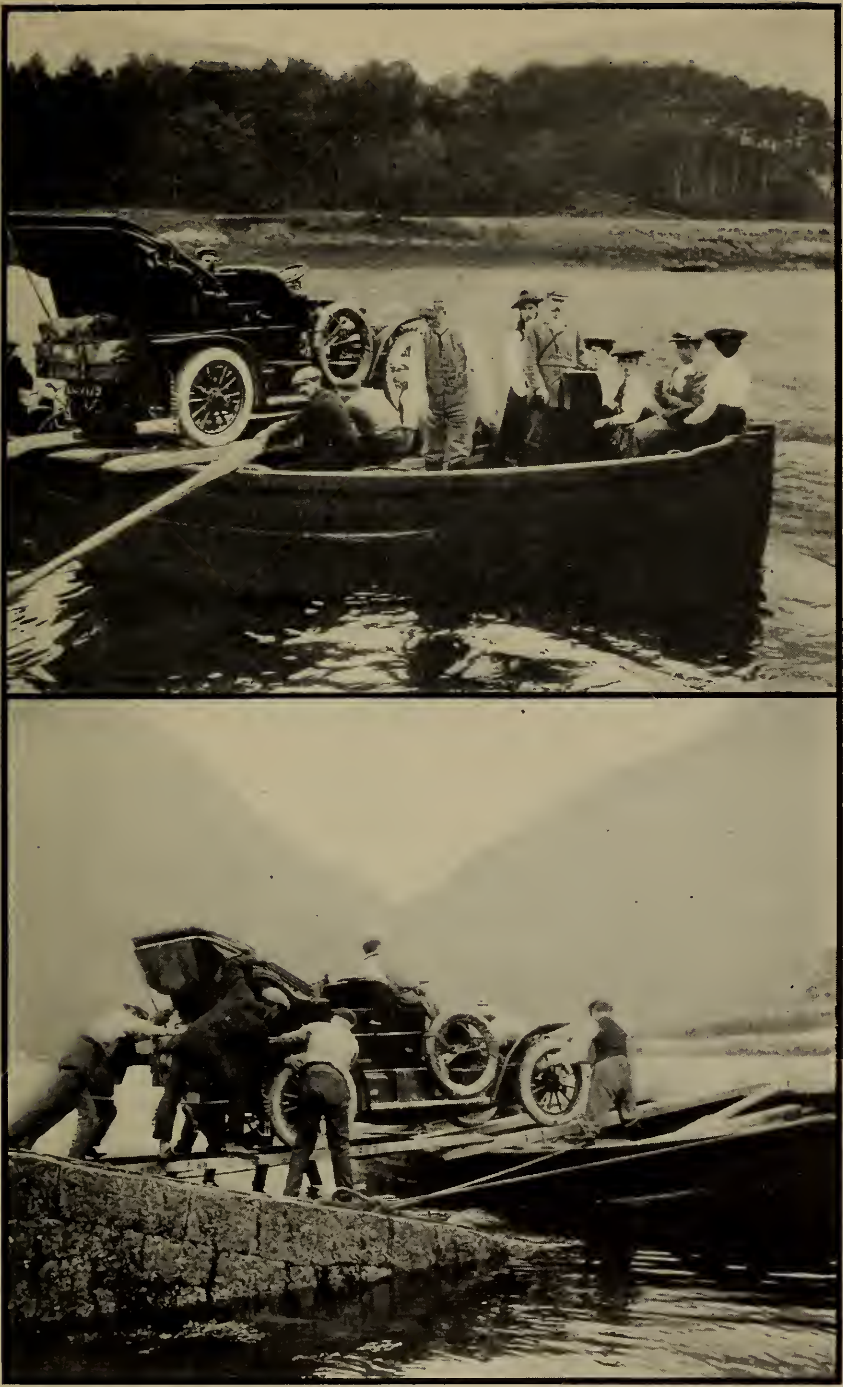
After my talk with the postmaster at Fort William I decided to telegraph to Oban, and as the telegraph office and post office are one in

Scotland, both being managed by the Government, the dispatch was quickly sent and I had the reply by the time we had finished luncheon. It read:

> "Flat car for motor will wait you Benderloch station. Cost 7–6.—STATIONMASTER."

The promptness and business character of this dispatch determined us on following our original plan, and our car was soon humming a merry tune along the beautiful mountain road toward Ballachulish. We left Fort William about two o'clock in the afternoon and it was at least four when we reached Ballachulish and pulled up at the comfortable Scotch-like stone inn on the side of the fiord, or Loch Leven, to give it its proper geographical name.

I hunted up the proprietor immediately and asked him where the ferry was as we had discovered no place where a boat of this nature could land. In his broad Scotch he replied: "She's a bit awa' man, lying o'er yon," and pointed to the distant side of the fiord, which was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and sharply driven in between the mountains. All that any of us could discover "a bit awa' o'er yon" was what looked to be a small rowboat. But the



It was a job requiring the greatest care to balance our heavy car on this "ferryboat" and take it safely across the fiord.

innkeeper assured us that it was a real ferry and large enough to take our car across.

We had decided misgivings regarding this but told him to get the boat over and we would see whether we wished to risk putting the motor upon it. In a few minutes two lusty Scots were rowing a yawl across the fiord, out of which the tide was running at a speed of certainly fifteen miles an hour.

In the course of half an hour they had towed the ferryboat across and had moored it at the end of a steep, stone-paved declivity running into the sea. And then a jabber began, all in Gaelic, not one word of which could be understood or even guessed at by any of our party. At the end of five minutes of spirited conversation the Scotch innkeeper, who was also lessee of the ferry, explained to me that we should have to wait about an hour and a half until the tide had lowered sufficiently to bring the gunwale of the boat level with the end of the lowest part of the sloping stone landing. He felt sure then that they could put some planks across the sides of the boat and some other planks from these to the landing and run the motor on to the ferryboat. As the craft was just nine feet across in its widest part and the wheel base of our car was eight feet eight inches, it was going to be necessary to do some careful balancing even if we got the motor on safely.

All this looked easier than getting our car down the slippery, stone-paved slope, which an hour ago had been covered by the eighteen-foot tide, and at this time was covered with slimy seaweeds. It took no great imagination to picture a 3,000 pound automobile with wheels locked, tobogganing down that slimy slope and landing with a running jump far out in the deep, dark waters of the fiord. The ferry master answered our suggestions as to this possibility by calling attention to large iron rings which were set in the stonework about every ten feet down the slope, assuring us that he had strong ropes which he would fasten to the rear axle of the car and run through these rings and in this way hold the car in check.

Chapter Eighteen

Ending the Scottish Tour and Embarking for Ireland

We had to put our motor on the flat car so as to be ready when the train came to take us to Oban. (This photograph was taken at 8.45 p.m.)

Chapter Eighteen

Ending the Tour in Scotland and Embarking for Ireland

THE hour and a half we had to wait for the tide, which, according to the old adage, "waits for no man," we spent it in wondering how it would feel in making the rest of the trip by rail after our car had sunk out of sight by the capsizing of the little boat to which we were to intrust it.

All things have an end, however, and so did our wait, which seemed interminable at that time, but we were soon actively engaged in the preparations for embarking our car. George, who was acting as chauffeur, without the slightest sign of timidity, climbed into his seat, ropes attached to the rear axle were slackened and the descent was begun, inch by inch, with the care and precaution that characterizes everything that the Scotch do. The car finally reached the boat; then gradually more rope was given it until it was evenly balanced. The wheels were lashed together and roped securely to the boat, blocks were put in front of and back of each wheel and finally the ferryman announced himself ready to start, urging us at the same time to step in and go across with the motor.

There was a universal exclamation, "Not for me!" If that boat was going to do anything in the balancing line, and the car was going to break away and change the center of gravity so that the boat would capsize, all of us, except George, preferred to be on shore to watch the proceeding rather than be parties to it. Just as the boat was pushing off, however, some bicyclists came down the sloping quay and five or six of them climbed in and paid their penny each to go across on that trip. We followed in another boat manned by two of the men who had assisted in embarking our motor. The trip across, the landing on the other side, and the climb up the slippery, sloping, stone quay was made, however, after a good deal of painstaking care and fear on my part that something would give way and spoil, at the last moment, the success of our effort. When the car was finally landed on solid ground we climbed in and after bidding our friends of the ferry adieu, paying the £1 fee and distributing liberal tips, we started for Benderloch.

It is doubtful if any of us will ever forget the magnificent ride in the long twilight of that August evening. There was hardly a stretch of one hundred yards that could, by any trick of imagination, be called straight. We rushed through labyrinths of forests carpeted with ferns; we followed deep foliage-embowered chasms, up one side, and then, after a sharp turn, returned on parallel lines down the other. We climbed steep grades and shot down toboggan slides, catching a glimpse here of the sea and there of the mountains, till finally, just about dark, we reached Benderloch.

The "town" of Benderloch is a railroad station and one forlorn little store. It looks big on the map and it had been so much talked about by us that we had mentally pictured it as quite a metropolis. On a siding near the well-kept station, in the windows of which were the usual box of geraniums and bright flowers, we saw what was evidently the flat car which had been sent to meet us. But it took several minutes to disclose any sign of humanity. Finally the Scotch station-keeper answered my knocking and came from his apartment in the second floor where he lived with his family.

I introduced myself and showed him the telegram which I had received from the station master at Oban.

"O, weel man," he said, "that's a' richt, but you should hae been here in time for the train."

"The dispatch doesn't say anything about a train," I answered.

"Weel, I tak' it he thoct you'd kenned. The train has been gone for half an oor, and the flat should hae been ta'en ower by the train."

"When does the next train go?"

"There'll be na mair," replied he, " 'till twenty minutes past eleven Monday forenoon."

And this was Saturday night!

Well, we were literally nonplussed for a few minutes but soon regained our wits sufficiently to ask if there was any place where we could stay all night as it was getting so dark we did not wish to go much further in the motor over unknown roads, and we had passed no houses for miles back.

"You can return tae Ballachulish," he said, "which is aboot thirty miles, and that is the nearest place."

We told him we had just come from there and

The road down the west coast of Scotland hugs the sea for much of the way, sometimes at its level and again many feet above it.

would not think of going over that mountain road in the night.

"Is there no place in the station where we can sleep?" we asked.

"Na," he replied, "my wife and I and our six bairns live upstairs and we hae no room."

Here was a dilemma. We had had nothing to eat since noon and we did not look forward with keen anticipation to a supper and breakfast of Suchard chocolate, French sausage and "Perrier" water, a supply of which we always carried in the car for emergencies.

As a last resort I asked if he could call up the office of the railroad at Oban and see if they would send a special engine over to pull the flat car with the motor on it over to Oban, a distance of only nine miles, but a real case of "so near and yet so far."

He agreed to do this and we waited patiently for him to call up on the telephone—all train dispatching in that part of Scotland is done by telephone. After what seemed to be an interminable wait he opened conversation with some one at the other end of the line. It proved to be a clerk in the main office of the company at Oban who said that the station master and every one else had gone home and he alone was on duty. I besought the agent to ask him to call up the station master at his home and see if he could not get action. This he consented to do and after another long wait the station master called up our friend, the station agent, and told him he would be very glad to accommodate us and get us out of our dilemma provided he could find an engineer who would be willing to make the trip, and who would go down to the roundhouse and get steam up in one of the engines, all of which had been put away Saturday night until Monday morning—for Sunday is literally a day of rest in all parts of Scotland.

Another long wait, during which the shadows had darkened into night. Then the telephone bell rang, a glad and joyous sound which brought us into the office of the station agent.

Yes, the official in Oban had found an engineer who was obliging enough to make the trip, but to get out a special at that time of night and to come over for us would be very expensive, and the station agent must explain fully to the Americans the great cost and get the money before anything would be done in Oban.

"Find out how much it will be," I asked with impatience.

"It will cost," said the station agent after word came over the wire, "three pounds ($15.00)."

Reaching down into my pocket I produced a five-pound note quicker than I ever did before and enjoined him to tell the official at the other end that he had the money in hand and to send the engine.

Then came another wait, and at last the glad sound! Away over across the dark stream of the fiord and echoing up against the mountain side, we heard our special coming and finally the great headlight loomed up through the darkness and in rolled what we heard referred to in Oban afterward as "The Millionaire American's Special." It was one of the handsomest locomotives I have ever seen, and attached to it was a beautiful, modern, first-class passenger coach and a luggage van. Coming as it was to us and for us in our dilemma no train rich in the trappings and furnishings of royalty could have looked as beautiful.

While we were waiting for the train we had run our "Loco" up the slope arranged for teams to the loading platform and upon the side-tracked car. Here we had properly secured it with ropes so there was no delay when our special arrived. It took but a few minutes to attach the car to the train, and with one loud, triumphant scream of the whistle, which echoed and re-echoed through the mountain fastnesses we pulled out of Benderloch and were off for Oban—with Oban only nine miles away.

When we arrived at the station in the city we were met by what appeared to be an immense crowd, people who had heard, we presume, that some fool American had hired a special train to bring him and his family and motor to the city that he might not miss the joys and delights of an Oban Sunday. We felt very much as if we were the Lord Mayors and Mayoresses of some town being received with the freedom of the city. To the frugal Scotch such reckless extravagance as a special train to save a few hours was a folly which would be indulged in only by Americans. We still feel that in a country where a shilling is spent as we in America spend a dollar, our special will long be referred to as an evidence of the recklessness with which Americans throw their money away.

Oban is termed by Baedeker, "The Charing Cross of the Highlands," because it is the center of so much traffic by rail and steamer. It lacks any individual interest other than that which attaches to many places having attractive views

On the trip from Inverness the road keeps close to the Caledonian Canal, which is formed by connecting a string of beautiful lakes.

of sea and mountain. It is the keystone of the arch for tourists to the west of Scotland, however, and is thronged all summer, as it is the point from which many trips by land and sea are started.

The Alexandra Hotel, at which we stopped, is thoroughly high class *in its charges*. It is still a question for discussion among our party whether the springless beds we tried to sleep in were made of uneven wooden blocks set on end, or pine tree cones. In either event they were the worst we found on our tour. Our Oban experience confirmed us in the belief that the so-called "Station" hotels, operated and owned by the railway companies, are the best at which to stop in most if not all Scotch cities of importance.

The trip from Oban to Ardlui, which is situated at the north end of Loch Lomond, we made on Sunday and it is one of the days we shall always remember. The Brander Pass over which we traveled furnished one of the best tests of the hill-climbing abilities of our car to which we had put it. The road, which leads over the divide separating the lake region of Scotland from the sea, is laid through a defile in the mountains with snow-capped Ben Nevis in sight to the north and Loch Lomond and the surrounding mountains on the east and south. It is narrow and tortuous with steep grades and sharp declivities and its surface we found was none too good because of the many loose stones.

But the views that we enjoyed will never be forgotten by any of the party. They were sublime and magnificent, and we often wished for a camera which would have the capacity to furnish a satisfactory photographic reproduction. It was the typical scenery of the Scotch highlands we had so often seen pictured, with here and there a group of long-haired cattle in the foreground and always a background of mountains.

From either side of the road the heather stretched far up on the mountainside, which was broken here and there by waterfalls or deep ravines. We followed a stream almost all the way; one from Oban to its source and then, crossing the ridge, another down to Ardlui where it emptied into Loch Lomond.

Some of the grades in the road which we passed over are so steep that only high-powered cars can take them, and during the day we passed three touring cars which had been abandoned and left at the side of the road by parties

We will never forget the beautiful ride along the shores of Loch Lomond from Tarbet down to Balloch.

who had evidently given up the attempt. Our car, with its load of six people and two heavy trunks strapped on behind, made the trip without missing an explosion of a cylinder, and so delighted were we when we reached the summit that we all felt that we ought to give the car a deserved rest, while we sat in silent admiration of the sublime view of the valley far below us.

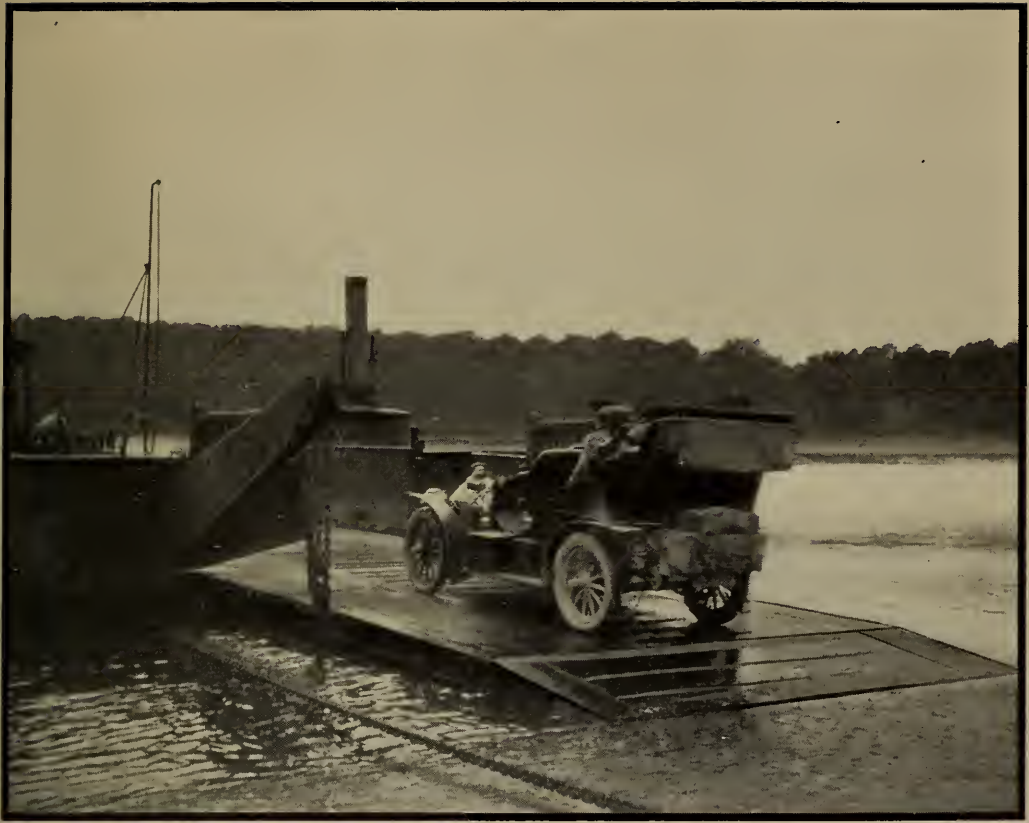
We stopped at Ardlui only long enough to have a cup of tea and a light luncheon, and then pushed on down the beautiful, mountain-hemmed loch to Tarbet, where we found one of the most attractively situated hotels in Scotland. All there is of Tarbet is the hotel, which faces Loch Lomond with nothing between it and the water but well-kept lawns. The house gives indications of having been originally built as the residence of nobility. It is of granite and very substantial in appearance, and is admirably conducted. It offers the finest view up and down the loch to be found anywhere, and also one of the best views of Ben Lomond and the Trossachs across the water. All the time we were there, however, the summit of Ben Lomond was wrapped in mist so that we did not get a good view of its symmetrical form.

Inversnaid, which is the entrance to the

Trossachs, is almost opposite the Tarbet Hotel. It is from this point that the coaching trips begin, but we did not go over, as motors are prohibited in that section.

We stayed all night at Tarbet and then followed the road which hugs the west shore of the loch closely all the way down to its foot at Balloch. This is a most beautiful, but most dangerous road for motoring. It winds in and out along the shores of the loch with so many and such abrupt turns that there is constant danger of colliding with motor cars coming in the opposite direction. In fact, there are so many curves, at which a view of the road ahead is obscured by embankments and bushes, that a collision would have been almost inevitable had we met a motor car at any one of the most dangerous points. We kept our siren going almost continuously and ran very slowly, taking nearly two hours for the trip from Tarbet to Balloch, a distance of only about eighteen miles. We were glad to go slowly, however, for it gave us fuller opportunities of enjoying the many exquisite views across and upon the farther shore of the loch.

When we reached Balloch it was but a short run to the Clyde and, as we did not care to go



We crossed the Clyde below Glasgow on a platform ferry, one end of which they ran up on the stone-paved shore.

into Glasgow because of the long run through an uninviting tenement and manufacturing district along the Clyde, we crossed the river at a ferry just before reaching the outskirts of the city and took the straight road for Paisley, the city that makes the famous shawls, one of which it is said the late Queen Victoria always gave as a wedding present. We stopped there for luncheon and then ran on to Troon, which we reached early in the afternoon.

We stopped here at the Marine Hotel, beautifully situated out on the edge of the town, almost adjacent to the handsome granite golf clubhouse and with nothing but the links between it and the sea. It had been very highly recommended to us, and we found it fully up to its reputation as one of the best of Scotch hotels.

The Troon and the Prestwick golf courses, which are among the most renowned in Scotland, adjoin each other so closely that the members of the two clubs frequently play from one clubhouse to the other—playing the first nine holes over one course and the second nine over the next, and then, after lunch, playing back again and covering thirty-six holes in all.

Letters which we carried were an open sesame at the Troon Club. We were made very welcome there and enjoyed some fine games. Prestwick is said to be the most exclusive club in Scotland and no one is permitted the privileges of its links except upon a letter of introduction from a member. These we had fortunately been provided with so that, during the three days we spent at Troon, my son and I were enabled to play over each course. It is said that the waiting list at Prestwick is such a long one that gentlemen propose their sons for membership as soon as they are born, in the hope that they will be elected by the time they reach the age of eligibility.

While we were at Troon we made several visits to Ayr and a number of other interesting places in the land o' Burns. Almost everything in and around Ayr is built about the history of the poet Burns, and everybody who visits the town of course goes to see the cottage in which he was born in 1759, and which now contains a few relics of this distinguished Scot. We visited also, as every one does, the Auld Alloway Kirk, between which and the road is the grave of Burns's father. Just beyond the church are two bridges across the Doon, the older one being the one over which Tam o'Shanter is said to have escaped.

Leaving Troon we followed the coast down through Girvan and Turnberry to Stranraer where we planned to take the boat across the North Channel to Larne in Ireland. This road is most beautiful and picturesque, and the country is such a favorite one with tourists that the railway company has just completed an immense hotel at Turnberry and a fine eighteen-hole golf course. The sea was in full view almost the entire distance, as was the Ailsa Craig, a bold, symmetrical mountain which rises directly out of the sea ten miles off shore. It was particularly beautiful the day we passed as clouds were hanging to its sides, and hiding every little while its summit from view.

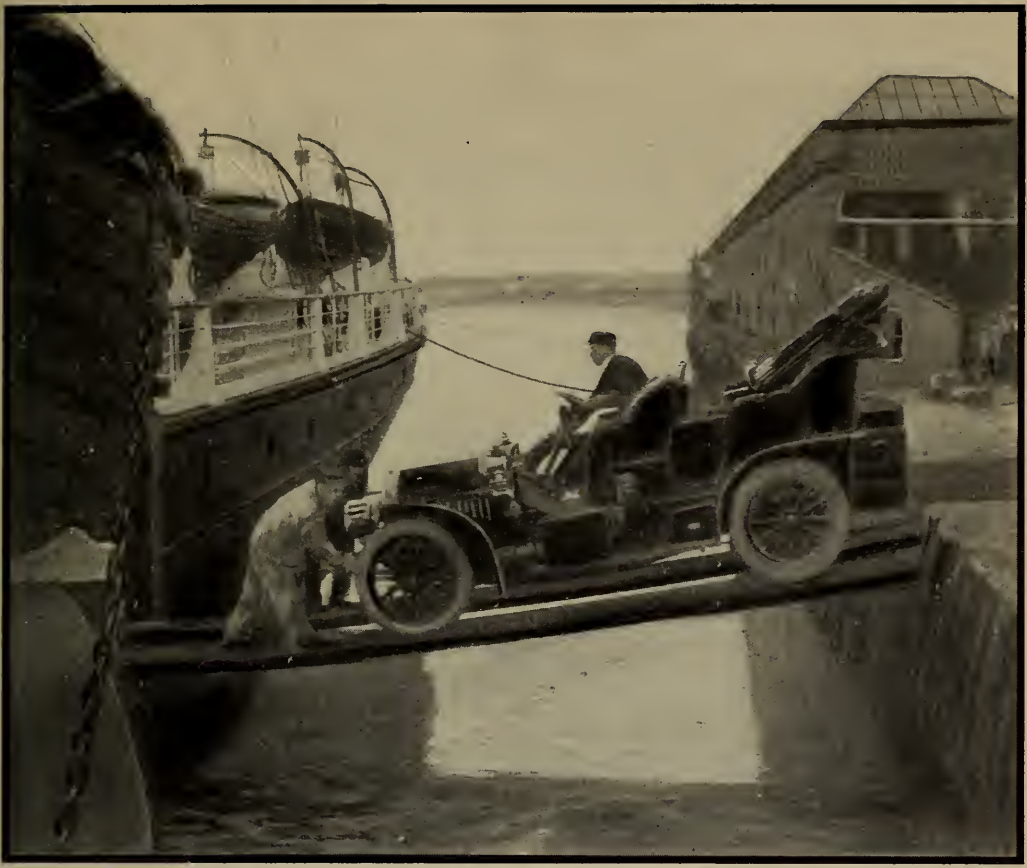
We were cautioned by the telegram which we had received from the agent of the steamship line at Stranraer, to have our motor there at six o'clock to insure its being taken across to Ireland that night. We had calculated our time and distance so that we should reach the boat in ample time, but about four miles out of Stranraer our left rear wheel settled and we discovered a flat tire. "A puncture," we all cried in unison, and sure enough it was one, the very first we had had. We had made the entire trip through France and up through England and Scotland

and down almost to the point of leaving Scotland without a single puncture, and that we should have our first experience at just the time when we wanted to catch a boat to save a day was exasperating.

Not a moment was lost in getting the tools out, jacking up the car, loosening the shoe and taking out the old tube. It was a case of team work and we did not even look to see where the puncture was in the inner tube, but put in another one and made record time in getting the tire back on and blowing it up. Tools were thrown into the tonneau, every one climbed in in a hurry and off we rushed, reaching the boat just in time.

To get the car on the steamer was somewhat of a problem. The boat, like many in channel service, was a side-wheeler, and the after portion of the boat, where the car was to be loaded, was far away from the pier and there was no derrick by which it could be lifted aboard. It was, therefore, necessary to run the car down heavy eighteen-foot planks reaching from the quay to the deck of the boat.

George climbed up and took the wheel with what we all thought was a good deal of nerve. Sloping blocks were put against the end of the planks so that the front wheels could be run up

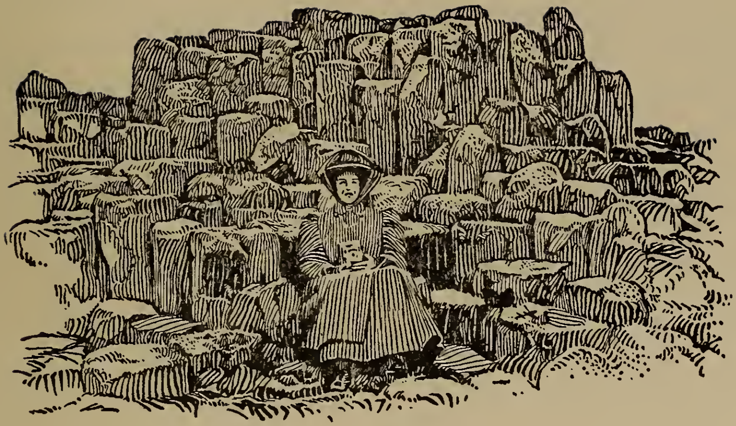


It required cool nerve and careful handling to run the car on the boat over the two long planks.

on them. The planks themselves had to be adjusted with absolute measurement so they would come exactly in front of each wheel and avoid the possibility of the car going off either side. When I saw how the car was to be loaded I willingly paid the extra fee of five shillings for handling and shipment at the company's risk, making the total charge for freight and handling 27*s* 6*d* (about ($6.60).

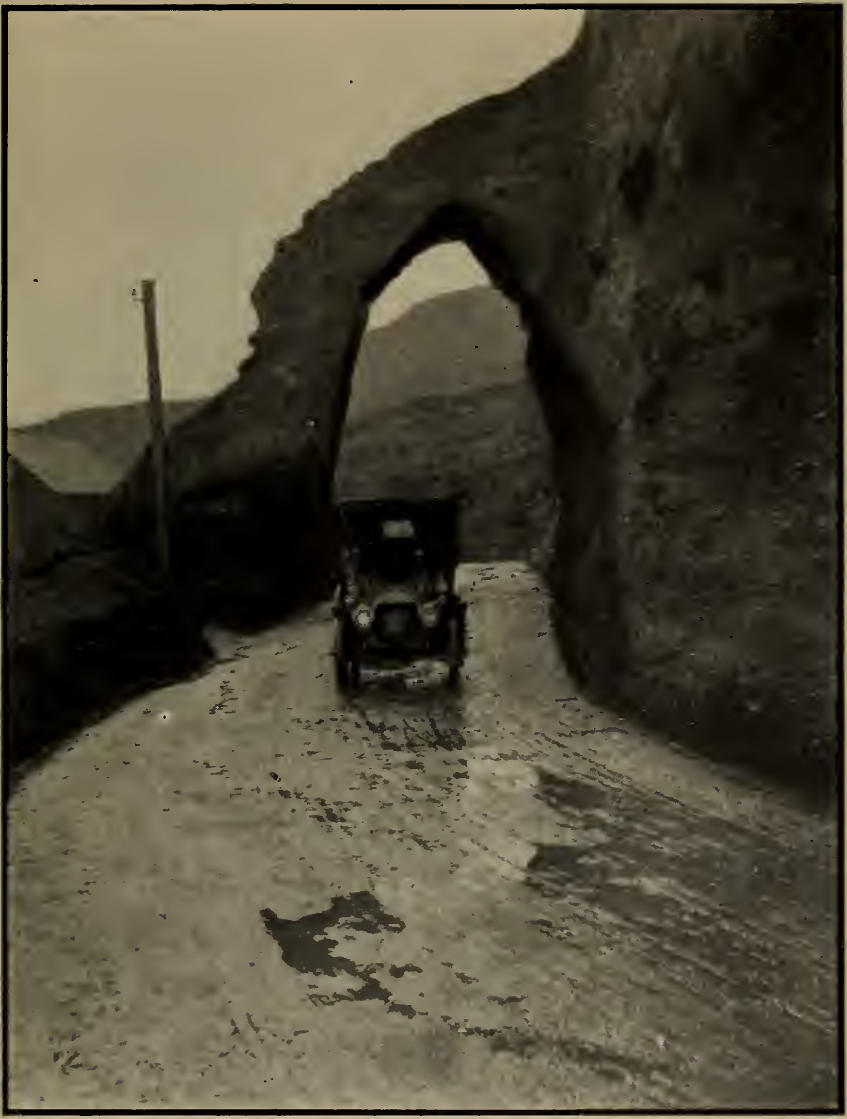
We finally got the front wheels up on the planks and then George gradually let the car down the incline until the rear wheels were also on the planks. Then, with brakes hard-set, he lowered it inch by inch until it was safe on the deck. There was a sheer drop between the planks and the water of at least ten to fifteen feet and the least little swerving of the car would have caused a disaster. We all breathed freer when we saw it safe on the deck and lashed in place, and promptly adjourned to the dining-saloon for dinner.

We had the first evidence here that we were getting within the zone of Ireland. The waiters all had a broad Irish brogue and many of the passengers showed distinctly by their speech and conversation that they were at home on the Emerald Isle.



Chapter Nineteen

The North of Ireland and Giant's Causeway



On the way to the Giant's Causeway we passed under a curious arch cut out of solid rock.

Chapter Nineteen

The North of Ireland and the Giant's Causeway

THE run across to Larne is only about two hours and at the landing stage we found a derrick equipped for lifting the car out. The rain which we hoped we had left in Scotland was following us, however, and we were glad to get under shelter at the Olderfleet Hotel, which adjoins the quay.

We left Larne bright and early the next morning to make, if possible, the run up to the Giant's Causeway and get back to Belfast that evening. This would necessitate our doing about one hundred and twenty-five miles. We followed the coast road and found it good, although not up to the standard of the roads in England and Scotland and far below those in France. It was about such a road as one would find in going from New York to Boston. The country looked prosperous, and we all said that the poverty and squalor of Ireland must be a myth if it was all like this portion. Were it not for the thatched-roof cottages, the scores of peat beds and the typical Irish jaunting cars we saw, we might easily have imagined ourselves touring in the most fertile and well-wooded parts of the Massachusetts coast. We had some glorious views of the sea, and stopped to enjoy them, and also to watch a shooting party working the moors with well-trained dogs and beaters.

Our route, which was plainly shown on Bartholomew's Road Maps that we used, took us along the very edge of the cliffs skirting the sea and through the picturesque little towns of Glenarm and Ballycastle, thoroughly Irish, although prosperous in appearance. Many of the towns in Ireland prefix "Bally" as part of their name. We did not learn what it meant although we asked a number of persons.

We reached the Giant's Causeway about noon without incident except nearly frightening a small boy to death. Just as we came around a curve in the road we discovered him a short distance ahead of us and turned our big siren loose for one of its longest and loudest wails. This was too much for the boy. He took one glance at the car rushing toward him and evidently thinking the devil himself was coming, he broke out into the most agonizing yells as he stood at the side of the road actually "frightened stiff," as boys say. I think I have never seen such an expression of abject terror on a human face as was shown on his when we rushed by him.

While we were in Ireland I saw a letter received by a gentleman who had been touring there, which is worth quoting. It was as follows:

Sligo, May 11th, 1906.

Sir:

Take notice too what I say, on February 24th your motor car came on the publick road from Ballaghadereen direction as soon as you came on the Clabough road near Lough Garadident you see a young girl running with a Polly Black cow, you never sounded the horn untill you were close by me, I was nervous for the past seven years on account of the death of my brother, I got better of the complaint, Doctor O'Boyle that attended me when I was nervous and he had great pity for me, he told me if I ever got a fret again I would get nervous a second time, and he said the second nervousness would be worst than the first, I got sick after the fret I got with your motor on Friday, February 24th. Honourable gentleman, I appeal to you for some charity, as I am an orphant girl, the clergymen and gentlemen about my place told me to let you know about it they told me you are a good gentleman that will give me some charity money when I got sick by the motor fret.

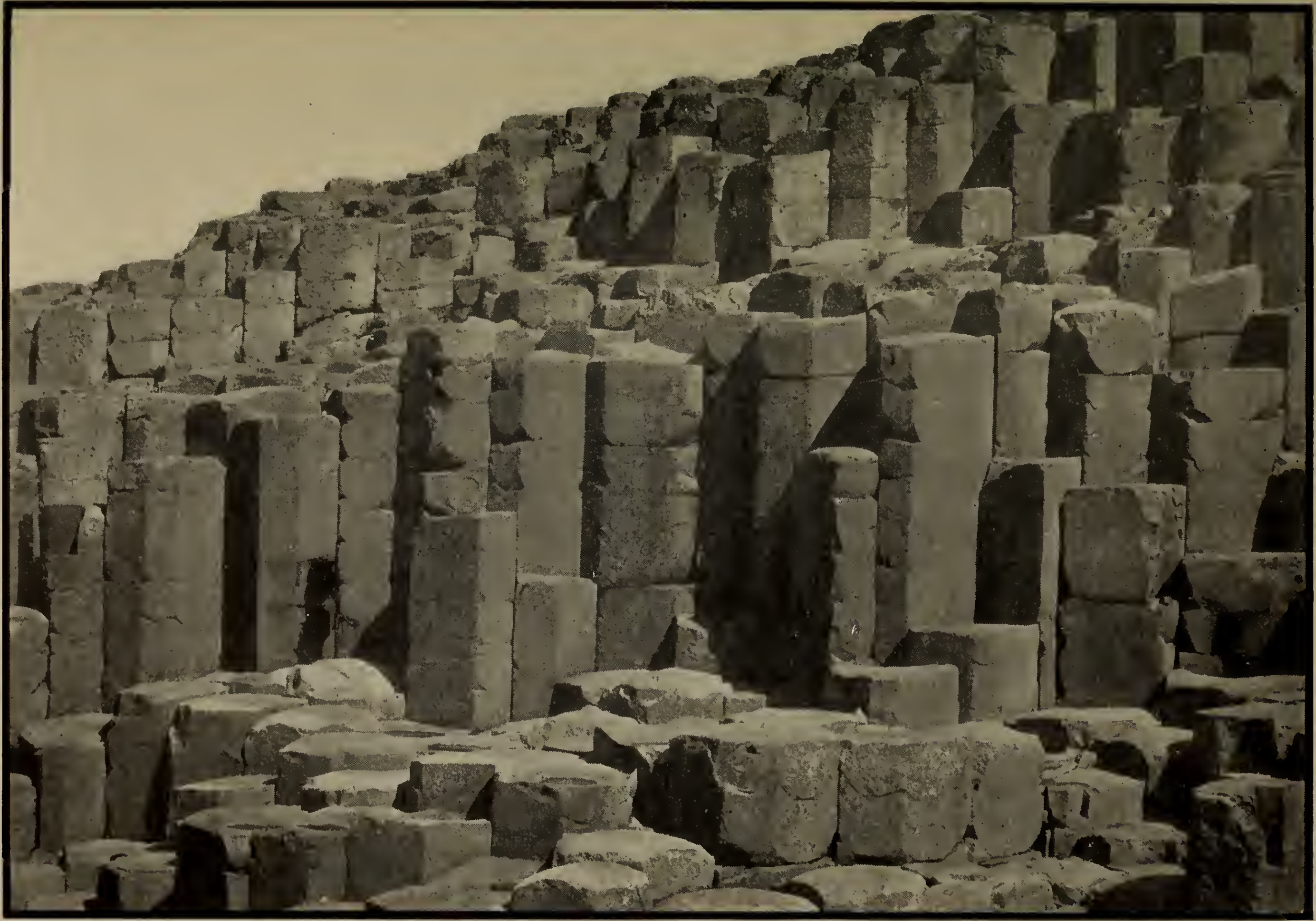
(signed) Mary O'Brien.

When we approached the Giant's Causeway we were met by the enterprising runners of the two principal hotels there, and it looked for a few moments as if we would have to resort to something more than diplomacy to protect ourselves from their insistence. Each man represented that his was the only hotel which self-respecting motorists should for a moment consider patronizing. One man even went so far as to stand in front of our car and tell us that automobiles were not permitted up the road to his rival's hotel, which we had started to take. His competitor, however, was alert and told us to drive ahead which we did, almost upsetting the man in our way.

We had selected the Causeway Hotel and enjoyed a very satisfactory lunch there before starting out for the tour of this wonderful creation of Nature.

There is nothing to be said about the Giant's Causeway which has not already been said or written. It is wonderful and impressive beyond all description and is in itself worth the trip to Ireland. Even its location is dramatic, standing as it does at the very north end of the island. The mythical stories connected with it as related by the glib-tongued guides, each of whom will solemnly aver that he is the best guide there, are worth listening to.

The most popular story is that the ancient gods who lived in Ireland and Scotland in the age of mythological things, got into a quarrel



Of all Nature's creations the Giant's Causeway on the North Coast of Ireland is undoubtedly the strangest and most remarkable.

and the Irish god dared the Scotch one to come over and fight it out. "How can I cross the sea?" the Scotch god is supposed to have replied. "Even my seven-league boots and my colossal legs will not take me across in safety, therefore I cannot come, although if I should come I would easily be able to wring your neck with one hand tied behind me." "That you could not do had you a score of hands," replied the Irish god, "and, to explode your idle claim that it's the sea between us that is keeping you from a fight I'll lay a walk for you to cross on dry-footed." And with that he plucked a few hundred thousand granite blocks from the great cliffs, hewed them in octagon shape so as to make a good pavement, and drove them, end on, into the sea, making a roadway across.

Mythology does not record whether the Scot then came over or how the fight, if they had one, came out, but the stones to the number of over fourteen thousand are still there, running far out into and under the surface of the sea.

We spent a couple of hours walking over the smoothly surfaced octagon-shaped stones which form the Causeway, and each one of the party sat in the famous "Wishing Chair," a single stone set lower than the ones on either side and behind, so as to form a granite chair of comfortable proportions. Every one who sits here, so the story goes, and makes a wish, is certain to have it fulfilled. It would be curious to know how many million people have received what they wanted if this be true, for the wishing chair has been occupied almost every minute of daylight for centuries by the steady procession of travelers and excursionists who have visited the Causeway.

After taking a boat and visiting the near-by caves, which open out into the sea and can only be entered when the sea is relatively smooth and at low tide, and running the gauntlet of curio venders, we started on our run to Belfast. Our route took us, first, through Bushmills, only a few miles from the Causeway. This is where the famous distilleries are located from which comes the finest of all Irish whisky, known wherever good liquor is known. From here we ran in a few minutes to Port Rush, a popular resort having the finest golf links in Ireland, thence southeast through Ballymena and Antrim, reaching Belfast and the Grand Central Hotel, which is too poor for such a pretentious name, just about dark.

The afternoon run took us through a typical Irish country of the better class. We saw no

The ruins of Dunluce Castle on the North Shore of Ireland stands like mute reminders of an age that is dead and a race that has gone.

noticeable poverty; instead the country folk looked fairly prosperous. Our American flag, which we had attached to one of our lamps, and which had fluttered in the breezes throughout the entire trip, attracted a good deal of attention. We imagined it gave us a welcome because almost every family in the north of Ireland has friends or relatives somewhere in the United States, if not on the New York police force. Our siren seemed to be an entire novelty and frequently, if we let it out while going through some of the streets in the little towns, where every front door opened directly upon the pavement, it would bring the entire population to windows or doors, and send children, pigs, dogs, and geese scurrying to places of safety.

If Belfast was all there was in Ireland it would not pay the motorist to go there. It is a great busy, thriving city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants. It has been for many years, and is at present, the headquarters of the linen industries of Ireland; it is also a great shipbuilding center where many of the largest trans-Atlantic liners are constructed. It lies low, and a large portion of it has been built upon ground reclaimed from the river or sea, although there are hills to the north and the west.

Belfast strikes the stranger as a particularly dirty, ill-kept town, and the hotel at which we stopped emphasized the impression. It is unfortunate that a city of its size and importance should not have a better leading hotel, one that would do credit to the town.

Belfast is said to be the cheapest place in all Europe or Great Britain in which to shop, and this was borne out by our experience. Any one who wishes to buy fine linen, from laces to table cloths, can find it in Belfast; not only as good but cheaper than any other place in the world.

The buildings, especially in the main portion of Belfast, are very pretentious, and there are several fine statues in the business streets, notably those of Queen Victoria, Lord Dufferin, and Sir Edward Harland of shipbuilding fame, which attract a great deal of attention, as also does the Royal Victoria Hospital, one of the finest in Great Britain, opened in 1903.

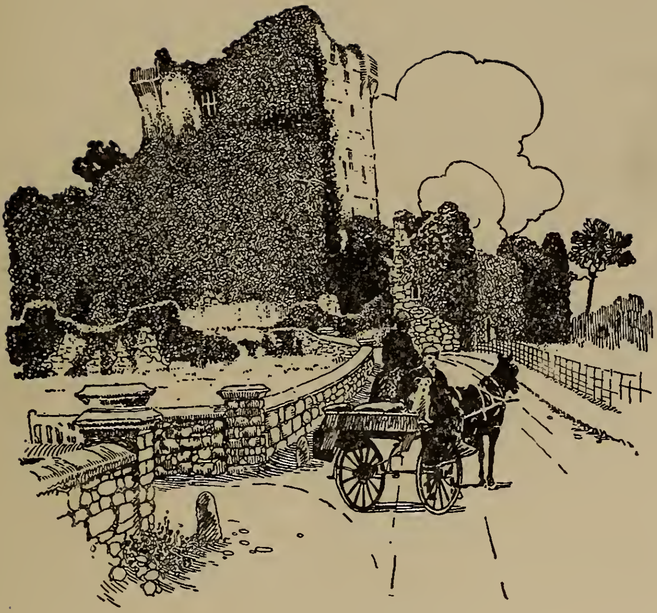
The first forenoon we were in Belfast we visited the Albert Memorial Clock Tower, the magnificent new City Hall, one of the finest municipal buildings in the world, and several other public institutions. We also took jaunting cars and went down through the slums. There is probably more squalor and abject poverty in

Sometimes we would meet a market woman who was resting her diminutive donkey, utterly indifferent to the fact that she occupied most of the road.

There are some wonderful rock effects on the North Shore of Ireland, up near the Causeway, which show the fierce pounding of the sea.

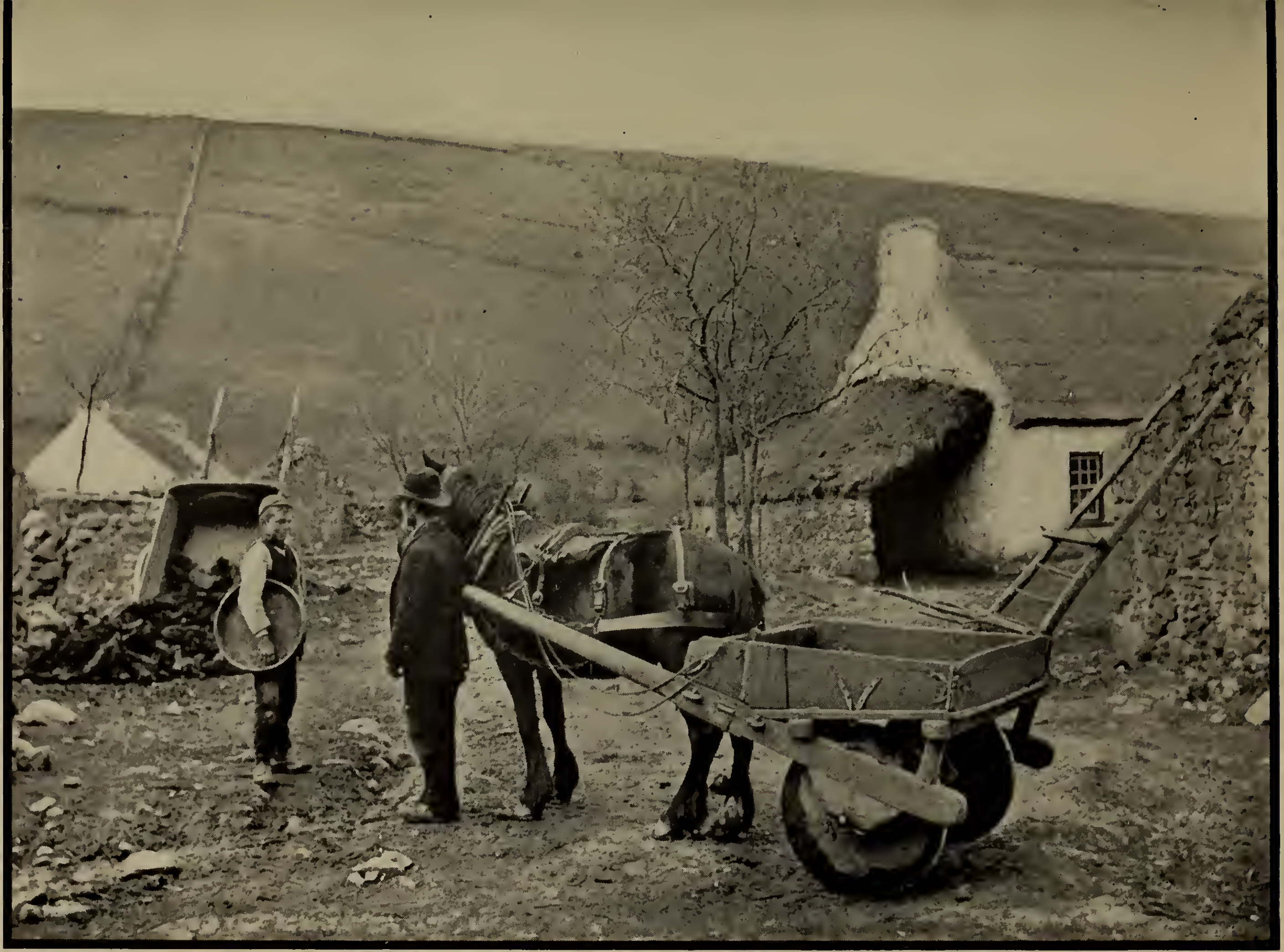
Belfast than in any other city of its size except Edinburgh and Glasgow. It was really revolting to see, during our drive through the streets of the tenement district, how low humanity could get. One street for almost an entire block was devoted to a bazar for the sale of things which the poor were trying to dispose of to meet rent or to buy liquor. There was everything for sale here from second-hand combs that had done service for a generation, and old shoes, up to broken looking-glasses and china ware, and old dresses, coats and trousers that looked as if they would not hang together an hour.

The jaunting cars, which we used for all our sight-seeing and shopping in Belfast, because of their novelty, are an institution of Ireland; they are as frequently met on the main streets as are cabs in Regent Street, London. It is great fun to ride in them, and the nimbleness with which the ladies accustomed to their use will climb up on the seats, which are back to back lengthwise of the high-wheeled car, and jump off is something of a marvel to Americans. It costs a shilling for one or two passengers to go practically anywhere in the city and we found the drivers always ready with an apt and in many instances a witty reply.



Chapter Twenty

From Belfast to Dublin



They do not seem to have much use for four-wheeled vehicles in Ireland, and many of those seen in the country are evidently home-made.

Chapter Twenty

Our Trip from Belfast to Dublin, with an Unexpected Experience

WE left Belfast after lunch, for the run of one hundred and ten miles to Dublin expecting to reach the latter city early that evening, but we found that while the distance was put down as one hundred and ten miles, they were Irish miles, which are about a third again as long as English miles, so that the real distance between the two cities is about one hundred and forty miles.

The road over which we traveled is a superb one; it is called the Great North Road, the same name which applies to the road we took from London to Edinburgh. It is perfectly made and kept in the best of condition. The country we went through is rich and prosperous, and we saw many very handsome estates which are maintained in as fine condition as are those in England. Our road took us through Newry and Dundalk at the head of the great Dundalk

Bay. From there we skirted the coast down to Dunleer.

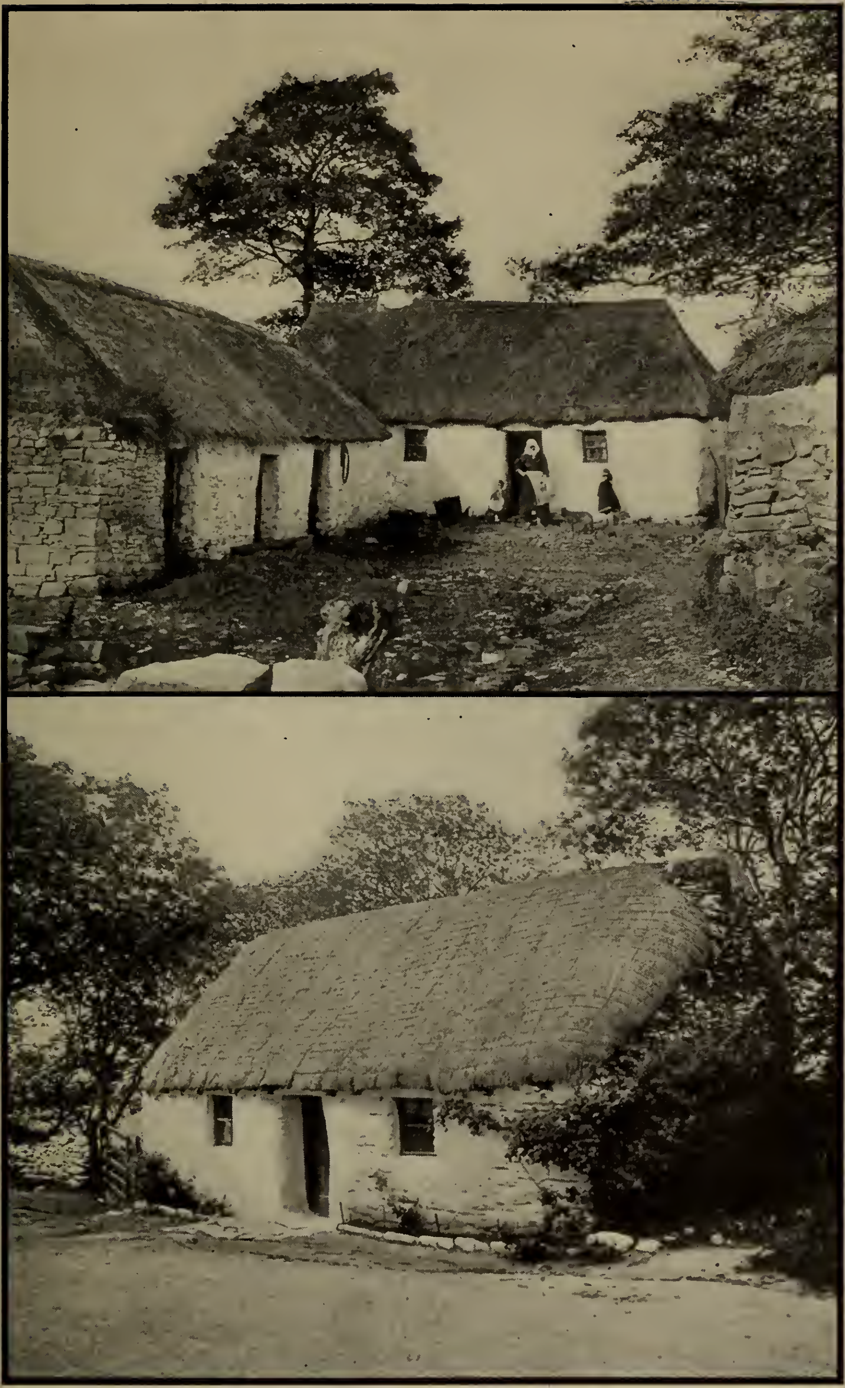
We were passing through a beautiful country between hedges and under great trees when *bang!* went one of our rear tires with a noise so loud and so startling that our first impression was we had been shot at for speeding. It took us but a minute to ascertain our mistake, and to find that we had a flat tire with a blow-out about eight inches long. We left the shoe at the side of the road, put on our spare one, an extra Michelin which we had carried with us on the entire trip, and started off again in good spirits hoping that our delay would not interfere with our reaching Dublin during the early evening. We had gone less than ten miles when with a report fully as loud as the first one, *bang!* went our other rear tire.

Then we were in real trouble as we did not have a second shoe with us. We congratulated ourselves, however, that we had gone thus far on our entire trip with only one puncture and two blow-outs and commented on the fact that the tires which we had put on at Havre when we started the tour, had lasted the same distance within less than ten miles. I am satisfied that they would have taken us into Dublin if we had not been running so fast on the hard-surfaced road that they became overheated. The pace of the car had hardly been slackened since we had left Belfast, and if we had taken the precaution to stop at some well or stream and cool the tires by pouring water over them, a trick we learned in France, they probably would have lasted us for many more miles.

We limped along on a flat tire to the nearest town, which was Dunleer and drew up at a little inn with the idea of staying all night. One look, however, at the inside of the house, which proved to be more of a wine shop and gathering place for the neighborhood than a comfortable place for ladies to stay, decided us to go on by train to Dublin where we could buy additional tires and return in the morning to continue the trip.

We asked how soon we could get a train into the city and the obliging proprietor, looking at the clock, said it was due at the station in three minutes. With that the ladies in the party, who were in abject horror of having to stay at this house all night, sprang out of the car, grabbed the valise containing toilet articles and started on a run up the street for the station, having received hasty directions as to how to reach it. I told the proprietor that we wanted to leave the car with him all night till we could get up to Dublin and get new tires and by the time I had made this explanation the ladies had hailed a jaunting car, climbed up on it and were driving posthaste toward the station. I started after them realizing that the party ought not to be separated and that it was up to me to do some sprinting. In the meantime the boys had run the car into the courtyard, much to the consternation of the pigs and chickens, shut the power off, jumped out into the street like wild men and were sprinting after me down the road.

This was enough for the little town of Dunleer. It was evidently the sensation of the year and the doorways of every one of the two score houses of the place were soon filled with women and children watching the race for the station, and wondering, I suppose, what sort of crazy people had struck the town. Before any of us reached the station the train had pulled in and when we got there our dismay was doubled when we saw that we had to climb up a stairway, cross the tracks on an elevated walk and go down on the other side. In the meantime we were yelling like Comanche Indians to hold the train, realizing that it was the last chance to get out of town that night.



The Irish cottage is of a type quite its own. Four walls, a thatched roof, a door, two windows and some whitewash.

Then it occurred to me that the boys had not been told what hotel we were going to in Dublin and would not know where to find us. But just as the train started they came rushing down the platform, having violated a strictly enforced law by jumping down on the tracks and climbing up on the other side at the rear of the train. They were giving vent to such vociferous yells to attract attention that the guard held the train, opened the door and let them into our compartment, where they tumbled into seats utterly exhausted. We had covered half the distance of forty miles to Dublin before they got back sufficient breath to speak intelligently. Then we realized that we had left the car at an unknown place and in addition to our trunk on the rear, there were in the tonneau a number of bundles containing linen, Irish tweeds, etc., which we had purchased in Belfast.

By the time we reached Dublin we had all regained our composure and took cabs up to the beautiful Shelbourne Hotel, one of the most delightful houses anywhere in Europe, attractively situated on St. Stephen's Green, one of the large parks of the city.

Early the next morning, as soon as any of the automobile supply shops were open, we purchased two tires (or tyres as they are spelled everywhere in Great Britain) and the boys took an early train back to Dromin Junction, about four miles from the place where we had left the car the night before, the early train not stopping at the Dunleer. The agent at Dublin told them that they could get a local train at Dromin, but when they got there they found that this was not the case and that there was no train until afternoon. Nor was there any vehicle to be found there that they could hire, so, with the heavy tires over their shoulders, they footed it the four miles.

When they reached the inn where the car had been left they found that the proprietor had pushed it under cover and had brought all of our packages into the house, in fact had taken excellent care of everything. When they asked what the charge was he replied "nothing at all"; that he hoped we had made our train and was sorry that we could not have remained with him all night as he would have tried to have made us very comfortable. The boys, however, insisted on his taking four shillings as a fee which he seemed to think was an exorbitant amount, as he had not done anything to warrant it. The boys made the trip into Dublin in just an hour, it is almost needless to say, treating the speed limit of the country with absolute disdain.

Dublin we found to be a beautiful city, one of the most attractive we had visited. It is the opposite in practically everything of Belfast. It is more like our city of Washington in the beauty and attractiveness of its public buildings and residences. There is a great deal of wealth there and it is the center of the social life of the aristocracy of Ireland.

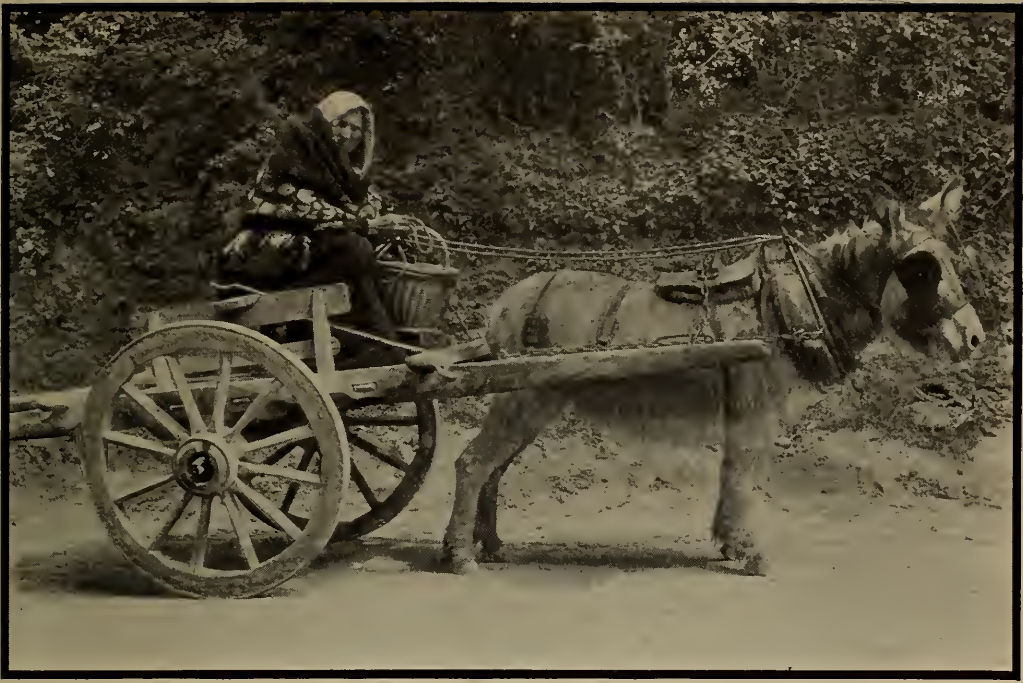
We regretted exceedingly that we were just a week too early for the Horse Show so that we should not have the opportunity of enjoying this event, which is of international importance and interest. It is doubtful if even the great races at Ascot, the Derby, or the St. Leger in England, bring together a more fashionable crowd than the Dublin Horse Show, and from the ladies who had already gathered in the city for the Show I am sure that the claim often made that there is more feminine beauty at the Dublin Horse Show than at any gathering in the world, is correct.

Thackeray wrote, a great many years ago, that "a handsomer town with fewer people in it is impossible to meet in a summer's day." There were a great many people in Dublin when we were there but that did not mar the general handsome appearance of the city.

Dublin is cut in two by what is called The Liffey, a wide, deep stream along the lower portion of which the steamers dock. It is crossed by twelve bridges, each of which is substantial and attractive in architecture, and the full width of the street with which it connects on either side. The shops of Grafton Street are equal to those of Paris and London, not only in the beautiful goods displayed in the handsome windows and in stock but in the variety offered. The prices are, as a general thing, much lower than they are in the leading shops of London or Paris.

The first record of Dublin is the year 448 A.D., when a king with an unpronounceable name was converted to Christianity by the teachings of St. Patrick, the gentleman who subsequently drove all the snakes out of Ireland. Later the city became the capital of the Danish settlements near-by. In 1170, the Anglo-Normans defeated the ruler and put him to death, and it then passed to the English king, Henry II., who held his court here in a pavilion of wickerwork made, it is said, "after the country manner."

The public buildings of Dublin, including the House of Parliament, the Bank of Ireland,



The meeting of the Irish market woman and her invariable companion and helper is an interesting incident of a tour through the Emerald Isle.

Trinity College, the Castle and the various cathedrals, as well as the National Museum and Library, are well worth visiting. They are not only a credit to Dublin; they would be a credit to any nation. The city's parks, St. Stephen's Green and the great Phœnix Park, made famous by the murder therein of Cavendish and Burke, compare most favorably with our own Central Park, or Prospect Park in Brooklyn, which, incidentally, it may be remarked, are more beautiful than any of the parks in Europe.

One of the things which impressed me more than anything else in Dublin was the splendid work which Lord Iveagh, the head of the Guinness Brewery, has been doing in the way of model tenement houses. He purchased a large number of squares in the very poorest and most congested portion of the city, tore down all the old buildings, and erected thereon fireproof tenement houses, four stories high. They are so arranged that each apartment has an abundance of light, air and water, and connected with each house are large laundries and facilities for bathing. The roofs of the houses are arranged for playgrounds and I was told that prizes were given each month to the woman who kept her apartment in the cleanliest condition. Other prizes are offered for those who have the nicest display of flowers in window boxes. A premium is thus put on cleanliness and attractiveness. No one is permitted to occupy an apartment who earns more than a stipulated amount, it being the intention of the generous owner to have the poorest people benefit by his philanthropy. The rents charged are very small; yet I was told, the enterprise pays a fair interest on the money invested.

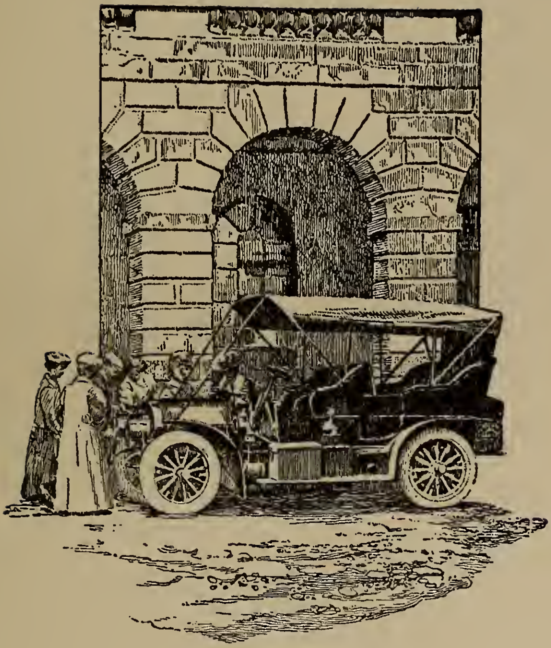
Here certainly is a practical philanthropy which some of our multi-millionaires could pattern after greatly to the advantage of the poor, who need model tenements to live in, and to the good of the cities in general.

We should have enjoyed staying a week or more in Dublin, and wanted very much to take the run from there down through the Lakes of Killarney and the southwestern portion of Ireland which is so picturesque. This trip, if we had been able to make it, would have enabled us to visit Limerick and to kiss the Blarney Stone, and to see a section of Ireland which is noted everywhere as being among the world's beauty spots. But time was limited and we found we had to abandon the trip on this account.

A favorite run from Dublin is down the coast to Wicklow; thence through Wexford to Waterford, taking in Mt. Mellary, where there is a quaint monastery of Trappist monks; thence to Lismore and Youghal on the beautiful Blackwater River, and from there to Cork. From Cork it is but a short run through a magnificent country over the hills of Kenmare to the incomparable Lakes of Killarney. The return to Dublin may be made by way of Limerick and Maryborough and the beauties of Ireland enjoyed in a way that is utterly impossible by railroad travel.

I am satisfied from our experience in Ireland that it is one of the most beautiful countries in which to motor, and there is a wealth of scenery and an attractiveness and novelty which will amply repay the visitor. Any one touring England can easily include Ireland because the trip over and back, even by the longest sea route, is but a few hours; the cost of taking a car over is nominal. I should advise any motorist who can spare an extra week from England to take in Ireland.

The coast of Wales is bold and bare in places, but the interior of the country is a realm of beauty.



Chapter Twenty-one

Through Wales into England

We made the run from Holyhead to Bettwys-y-Coed over one of the finest roads in the world.

Chapter Twenty-one

From Dublin Through Wales to England

WE left Dublin with regret; as it is such a beautiful city and there is so much to enjoy there. We arranged for space for our car on the night passenger boat to Holyhead, Wales, so that it would go over with us, and we turned the car over to the agent of the line at the London and Northwestern pier in Dublin about five o'clock. The gross charge for loading, unloading and taking it over, all at the company's risk, was 43*s* 9*d* (about $10.50). We had failed to remember that it is one of the rules of shipment on all of these boats that the tank of the motor must be entirely emptied of gasoline and as our tank held about twenty gallons and we had filled it that afternoon we donated the whole amount to the wharf-master, who quietly filled pail after pail and emptied them into a large barrel which he evidently kept there to receive contributions of this sort from forgetful motorists. This gasoline business must make quite a little revenue for him as every car which is shipped, and they ship from five to ten a day in the summer season, contributes more or less to his barrel. He did not take me into his confidence but I am led to believe that he sells this same gasoline to motorists arriving from England, whose cars have to be replenished before they can leave the pier.

The trip across from Dublin to Holyhead, which takes only about five hours, was made very comfortably. We had secured staterooms which gave us the privilege of lying down, but our rest was broken upon our arrival at Holyhead at one o'clock in the morning when every one is hustled off the boat. The officials told us that our car would be taken off during the night and we would find it the next morning on the wharf ready for delivery, so we went at once to the Station Hotel which adjoins the quay and train-sheds of the railway, and were soon having our second installment of sleep that night.

We had planned to get a rather early start for our Sunday's run through Wales, but when we went to get our car we found that the man having the keys to the freight sheds into which it had been run had gone to church and would not be back until about noon. We persuaded

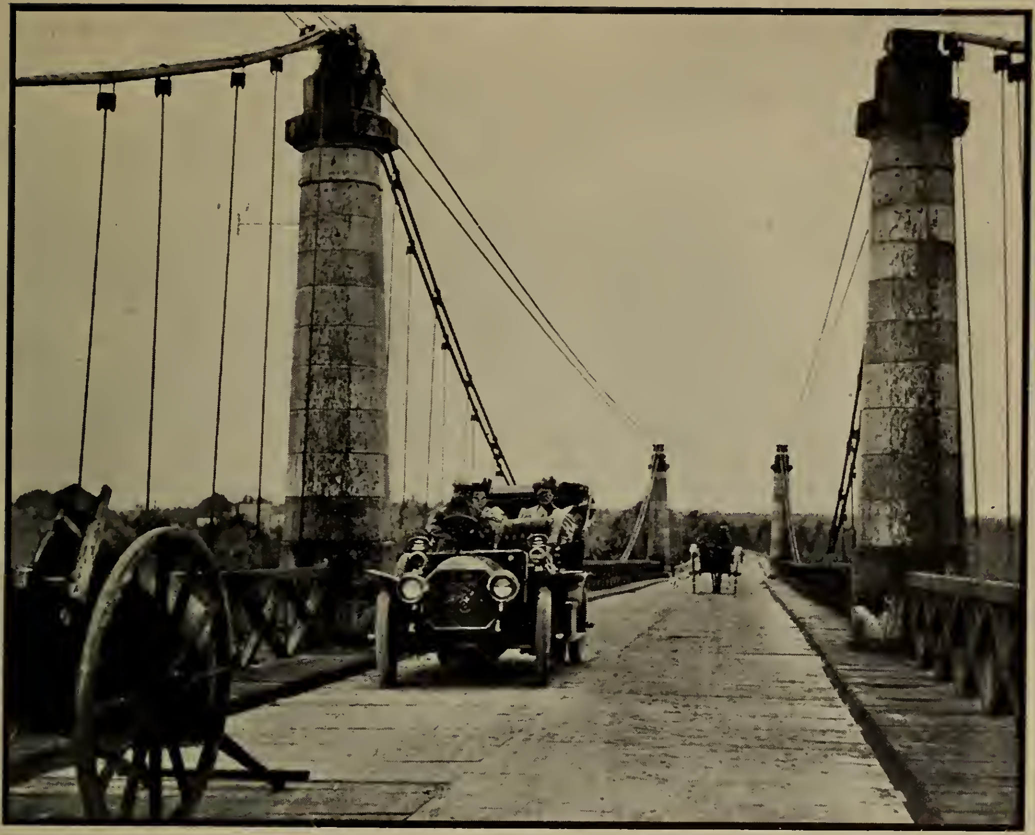
Bettwys-y-Coed, where we lunched and spent an hour or two, is the great center of motoring in Wales and a favorite resort for tourists.

one of the porters at the hotel to go to his house and find out what church he attended and take him away from his devotional exercises for the purpose of unlocking the doors and enabling us to start on our journey. He did not, however, propose to lose any part of the sermon so sent his keys by his little daughter, who, after we had gotten our motor out, saw that the doors were locked and returned with the keys to church.

The run from Holyhead to Bettws-y-Coed was over one of the finest roads in the world. The entire English nation takes a justifiable pride in it. The scenery was typically Welsh, especially across the Island of Anglesey which is separated from the main shore by the Menai Strait. We crossed the strait at Bangor, which is a brisk little town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and the seat of the University College of North Wales. Bangor has a cathedral the original of which dates back to the sixth century.

There are two magnificent bridges crossing the Menai Strait and connecting the mainland of Wales with the Island of Anglesey. The suspension bridge is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of bridge construction in the world, and has stood since 1826. It is 580 feet long from pier to pier and 1,000 feet over all, while the roadway is 100 feet above the level of the water at high tide. The tubular bridge, which was built by Robert Stephenson, and was finished in 1850, consists of two parallel tubes or tunnels formed by the combination of innumerable small tubes firmly riveted together. These tubes which rest on five piers, have a length of 1,840 feet. It is said that the summer heat at noonday increases the length of this structure by nearly a foot and a very clever mechanical device has been arranged to take care of the expansion and contraction.

Just beyond Bangor we passed the Penrhyn slate quarries, the largest in the world. There are employed here over 3,000 quarrymen and over 360 tons of the finest slate are shipped every day. This quarry, of which we had a most excellent view in passing, is like a huge amphitheater, the successive steps or terraces each being from forty to sixty feet in height. The quarry now has a depth of 1,000 feet and drillings show that there is still nearly 2,000 feet of solid slate below the present floor. Tram lines run along each terrace to convey the output to the immense hydraulic lifts which raise it to the surface. As we passed this great quarry in the afternoon the sun was reflected at such an angle



We crossed the Straits of Menai, which separates the Island of Anglesey from Wales, by the huge Suspension Bridge built in 1819–26.

on the slate that it had almost the brilliancy of glass.

Bettws-y-Coed is one of the popular resorts of Wales and its beauties are such that this is not to be wondered at. We stopped here at the delightful Royal Oak Hotel, the house of the famous sign by David Cox, which is spending its hoary old age in a comfortable frame indoors. The name of this town translated into English is "The Chapel in the Wood." It is delightfully located in a valley at the junction of two beautiful streams and is surrounded by high hills closely wooded to their summits. There are few places in Great Britain more beautiful than Bettws-y-Coed and it is filled every summer with visitors from all over the world. It is a favorite rendezvous of artists, fishermen and motorists. There is no place in Wales as conveniently situated for day's-run motor trips, and it may be added that there are few more beautiful countries than Wales. Its scenery, roads, people, its legends, history and villages, all appeal to lovers of the beautiful and the historic. Llandudno, the fashionable Welsh seashore resort; Rhyl, Hawarden (pronounced Harden), the home of the late Mr. Gladstone, and a score of other places may be reached from Bettws-y-Coed in a few hours run over perfect roads, and amid fascinating scenes and scenery.

We left the Royal Oak after luncheon, and followed the exquisite valley for miles, winding in and out forest dells, with here vistas of wild mountain scenery, and there glimpses of sweet little villages nestling beside swift running streams. We crossed the line into England, and made our first stop at Wrexham, visiting the churchyard where Elihu Yale, founder of Yale College, was buried in 1721. His tomb is inclosed by an iron fence through which the epitaph carved in the stone is easily deciphered. It reads:

"Born in America, in Europe bred. In Africa traveled, in Asia wed
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even
And that his soul through Mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
When blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

From Wrexham it is only an hour's run to Chester, and we drew up at the Grosvenor Hotel late in the afternoon after a glorious day's run. In fact the four most beautiful days' runs we had enjoyed on our entire trip were made on Sunday, an incidental coincidence which we had not in any way planned.

Chatsworth House, which we visited on our trip down the valleys of the Wye and the Derwent, is one of the notable estates in the world.

Chapter Twenty-Two

From Chester to Southampton

Chapter Twenty-two

The Last Portion of Our Trip from Chester to Southampton

SO much has been written about the quaint old town of Chester that little new can be told of it. We remained at the excellent Grosvenor Hotel two nights and a day, visiting, of course, the great and impressive cathedral, walking over the old city walls, which follow the lines of the Roman parapets, in going to the cheese market, where each month a public sale of Cheshire cheeses is held; and in visiting the fascinating old shops for which Chester is famous. Their attractiveness captures American dollars in untold numbers, and their wares are so inviting that it is doubtful if any visitor, no matter how hardened he or she may be to the wiles of the foreign shopkeeper, gets out of Chester without succumbing to some of the bargains so temptingly offered.

From Chester we went direct to Manchester, the chief industrial town of England, arriving at the Midland Hotel in time for dinner. This hotel is one of the group of hotels owned and operated by the Midland Railway Company, and it is easily the finest house in Great Britain outside of London. It has all of the characteristic features of the famous New York hotels, including palm rooms, cafés, ballrooms, et cetera, and one could almost imagine, if it were not for the people he saw about him, that he was in the American metropolis.

It is said that it always rains in Manchester. We cannot attest to that fact but we are certain that we never saw it rain harder anywhere than it did all the time we were there. It was such a downpour that we did not leave the hotel from the time we arrived until we left the city. We had hoped to see something of the splendid municipal and manufacturing features of the city, which has been the world's center for cotton goods for centuries, but we decided that it would be like viewing scenery through Niagara Falls, so we gave it up, and the day following our arrival, during a brief respite in the rain, we started for Derby, our friend, the then Consul General at Manchester, and his daughters, accompanying us in their motor as far as Buxton where we lunched together at the St. Ann's Hotel. This run took

Our friend the Consul-General and his daughters accompanied us and we photographed the cars on the highest point reached by any road in England.

us through the far-famed Peak country, over the highest portion of England, and we stopped and photographed the two automobiles side by side where the greatest altitude above sea level is reached by any highway. The country over which we passed was rather bare, but the views undoubtedly would have been worth seeing had the rain given us a chance to see for any distance.

Buxton is famous as one of the three chief inland watering places of England and the highest town above the sea level. It has long been famous for its hot springs and baths and reminds one, in general appearance, very much of Homburg and other German spas.

From Buxton we followed the valley of the diminutive Wye, the road being chiefly down grade, and taking us through almost a continuous succession of little settlements. At Edensor, a quaint bit of an English rural town adjoining the great park of the Duke of Devonshire, nine miles in circumference, we stopped to see Chatsworth, the Duke's country-seat and one of the famous places of Great Britain. To see Chatsworth as it should be seen means days, not hours; so we had a most superficial view only. The Duke was not in residence, so we had to content ourselves with seeing only so much as the somewhat officious attendant was willing to disclose of the great mansion, nearly as large as our Capitol and filled with works of art of inestimable value. No brief or even extended account can convey an adequate idea of the splendor of this noted place with its art treasures, its fountains throwing water 265 feet high, its great park and the beauty of its entire setting.

A few minutes run in our motor from Chatsworth took us to Haddon Hall, one of the most perfect specimens of the old English baronial architecture. This was the home of the Vernons, whose daughter, Dorothy, raised such a tumult in the 16th century by eloping with Sir John Manners. The building is not occupied as a residence, but is well preserved and very interesting. After stopping for a cup of tea at the charming old Peacock Inn at Rowsley, we pushed on over a most interesting road, and through picturesque scenery to Matlock Bath in the valley of the Derwent.

Within two miles and stretching along the valley there are no less than five Matlocks—Matlock Bridge, Matlock Village, Matlock Green, Matlock Bank and Matlock Bath, the

Wingfield Manor is a neighbor of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House and, like all the places of importance, in this part of England, has an interesting history

latter the most important place in the heart of a wild gorge of the Derwent. Although it is a favorite place for tourists we did not stop, but continued on to Derby which we reached without incident, stopping at the Midland Hotel.

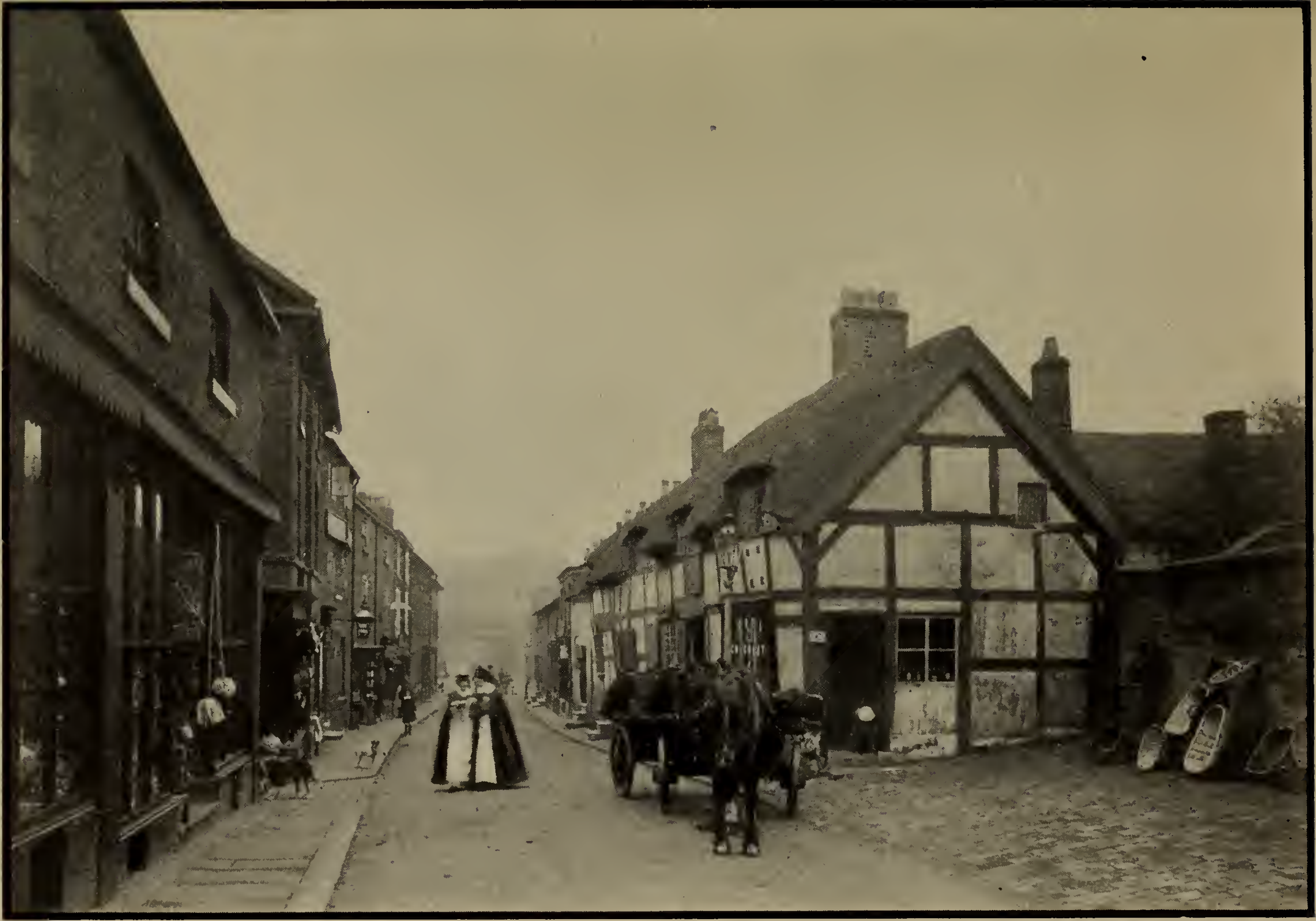
Derby was known in earlier times because William the Conqueror had presented the town and the surrounding country to his natural son, Peveril of the Peak, but no trace at present exists of the castle which was erected by the young man. It is known now as the headquarters of the Midland Railway, the finest railway system in England, and the Royal Derby Porcelain Works, which are visited by all tourists. Americans have a special fondness for Derby because it is about the only place in England where our national game of baseball is regularly played.

The run from Derby to Leicester was through such a region as can be found in rural England only. We could not resist the temptation to stop every little while to admire some quaint little village or some particularly picturesque pastoral scene. Leicester has a history which makes the discovery of America seem like a modern event. Its original foundation is ascribed to King Lear, and many evidences of

Roman occupancy have been unearthed in the city. The chief Roman relic is the Jewry Wall, the remaining portion being about 75 feet long and 20 feet high. It is said to have inclosed that portion of the town in which the Jews were permitted to live. Richard II. died in Leicester, and his stone coffin was afterwards used as a watering trough in front of the old Blue Boar Inn.

From Leicester we jogged along leisurely to Rugby, whose famous school, the pride of England, dates back to 1547, and which now has about 450 students. Unfortunately it was vacation time, so we had no chance to see the boys at work and play. From here we went to Leamington, another of the popular English watering places which has a number of springs of as diversified analysis as those at Saratoga. We found most comfortable accommodations at the Manor House, a pleasant, homelike place surrounded by an attractive garden, with a profusion of roses.

Almost adjoining Leamington is Warwick and its castle which dates back to the Saxon times, and about five miles distant are the grand old ruins of the grander Kenilworth. These two historic spots have been described a million

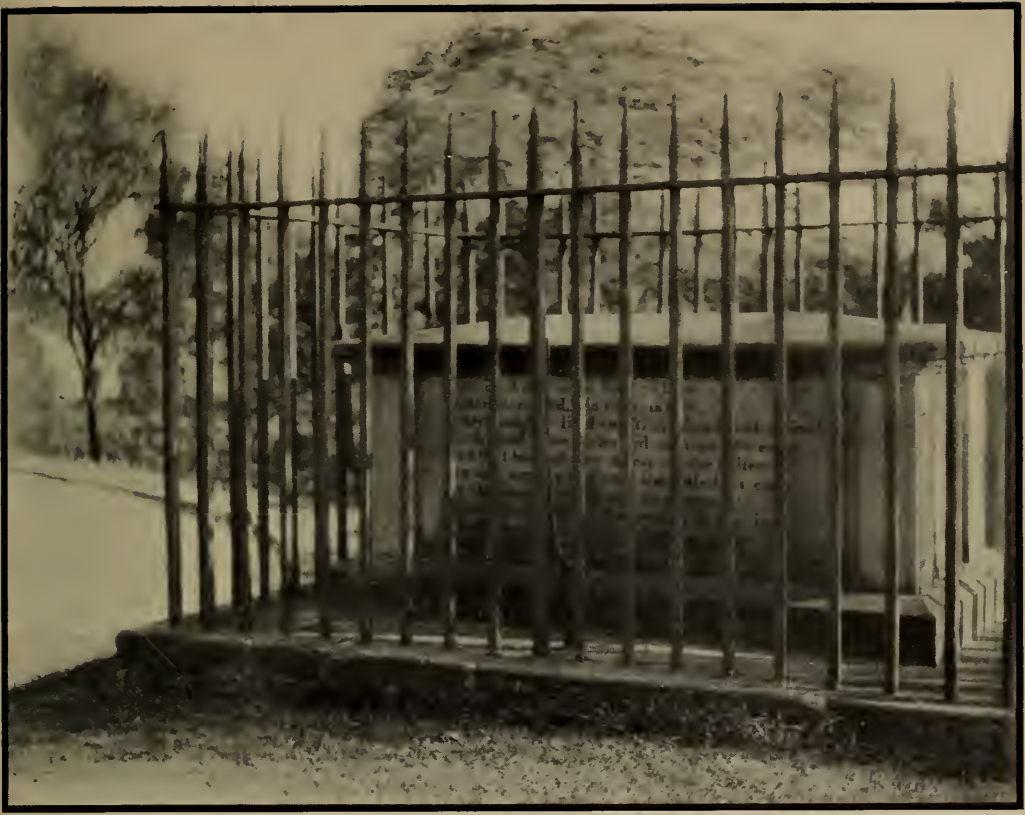


In almost all the small towns in this portion of England many of the buildings have thatched-roofs. like those in the right of this picture.

times, more or less, and I shall not attempt to add anything to what has been said. This also is true of Stratford-on-Avon, at which place we stopped for an hour, continuing thence directly to Oxford, putting up at the Clarendon Hotel and spending some time in visiting the most noted of Oxford's twenty-one colleges, at which there are three thousand students. Beyond Oxford we entered the valley of the Thames and followed the famous river to Reading. We made no stop here but went on to Winchester, reaching the George Hotel there in time for dinner. This city is one of great antiquity and is the seat of a magnificent cathedral. It is said that after the Norman Conquest this town rivaled London in commercial importance but a conflagration in 1141 impeded its progress for so long a time that the present metropolis left it far in the rear commercially.

After visiting the cathedral the morning after our arrival and spending several hours about this quaint, sleepy old town we regretfully got into our car for the last run, one of only about twenty miles to Southampton, where our motor tour was to end. The distance was covered only too quickly and about noon we drew up in front of the Southwestern Hotel with mingled feelings of regret on the one hand that this most delightful motoring trip was at an end, and thankfulness on the other that it had been made without mishap or accident of any kind. We all took a sentimental pleasure in patting our Locomobile as if it had been a human being and saying: "Well done. You have carried us several thousand miles without default or complaint. So perfectly have you done your work that but once on the entire trip have we had to stop on your account and that for a moment only because of a trivial disorder of what mechanics have called one of your 'bushings.'"

After we had taken the last of our things out of the car and given it our benediction, it was driven to the office of the shippers and turned over to them for shipment back to New York. The crate from which we had unpacked it at Havre had been shipped to Southampton and we found it there awaiting our arrival. There was nothing for us to do but to consign the car to the shippers and then to visit the office of the United States Consul and make a declaration before him that we were shipping into the United States an American-made car, giving the number of its motor, the factory number of the car, the color it was painted and various



At Wrexham we visited the grave of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, in the old churchyard, and deciphered its curious inscription.

other required details. This having been sworn to before the Consul our motor car tour was finished.

We sailed from Southampton on the following day upon the steamship *Blücher* of the Hamburg-American Line, bringing with us memories of a delightful two months that will remain with all of us as long as we live.

SOUTH WESTERN
SOUTH WESTERN HOTEL

As we drew up to the hotel at Southampton we realized that our tour was at an end, but felt that years could not obliterate the memories of the pleasures we had enjoyed.

Chapter Twenty-three

Practical Suggestions for a Foreign Motor Trip

Chapter Twenty-three

Practical Suggestions to Those Contemplating a Foreign Motor Trip

IN TAKING one's own car to Europe there are a few annoyances, but the satisfaction in knowing just what you can count on is more than compensation. In the first place, no apologies are necessary when you take an American car. A few years ago the French manufacturers were far ahead of us in construction, style, finish, durability of parts and dependability. But a few years to an American manufacturer are as a generation to those of other nations. We make progress rapidly and to-day an American automobile of the best make can be taken to Europe with every confidence that it will stand up to the work just as satisfactorily as the best foreign car.

Those who are contemplating the trip and expect to take over their own cars will find the following suggestions valuable, and the information correct, so far as it goes.

Unless the owner intends to drive the car himself it is best to take over with him his own chauffeur. He can be sent over in the second cabin on the same steamer with the car. If the owner is to do the driving it is advisable to secure in each country a mechanic who can do the necessary dirty work on the car, but my advice is to take your own chauffeur. It is cheaper in the long run and far more satisfactory. The average foreign chauffeur is indifferent and foolhardy and, with the French particularly, determined to "burn up" the road regardless of your instructions or desires. I met a friend in Tours who had employed a French chauffeur and he told me that "he (my friend) had died a dozen times during the past month" from sheer fright, and that try as hard as he might he could not cajole, order or compel his chauffeur to drive at anything but a breakneck pace. At all hotels a very reasonable charge is made for the chauffeur's board and lodging, usually not over five or six francs or shillings a day.

It is important to provide a description of your car, translated into French, if you are going to France or Italy, and into German if you are going into Germany, giving the maker's name, value and style of car, horse power, number of cylinders and size, wheel base, number of motor, factory number of car, motor power, weight in pounds and kilos, color, and equipment—that is, horns, lamps, etc. This will save time and trouble in passing the customs house formalities. Incidentally it may be remarked that acetylene lamps are prohibited in cities and towns in France. Two side lights are required, the right white and the left green, also rear lamps showing number.

Affix a small brass plate to the body of the car upon which is engraved the owner's name, his city and state and "U. S. A."

Have extra-heavy brakes put on the car unless it is already well-equipped and, while not necessary, it is advisable to add strong sprags to hold the car should it start to back on a hill. It is well to take with you two or three sets of Weed's chain grips.

On arrival in France equip the car with Michelin anti-puncture shields on rear wheels, and chains on front mud guards. These are described in chapter two.

Ship your car with the oldest tires you have so you can discard them on arrival and equip there with the best foreign tire, the Michelin, at one-half what they cost in this country.

If you take over an American car have its maker pack for you a box containing a duplicate of every essential part, including brakes, which you are likely to have to replace, and which could not readily be made in a repair shop abroad. This box can be packed under your car in the crate and fastened to the bottom of the crate. Leave these parts at some central point from which anything you need can be sent you quickly. Arrange with the manufacturer to be credited after your return with all parts not needed.

Procure five small photographs (size $\frac{7}{8}$ x $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches) of chauffeur and yourself if you expect to drive the car, for affixing to licenses in countries other than Great Britain.

Arrange with some foreign shipper, like Davies, Turner & Co., of New York and Boston, for the shipment of your car. They will take entire charge and you have nothing to do but turn it over to them and they will have their packer make the crate for it. The charge for a heavy crate, put together with bolts so that it can be taken apart in sections and held for use in returning the car to America, is $50 for the ordinary touring body and $60 for a limousine.

The charge for trucking the packed car to the ship is $10; charge for derrick used in loading on this side $12 (no charge for loading is made on cargo boats on crates weighing less than 4,400 pounds), and unloading and dock fees on the other side $10 to $15. To these amounts there is to be added the cost of freight and a charge of $10 made by the shippers for their services. The freight charge varies, of course, according to port of shipment and character of ship on which car is sent, whether express or cargo steamer. The charge to Havre by the French Line on cars weighing, crated, less than 4,400 pounds is 21 cents per cubic foot; on cars weighing, crated, more than 4,400 pounds, 26¼ cents per cubic foot. On slow cargo boats of the same line the charges are 13 cents and 16 cents respectively. As few touring cars, crated, weigh less than 4,400 pounds, it is safe to estimate the freight by passenger steamer at about $80 to $85, and by slow cargo steamer at about $65 to $70. Two weeks' additional time should be allowed for shipment by a cargo boat. The freight charges from Havre are 17 cents per cubic foot, any weight, on fast boats, and 12 cents on cargo boats with same derrick charges. Freight charges on the boats of the Hamburg American Line or North German Lloyd to Genoa or Naples, Italy, are about 13 cents a cubic foot, with derrick charges at each end of about $12 for crates weighing over 3,000 pounds on the North German Lloyd, or over 4,480 pounds on the Hamburg American Line. The cost of clearing through customs house and unpacking at Genoa or Naples, is about $25.

It is advisable to make sure that the boat on which your car is to be shipped has hatchways sufficiently large so that the crate may be put in the hold and raised out of it without tilting. Be sure you have a marine insurance policy covering your car in transit. The shipper will procure this for you; and also have him turn over to you for use with the customs officials upon the return of your car the original shipping manifest from America to Europe. This manifest should describe the car fully, giving factory number, etc., etc.

If you are going to France turn over to your shippers two or three weeks in advance a typewritten copy of the description of your car, retaining a copy yourself, and five small photographs of whoever is going to act as chauffeur. If owner and chauffeur are each going to drive, a "Driving Certificate" must be procured for each from the French authorities. Your shipper will arrange to secure the certificates as well as the necessary "Circulation Permit," which corresponds to our state license. The shipper's representative at Havre will have the necessary official at hand when the car is unpacked and ready to be turned over so that the examination of the driver to determine his ability may be had without delay. This examination generally consists in taking the official around a block or two, the passing of a few salutations, and the judicious extending of a tip of from five to ten francs.

The shipper will also attend to the paying of the customs, the amount being placed in his hands for the purpose at the time of shipment. The average customs deposit in France amounts to about $175 on a touring car and $200 on a limousine. The amount is figured upon weight and the entire sum is returned at the port from which the car is shipped out of the country, if shipment is made within one year. To secure this refund, it is absolutely necessary to present the customs receipt issued by the officials at the port of entry, therefore do not lose it.

If you enter France from England, arrange all the details of customs, licenses, etc., through the Motor Union of England, reference to which is made elsewhere. This will save much trouble.

The customs duty in Italy must be paid when the car enters the country. A receipt is given and the amount returned when the car is taken out of the country. A lead seal is affixed to the car and must not be disturbed. The average duty is about $120.

In entering England no duty is charged and the freight to England is less than to France. The three chief English ports are Liverpool, London (docks at Tilbury, eighteen miles from London), and Southampton. The preference lies with the latter two.

To Liverpool the freight is about 10 cents a cubic foot and return charge about 12 cents. Port and landing charge about $25. To London the freight is about 12½ cents per cubic foot, with no charge for loading here, but about $10 to $15 for unloading at London. To Southampton the freight is 13 cents per cubic foot with derrick charges at each end, $12 port charge and $25 landing charge.

If your car is of foreign make be sure to have it examined before shipment by United States customs officials and an official record made of it. Foreign cars on re-importation are subject to duty at full value if repairs or changes amount ing to more than 10 per cent. of the original cost are made while the car is abroad. This is enforced even when repairs are necessitated by accident.

If you have taken over an American car be sure, before returning, to go to the United States Consul at the port from which you are to ship and make a declaration before him regarding the car. This is essential to facilitate passage through the customs house on return to the United States. This declaration should contain the material facts regarding the car, including its factory number, motor number, maker's name, etc.

If your car is of American make you must detach from it before shipment back to this country any horns, sirens, clocks or other fixtures you may have purchased abroad, and ship them separately. The customs officials do not pay any attention to foreign tires which are on the car if they have been used to a reasonable extent, nor do they demand duty for minor necessary repairs up to 10 per cent. of the original cost of the car.

It is essential to take a passport with you. This may be procured readily from the State Department at Washington upon payment of a fee of one dollar, and in case of any legal proceedings or an accident abroad it is important to have one.

Bear in mind, while touring abroad, that foreigners attach much more importance than do Americans to politeness, and when you are in Rome do as the Romans do. A pleasant smile and an agreeable manner go farther in most foreign countries than a tip. And never lose your temper no matter how great the provocation.

If you are not already a member of the American Automobile Association, or some well-established Automobile Club, join before you go abroad. The fee for joining the American Automobile Association, whose office is at 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, is only $2.00. Application should be made to the Secretary of the Association.

It is also essential that you should join the *Touring Club de France.* This organization has over 100,000 members and is very powerful, being under the direct patronage of the French Government, and having a Board of Governors composed of many distinguished men. The wearing of the Club button on your cap insures attention anywhere in France. It costs but six francs ($1.20) to become a member and many

Americans are already on the Club's roll. A simple application for membership made to the Club at 65 *Avenue de la Grande Armée*, Paris, is all that is necessary, except the payment of 6 francs ($1.20) with an additional charge of 50 centimes (10 cents) for postage, or $1.30 in all. The Club issues a year book containing a list of 3,000 selected hotels, at which all members, upon showing their card, secure a reduction of from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. in their bill (a considerable item when one is touring). This item alone saves the cost of membership many times over. The Club issues maps, and an infinite number of descriptive pamphlets, giving information as to hotels, police regulations, customs laws, etc., besides more than 300 card itineraries with sketch maps, and a dictionary in six languages of such phrases and words as would be of use to a motorist. The Club will upon application make up special itineraries and facilitate a foreign tour in many ways.

The home of the Touring Club, Paris, is a very dignified, handsome building and its interior with its large libraries and comfortable lounging rooms reminds one of the better clubs in New York or London. It is the headquarters of all motor tourists and those in charge are ready to give the fullest information and extend every courtesy.

If you are going to tour in Continental countries other than France you can secure through the Club a *triptyque* which will relieve you of all the details regarding duty and even the payment of it in the various countries you may visit.

The application for a *triptyque* is made on a prescribed form and must be accompanied by a deposit of the amount of duty which would be imposed by each of the countries to be visited. The *triptyque* is issued under the authority of the Club which becomes responsible for its members during their sojourn. This license for free international circulation is printed on three leaves or sections for each country to be visited, each set of three bearing the same serial number. The first leaf is detached by the customs officials at the port of entry to any country; the second is retained by the customs officials at the point of final departure of the car from the country, and the third section is retained by the member to be presented finally personally or by mail to the Touring Club, whereupon his deposit is refunded at once without the delay and inconvenience which so often attend repayment of such a deposit at the customs house. If one is to tour in France only and does not expect to enter other countries on the Continent the *triptyque* is unnecessary. Its chief convenience lies in the fact that it avoids the necessity of dealing with the customs officials at the ports of entry and departure. It is not necessary in taking a motor car to England as no duty is exacted in Great Britain.

Those who are going to tour in Italy should join the Touring Club of Italy. Its headquarters are at 14 Via Monte Napolene, Milan. Membership costs 10 lire ($1.94), and is very helpful. The club offers most of the facilities afforded by the *Touriny Club de France.* The Touring Club of Italy is represented in Naples by Baron Gaetano De Angelia, Via Carolina, 8, and in Genoa by Mr. William McKenzie, care Society Alleanza, Piazza Meridiana.

If you are going to tour Great Britain join the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, which corresponds to the *Touring Club de France.* Membership which costs £1 1*s* ($5.25) can be procured in advance of reaching England by application to the Secretary, No. 1 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W., with a remittance covering the fee named above. This organization is very helpful and membership therein desirable in that it will secure discounts from the customary prices charged at many hotels. It also assists members in any legal complications, in shipping cars to France or other European countries, in securing insurance, et cetera. It will also forward blanks for securing licenses for car and driver, and number plates, and have them ready for you upon arrival. The cost of an automobile license in England is £1 ($5.00) and the license is good so long as you own the car. You have to secure driver's and owner's licenses, costing 5*s* ($1.25) each, and the charge for two number plates (blue enamel with white figures) is 6*s* ($1.50). This covers all the expense of taking a car into England, aside from freight and dock charges. Licenses can be secured in any large city from the clerk of the County Council and each one so issued is good all over Great Britain and Ireland. There is an Annual Inland Revenue tax of about £5 but it is rarely collected from visiting motorists making a short sojourn.

A word about baggage for the motor car. I had worked out a plan for our automobile trunk and had it made to order before we left New York. Our experience throughout the entire trip, during which the trunk was subjected to the hardest tests of dust and torrents of rain, shows that a trunk built upon these lines is most satisfactory for touring and is recommended unqualifiedly.

It was simply a telescope case made of tough leatheroid as large as we could carry on our trunk rack. The top, which was lined on the inside with woolly felt fitted down snugly over the bottom part and completely enclosed it on all sides. A heavy leather handle at either end was attached as well as on top and two heavy straps went around it. Within this large case were three smaller cases, each with its own handle and two straps. The covers of these cases which fitted over the bottom portion were lined with felt. When we arrived at our destination the porters took the large telescope case off the trunk rack at the back of the car and unstrapped it outside of the hotel under our supervision. As soon as the top was taken off the three inside cases were lifted out and could be carried like ordinary dress-suit cases to our rooms while the large outside telescope was usually left with the porter until we were ready to depart. As a result the luggage which we took to our room was always clean with no dust or mud on it. As to luggage and clothing for a motor car trip abroad a few words may be appreciated. We traveled with light equipment. In addition to our motor trunk just referred to, we had three steamer trunks, one for each two people. These trunks we shipped ahead of us by "*Grande Vitesse* in France, and as "Advance Luggage" in Great Britain and Ireland, meeting them every two or three days. The method of such shipment is very simple and by it you can have your extra trunks delivered from your hotel in one city to your hotel in another, where they will be awaiting you upon arrival. The charges which are reasonable should always be paid in advance. This is important as the rates are less when prepaid.

The motorist is likely to need rather heavy clothing even on the Continent in summer, for the evenings are cool, and it is essential in Great Britain and Ireland. Overcoats, wraps and sweaters are necessary and light-weight rubber coats are indispensable. The kind which open only at the neck and go on over the head are the most convenient. A light-weight dust coat is desirable also, although the amount of dust on foreign roads is insignificant compared with that endured in America.

No one should undertake a tour abroad without having secured before the start an indemnity policy to relieve him from expense and the annoyances of delay in case he should cause any damage to persons or property. A policy in an American company would be practically useless in Europe. It is therefore advisable to take out one in a European company having representatives in every important city and town so that in case of trouble the company can come to your aid without delay. The laws of France especially are very rigid and severe where damage to persons or property is done, and are especially embarrassing to any one not a native. I took out a policy in a French company for protection while in France and another in England but this I afterward ascertained was a useless expense. There are several English companies well represented in France and their policies provide all the protection necessary and cover all the chief countries of Europe. The two leading companies, the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Co., of London, and the General Accident, Fire & Life Assurance Association, of Perth, Scotland, have agencies in New York City and it would save time to take out policies before sailing. One thing should be remembered in making the application: Premiums are rated on horse power on the French basis, which is about half the American, thus it is safe to put down an American car of 30-horse power at 15. It will save considerable of the premium.

It is very advisable to take with you a small "First Aid to the Injured" kit and a medicine box containing a number of simple remedies. These can be procured already made up or the necessary items can be purchased singly. Any physician can make up a list of requisites and medicines for use in case of an accident or illness where the prompt services of a physician are not to be secured. A camera is a most desirable addition and the photographs afford much pleasure after the trip is over. Baedeker's guide books are absolutely necessary, and the keeping of a "Log Book" is also recommended. Books for this purpose can be purchased at almost any up-to-date metropolitan bookstore.

One more suggestion: If you are a smoker and are going to tour France take your own tobacco and pipe or cigars for no American can smoke the "tabac" sold in France. Cigars are unobtainable outside the large cities and the smoking tobacco is of international quality—you smoke it in one country and smell it in another. You should declare any cigars or tobacco you take into France with you. If not, *and they are found*, they will be confiscated.

The itinerary of our trip, as shown by the maps, I am satisfied gave us the best results to be obtained in the time we had at our disposal. It was made up after consultation with friends who had previously toured and while we did not follow definitely the route which we had fixed upon before leaving home, such changes as were made improved it. I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it as being one well calculated to take in the most interesting points in the countries visited, and to give the widest variety of scenery and historical places.

We made the most of our time without rushing too rapidly or over-tiring ourselves physically. It must be borne in mind, of course, that our trip was not made for the purpose of visiting cities with art galleries, cathedrals and places of historic interest, but of seeing the country and the smaller towns.

The trip we took can be made comfortably, with ample time to see every place, not thoroughly but to enjoy the chief attractions, in two months.

The most desirable time to make such a tour is between the middle of May and the middle of September. The country is at its best during this season and good weather may be expected.

The trip is beautiful at any time, except the winter season. We were in France during the harvest time, always an interesting period, but were in Scotland in August when they have the greatest amount of rain and "mist" so that where we had France at its best we really had Scotland at its worst. If we were to repeat the trip we are inclined to believe that we would go to England and Scotland first and France afterward (although this is merely a matter of sentiment and we doubt if there is any real choice in the matter).

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